

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THE COMING OF WINTER.



NE year's occupation of a quarter-section of wild land means but a slight foothold in a new country—a cabin, rude as a magpie's nest; a crop of wild hay, if the settler is near a river-bottom; the tools and stock he brought with him; a few chickens not yet acclimated; a few seeds and slips from the last home; probably a new baby.

Now that the wild-geese are beginning to fly, a chance shot may furnish a meal, where every meal counts. The young wife holds the baby's blanket close to its exposed ear to deaden the report of the gun. She is not so sure of the marksman's aim as she would have been a year before she married him. He is one of an uncertain crop of husbandmen that springs up quickly on new soil, but nowhere strikes deep roots.

The prettiest girl of his native village, somewhere in the South-west, will have fancied him, and have consented to take her place beside him on the front seat of his canvas-topped wagon when the inevitable vague westward impulse seized him. As the miles lengthen behind them and "their garments and their shoes become old by reason of the long journey," she will lose her interest in the forward outlook and spend more and more of her time among the bedquilts and hen-coops in the rear of the wagon, half asleep, or watching listlessly the plains they crawl across and the slow rise and fall of the strange hills they climb.

When the settlers stop, it is not because they have reached the place to which they meant to go, but because they have found a sheltered valley with water and wild grass. The wagon

needs mending, they and their cattle are tired. While they rest, they build a rude cabin, the baby is born, summer has passed. It is too late to move that winter.

The home-seeker, with all the West before him, will be wary of the final choice which costs him the freedom of the road. He is like a child in a great toy-shop full of high-priced, remotely imaginable joys, and with but a single penny in his pocket. So long as he nurses the penny unspent he is the potential possessor; a man of much wider scope, much larger resources, than the actual possessor. Birds in the bush that beckon and call are not of the same species as the bird that lies tamely in hand.

Teamsters, toiling across the great lava beds, on their way to the mountain mining-towns, make camp near the cabin in the willow-brake, sit by the settler's fire, and their talk is the large talk of the men of the road—of placer claims on the rivers far to the north, where water is plentiful all the year; of the grass, how rich and tall it grows in Long Valley, and how few stock-men with their herds have got into that region as yet.

The settler's eye is brilliant as he listens. He is losing time; he yearns for the spring, and the dawn of new chances. But he is a restless, not a resolved man, and with spring come back the birds of promise, the valley rings with their music, the seeds are up in the garden, and the baby is learning to walk.

Out of the poorest thousand in Manasseh was Gideon chosen. It may be that the child, so soon escaping out of the languid mother's arms, may be one of the mighty men in the new country where his parents waited to rest awhile before moving farther on.

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THE THREE MARYS. ("HE IS NOT HERE.")  
 (One of the panels, minus a portion at the top, contained in the large one. Opera del Duomo, Siena.)



## DUCCIO.

(BORN ABOUT 1260, DIED ABOUT 1340.)



THE history of one of the best painters of the beginning of the Italian renaissance is almost limited to the evidence in his works. Who his master was is conjectural; but that he belonged to a vigorous school, of which he was, as was Cimabue of the Florentine, a progressive pupil, is clear. We have the same tradition of his Madonna being carried in triumphal procession to the Duomo from the painter's workshop (*bottega*); we have his name in contracts, and know something of the conditions of his working; but of the work itself we have only one panel of settled authenticity—the Madonna which was carried to the Duomo with honor, and one other, accepted as his by the most authoritative opinions and now in the National Gallery at London. But the "Documents for the History of Sienese Art" of Milanese disclose a state of the arts at Siena of which we have no evidence in Florence; for while in the latter place the Byzantine painters were succeeded practically by Giotto, only the few pupils of Cimabue intervening in the record and no such organization appearing as we find at Siena, we have the written constitution of a guild of painters dated only a few years after Duccio's death, showing that art was probably more earnestly cultivated and patronized in the latter than in the former city. The crown of Siena's civic prosperity antedates that of her great Tuscan rival and ultimate conqueror, and in the days of which we are now examining the record Florence was in the humiliation and exhaustion of the greatest defeat of her history.

There is a constitution of the "Art of Sienese Painters" of the date 1355, which is evidently the codification of the laws under which the school had worked and grown up, and which, as a picture of the spirit of the art of that day, is worth translating. It opens with a solemn invocation:

In the beginning, in the midst, and in the end of doing and saying our order is in the name of the omnipotent God and of his Virgin Mother our Lady Saint Mary. Amen.

Therefore we are, by the grace of God, shewers to common men, who are ignorant of letters, of the miraculous things done by virtue and of the holy faith; and our faith is chiefly founded in worshiping and believing in one God in Trinity and in God and [his] infinite power and infinite

wisdom and infinite love and mercy: and no thing, however little, can have beginning or end without these three things; viz., without power and without knowledge and without will with love. And because in God is the sum of all perfection, therefore, in this our however small business, in order that we may have a certain inspiration of good beginning and good end in all our sayings and doings, with great desire we call for the aid of the Divine grace, and we begin our invocation with honor of, and in the name of, the most Holy Trinity. And because spiritual things ought to be, and are, excellently before and precious above temporal, we begin by declaring how we celebrate our feast of the venerable and glorious master Saint Luke, who was not only the designer [*figuratore*] of the stature and mien of the glorious Virgin Mary, but was writer of her most holy life and of her most holy customs, whence is our art honored.

Then follow the laws of the guild, beginning with the ordinance for the observance of the Feast of St. Luke and of the mutual obligation of the members and their rights and duties. One runs thus:

And we order that no one of the art of painters shall dare or presume to put in the work which he may do other gold, or silver, or color than that which he shall have promised: as, for instance, gold half fine for fine, tin for silver, German blue for ultramarine blue, biadetto or indigo for blue, terra rosa or red lead for vermilion; and who contravenes in the said matters shall be punished and condemned ten pounds for every offense.

Every member was held to rigid obedience to the rector, and the laws relating to good faith and honest dealing with each other and with customers were most stringent. The secrets of the guild were kept, under severe penalties. It was in this guild that Duccio learned his trade.

In 1308 was executed the agreement between Duccio and Jacopo of Siena, son of Gilberto Mariscotti, head-master of the Duomo, for the painting of the picture still there. Jacopo of one part, and Duccio, son of the late Buoninsegna, of the other, agree as follows:

That the said Duccio shall accept from the said master, for painting, a certain picture [panel] to be put on the high altar of the greater church of Saint Mary of Siena. . . . First, that said Duccio promises and agrees with said master Jacopo, etc., to paint and execute said picture to the best of his knowledge and ability and as God may permit him, and to work continuously on said picture such time as he may be able to work on the same, and not to accept or receive any other work to be done until this



THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.  
(Detail from a small panel painting. Opera del Duomo, Siena.)

picture shall be completed and made. But said Jacopo promises to give and pay said Duccio for his salary at said work and labor [*operis et laboreris*] sixteen soldi of Sienese money for each day which said Duccio may work with his hands on the said picture, except that if he should lose any day there shall be deducted from the said salary according to the time lost; that said master holds and promises to give said Duccio this salary in this manner: for each month which said Duccio may work on said picture to give said Duccio ten pounds in current silver money and the remainder of said salary to be counted in silver money, which the same Duccio is held to give to the work of St. Mary above mentioned. *Item.*—The said master workman promises in the above-mentioned name to furnish and give all things which may be necessary for working on said picture, so that said Duccio shall be obliged to give nothing except himself and his labor.

The agreement then goes on to prescribe the penalties for failure to observe all its conditions; and in addition Duccio, for greater security, "swore voluntarily on the holy Gospel of God, touching the book bodily, to observe and comply with all and singular in good faith and without fraud in and for all things as above contained."

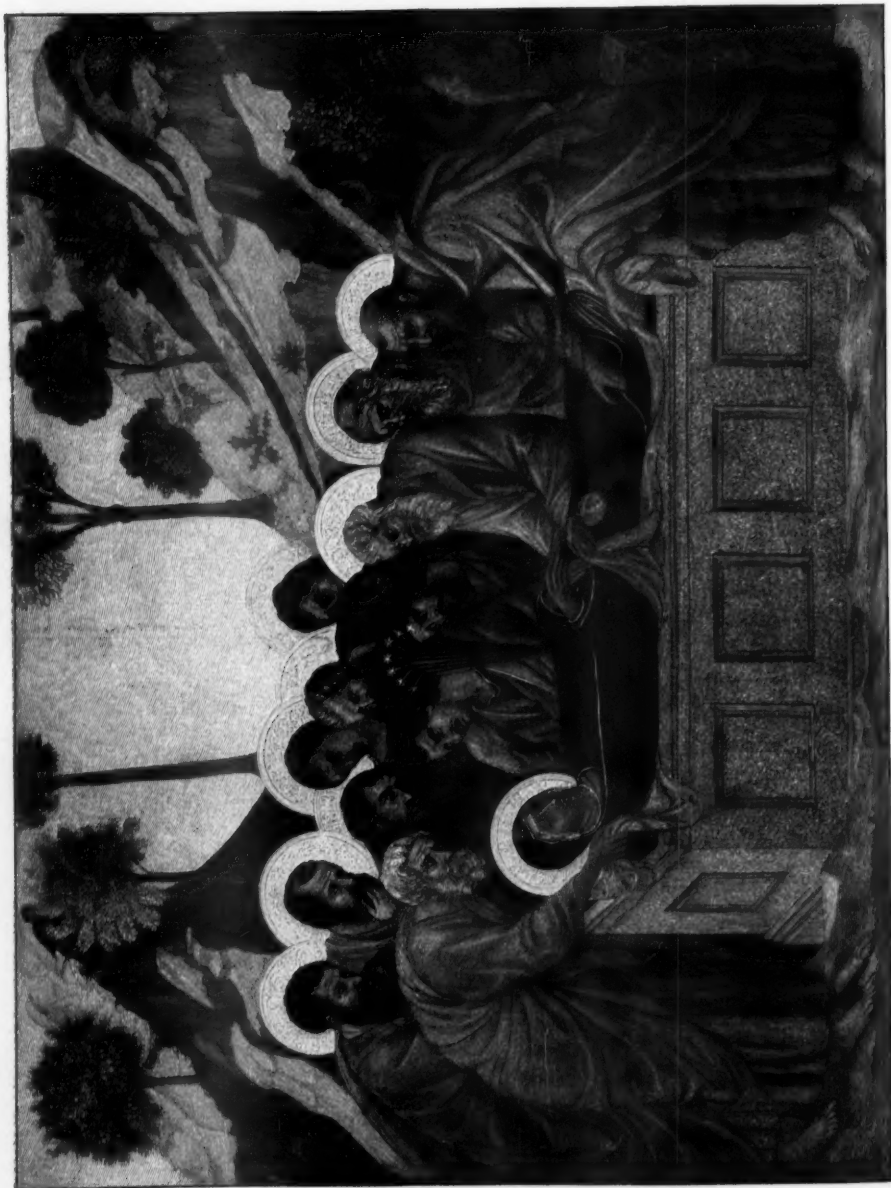
The picture—or rather pictures, for it includes a Madonna and Child on one side of the panel and on the other a series of small designs from the life of Christ—occupied, according to the chroniclers, three years, and cost over 3000 golden florins; but as the contract was signed on the 9th of October, 1308, and the picture was carried to the Duomo June 9, 1310, it is difficult to see on what evidence they assign this period, as the dates definitely stated make an interval of 20 months. The *festa* of the transportation to the Duomo from the workshop of Duccio was memorable. The Sienese chronicler Tura del Grasso says that it "was the most beautiful picture ever seen or made, and cost more than three thousand golden florins." Another, Bondene, says Duccio painted this picture in three years, and every day "made festa,"—all festas begin with worship, hence our term "holiday" and the Italian *festa* (from Latin *fasta*, sacred or fortunate); and this allusion to Duccio's festas evidently means that he began every day with worship,—and Sundays he went "in great devotion [with great ceremony] to the Duomo," his ordinary daily devotions being probably performed in the Chapel of St. Luke.

An anonymous manuscript in the library of Siena, quoted by Milanese, has the following account of the picture:

And in the same time and by the aforesaid Signiory it was provided to make the picture of the high altar, and that which now stands on the altar of St. Boniface, which is called the Madonna of the big eyes and Madonna of thanks [*delle grazie*], was taken away. Now this Madonna was that which

was vowed by the people of Siena when the Florentines were broken and defeated at Monte Aperto; and in this manner was changed the said picture, because the new one was made which is much more beautiful and devout and larger, and has at the back the Old and New Testament. And in the day that it was carried to the Duomo the shops were shut and the Bishop ordered a great and devout company of priests and friars with a solemn procession, accompanied by the Signiory of nine and all the functionaries of the Commune and all the people; and hand in hand all the most notable were near the picture with lighted candles in their hands, and then came the women and children with great devotion and accompanied the said picture as far as the Duomo, making the procession around the church, as is the custom, ringing the bell with full peals with reverence for so noble a picture as is this. This picture is by Duccio, son of Niccola, painter (he was son of Buoninsegna), and was made in the house of Muciatti outside the gate of Stalloregi. And all those days he went to prayers with much alms to the poor, praying God and his Mother, who is our Advocate, to defend us by his infinite pity from every disaster and evil and protect us from the hands of traitors and enemies of Siena.

Another contract shows that Duccio was to be paid two and a half florins in gold for each of the little pictures at the back of the great Madonna, thirty-eight in number. But in 1285 a contract had been made between Duccio and the rectors for the brotherhood of St. Mary of Florence providing for a picture for this chapel in Santa Maria Novella, the conditions of which contract are such as to indicate that he was then yet on trial, as might well be the case, he being probably not above twenty-five years of age. These conditions are that the painter is "to paint and ornament said picture with the figure of the blessed Virgin Mary and her omnipotent Son, and other figures at the will and pleasure of the society, and to gild and do all and singular other things which appertain to the beauty of said picture at his own charge and expense"; and that if the picture shall satisfy the society the painter shall receive one hundred and fifty little florins of gold, and if not "beautiful and elaborate to their pleasure" Duccio is to keep the picture himself. This testimony to his reputation in the city of Cimabue and at so early a period in his life, while it does not in the conditions of the contract determine that he was a proved workman in the eyes of the Florentines, is sufficient evidence that his fame, even in those days, was that of a rival of the master of Giotto. The picture painted for Santa Maria Novella is lost, but appears to have satisfied the brotherhood. That in Siena, while prescribing the general character of the Byzantine type so far as the Madonna and Child are concerned, has in the heads of the angels surrounding her a perception of the ideal which is more allied to antique art than



BURIAL OF THE VIRGIN.  
(Small panel painting, complete. Opera del Duomo, Siena.)



anything else I know of that epoch, and reminds one of the work of Niccola Pisano, whose influence Duccio must have felt strongly, as Niccola came to Siena in 1266 to 1268, when Duccio was still a boy—if born, as is conjectured, about 1260.

Of his death, as of his birth, we know nothing. He appears for the first time in authentic record in his contract for Santa Maria Novella, and last in a notice of some work done in 1320. The color of his great Madonna is akin to that of the works of the Florentine contemporary school, and shows clearly that a common canon had been the foundation of both schools; and if the remains justify a comparison I should say that the work of Duccio shows more originality of design in his story pictures. But we must remember that for the Madonna and the more important sacred personages the fixed sacred types were imperative, and that less of Duccio's greatness would be seen in such subjects than in those in which precedent was less rigorous, as in the Scripture stories at the back of the panel.

I have little hesitation indeed in saying that in most of the qualities by which Giotto has attained the position assigned him as a renovator of art Duccio rivaled him, and possibly surpassed him in some. How far the subsequent domination of Florence resulted in the neglect or destruction of the works of the masters of the great rival school of Siena we can only conjecture; of the fact that little remains of its early masters we are unfortunately only too sure. Did we possess as full a representation of the work of Duccio as we do of that

of Giotto, we might be compelled to give "the cry" to the former. The twenty-six small pictures in the Siena panel have the dramatic power of Giotto with a grave tenderness of expression which is seen in but few of the Florentine painter's pictures, and one of Mr. Cole's selections—the Marys at the tomb—was a classic in the later days, serving as type of the treatment of the subject.

There is nothing to show that in his extraordinary understanding of perspective Giotto was not alone, nor can we find the evidence in what we have of Duccio's work of such amazing intellectual range and power as Giotto's. In perspective the Florentine seems to have had an inspiration, for in his time the science of perspective had no development such as we find in his works; his feeling for it and accuracy in it are, apparently, exceptional. Duccio does not show them: see, for instance, the feet of St. Thomas in the engraving, the nearer foot being that which should be the farther; a fault that no student of the figure in his first year could commit to-day. In the position of Christ in the same picture note the manner in which he is shown to be suspended in the air, the recess being made for the sake of the step, against the perpendicular side of which we see Christ's feet.

We owe to Charles Fairfax Murray, the English painter and connoisseur, the removal of the Duccios from the cathedral, where a satisfactory sight of them was impossible, to the museum of the Opera, where they can be perfectly well seen and studied.

*W. J. Stillman.*

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

FLORENCE, September 13, 1887.—I should like to write particularly of the artist Duccio, or rather of his work, which has really fascinated me and held me in thrall for the past few months. His marvelous subtleties are now discoverable, since he has emerged from his long obscurity in the Duomo to the excellent light of the Opera del Duomo. When away from Duccio I have sometimes wondered whether the high qualities that I was attributing to him were not a little of my own making, and this thought added gusto to my next visit. But I am convinced now that he cannot be praised too highly, and in fact each time that I come away from him it is with a sublimer idea of the man. He is strength and ineffable tenderness artlessly combined, but he must be seen and studied to be believed in. No artist should be without photographs of his works; and here let me add that Lombardi, the photographer of Siena, has offered to do the whole series, thirty-eight in number, for one hundred dollars, and to give three copies of each subject. They have never been photographed directly from the originals, but from tracings of them made by some bungler. These existing photographs are worse than useless: perhaps, since the pictures were hanging in the dark, it was impossible to do them better.

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THE THREE MARYS.

THE subject is the twenty-fourth section of the large panel, and tells of the resurrection of Christ and of the particular moment where the angel says to the woman, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay" (Matt. xxviii. 6). The figures in all the series measure about nine inches high. The outlines of the compositions were sketched in the gesso ground with a point, but in the painting in of the subjects these outlines are often diverged from slightly in particular points, as around the hands and faces—modifications of the drawing; so photographs, which always give these original outlines, because of the light catching on one side or the other of the incisions, are often deceptive as to the true outlines.

The colors are lively and transparent, and the skies and glories are gold. The whole is softened and enriched by time, and, save for the innumerable fine cracks in the surface and occasional worm-holes, all is in good preservation. In the reproduction of these early men I discard all scratches, cracks, worn places, and peelings, as the attention is not particularly attracted by such defects when not affecting the expression of any particular part; but should it be a face, for instance, that



was so defaced, I should by all means as carefully reproduce the crack or peeling as I would any other portion of it, out of deference to the intrinsic value of the expression of the whole and the intention of the artist.

In engraving the glories and gold parts I always put them in the highest light; for as the light strikes them sidewise they shine out brightly above the other tints, and this no doubt was one of the most desirable effects gained in the use of gold. In the subject in question, No. 24 of the large panel, the drapery of the foremost figure of the group of three is a light soft tone of vermilion, the underrobe a delicate tone of blue a few degrees darker in tone than the red above it. Her draped hand presses the box of ointment to her breast. The next figure, similarly holding a vase, is clad in light purple, stronger in tone, however, than the red, and the underrobe a warm bluish gray, being a tone of white in shadow. The middle figure in the rear is in green, darker in tone than the red, but lighter than the purple. The flesh tints are soft and luminous and brighter than the garments, but the flesh of the angel is darker, and has a reddish cast. The white garment of the angel is of a soft warm reddish tone, and the tomb partakes of the same tone, but darker. The angel has red stockings. The rocks forming the background are of a warm gray tone in the light portions, clear and deep in the shaded parts. No doubt the defective perspective of the slab on which the angel sits will be noticed by the critical. I have asked several of the uninitiated if they saw anything wrong about the tomb; no one has, however, but all instantly remark upon the calm serenity of the angel. How finely this is contrasted with the awe rather than fear in the group of the three Marys. You could not imagine a grander or simpler composition. I have cut off part of the upper portion of the picture, which takes away the upper part of the rock above the angel's head; this enabled me to do greater justice to the heads, which were thus made larger on the block.

*Please note that when I engrave an entire picture, I surround it by a line. A line around a picture is evidence of its completeness; in France a dealer in engravings makes a point of this. So if I cut off a portion of a picture I leave that side from which the part was cut without a line, as in the above instance; and if I select a detail from the center of a picture I leave it without a line entirely, as in the case of the Cimabue in Santa Maria Novella.*

#### THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.

THE subject is a detail from the "Incredulity of St. Thomas," one of the small panels which adorned the base of the large one of twenty-six. It hangs in the same room as the large one, in the Opera del Duomo. I have selected the principal figures of Christ and Thomas, and the half figure of St. Peter behind. You will be struck, I am sure, with the action of St. Thomas. The way in which Duccio expresses the doubt and hesitation of Thomas is something wonderful. Notice his wavering action—how the left foot comes forward as he goes towards the wall; his timidity as he dares to put his finger into the wound of Christ. But then look at Christ, his calm dignity and mild, reproving manner, his sweetly benignant aspect, and the majesty of his figure with the arm uplifted. There is a gentle, kind, pitiful look in his face that I must confess I have failed

to get in my engraving; otherwise my reproduction looks something like it—and this is about as much as I can conscientiously say of all my blocks, though I continually put forth my best effort, for these things are a great inspiration to me. The treatment of the garment of Christ serves as a very good example of the Byzantine method in the miniature illuminations, the gold markings of which were altogether too delicate to reproduce with any effect in engraving. While in the Byzantine miniatures the robe of Christ is always illuminated, Duccio has given it significance by thus treating it only *after the resurrection*, as though he meant thus to typify the glorified garment; for in all the instances before Christ's resurrection his robes are left plain blue and red.

#### BURIAL OF THE VIRGIN.

NOVEMBER 5, 1887.—The subject is one of the small panels, 18 x 21 inches, in the Opera del Duomo, Siena, and the legend, or rather the part connected with the illustration, is as follows (I give only that portion of it which is more intimately connected with this particular illustration): "After the dispersion of the apostles, the Blessed Virgin is reported to have dwelt in her house, beside Mount Sion, and to have sedulously visited all the spots of her Son's life and passion so long as she lived; and she is reported to have lived twenty-four years after the ascension of Christ. And when, on a certain day, her heart burnt within her with longing for her Son, so that she broke out into very abundant tears, the angel Gabriel stood beside her and reverently saluted her, and told her, on part of her Son, that after three days she should depart from the flesh and reign with Him forever. And he gave her a branch of palm from Paradise which he commanded should be borne before the bier. And the Virgin, rejoicing, besought two boons of the angel, to wit, that her sons, the apostles, might be assembled at her death, that she might die in their presence; and secondly, that, in expiring, she might not behold Satan. And the angel promised that these things should be. And the palm-branch was green in the stem, but its leaves were like the morning star. And while John was preaching in Ephesus behold it thundered, and a cloud caught him away and set him down at Mary's door, and entering in, Mary marvelled and wept for joy. And she told him how she had been sent for by the Lord and that Christ had brought him to her, and she besought him to take charge of her burial and to bear the palm-branch before the bier. And while John was wishing for the presence of his brother apostles, behold they were all transported in clouds from the places where they preached, and collected together before the door of Mary; to whom, while they gazed on each other greatly astonished, John went forth, and warned them of Mary's summons, and admonished them not to weep, nor let it be imputed to them that they who preached the resurrection feared death." (Here I leave out the particular account of Mary's death.)

"For the Lord commanded the apostles that they should carry her body into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and place it in a new tomb that had been dug there, and watch three days beside it till he should return." (Here follows a short eulogy on the purity of the Blessed Virgin.)

"And when the body was laid on the bier, Peter and Paul uplifted it, and the other apostles ranged themselves around it." (Then comes a description of the carrying of the body of Mary to the tomb.)

"And the apostles laid the body of the Virgin in the tomb." (This is the particular portion forming the subject of the picture.) "And they watched beside it three days, and on the third day the Lord appeared with a multitude of angels, and raised up Mary, and she was received, body and soul, into heaven."

"According to some accounts," says Lindsay, "the apostle Thomas was not present at the Virgin's assumption"; and this accounts for there being only twelve apostles around the Virgin at her entombment, instead of thirteen, which the addition of Paul would make had Thomas been present.

Speaking of the coloring of Duccio, Eastlake, in a few superficial remarks, says he is "devoid of relief" in this respect. I leave the reader to judge, from the last example shown, how totally at variance with the truth this is. In some instances his coloring is Titianesque — warm, lustrous, and deep. The garment of the Virgin in the entombment is a deep blue, of a most charming hue. That of the apostle next to Peter and immediately above the head of the Virgin is also a blue, but of a different, warmer, and softer tone, so that here, for instance, is a relief of color very subtle and harmonious. That of the apostle John, who holds the palm-branch, is a rose-pink in the high

lights, shading to a deeper red. The contrast this makes with the lovely blues is the most pleasing thing imaginable to look upon. Now the garments of the apostle whose head comes just above the stars of the palm-branch are also red, similar in tone to the deep shading in John's garment; but there is a softness of tone about it that gives just the proper relief to the latter. Then the palm-branch, of which the stars are gold, is a delicious soft, tender green, shading gently deeper to one side, and this again is properly relieved against the deeper green of the garment of the apostle the top of whose head comes just behind three of the stars. This apostle, from the type of his face and his long hair, is evidently James, the brother of our Lord. The garment of the one next to him, whose hand comes in proximity with those of the Virgin, is a charming mixture of warm purple and greenish-blue tints. That of the one next to him is of a warm brown, well relieved against the brownish shadows of the rock behind. So on throughout — always a pleasing variety and subtle relief of color. The marble tomb is of a reddish, warm tone, roughly hewn, as I have engraved it. The trees, carefully worked up in detail, are of various shades of lustrous green, and the sky and glories around the heads are gold. The flesh tints are warm brownish yellows, while the flesh of the Virgin is relieved from that of the others, being deader in tone. The whole is a most harmonious combination of color — a true symphony in color.

T. Cole.

## LIFE ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.

**T**HE extension of our acquaintance in Tomsk, on one side with Government officials and on the other with political exiles, led now and then to peculiar and embarrassing situations. A day or two before our departure for Irkutsk, while two of the politicals — Messrs. Volkhofski and Chudnofski — were sitting in our room at the European Hotel, a servant suddenly knocked, threw open the door, and announced his Excellency Actual State Councilor Petukhof, the governor *pro tem.* of the province. My heart, as the Russians say, went into my fingers' ends. I did not know what relations existed between the banished revolutionists and Governor Petukhof. We had called several times upon the latter without referring in any way to our acquaintance with this class of criminals; and in all our intercourse with the Tomsk officials we had treated the subject of political exile with studied indifference, in order to avert suspicion and escape troublesome inquiries. To be then surprised by the governor himself while two prominent politicals were sitting in our room and writing at our table was, to say the least, embarrassing. I had just had time to ask Volk-

hofski and Chudnofski whether or not I should introduce them to the governor, when the latter, in full uniform, entered the room. There was a curious expression of surprise in his good-humored face as he took in at a glance the situation; but the removal of his heavy overcoat and galoshes gave him an opportunity to recover himself, and as he came forward with outstretched hand to greet Mr. Frost and me there was nothing in his manner to indicate the least annoyance or embarrassment. He shook hands cordially with the two political exiles, who had been condemned by a court of justice to penal servitude; began at once a conversation in which they could join, and behaved generally with so much tact and courtesy, that in five minutes we were all chatting together as unceremoniously as if we were old acquaintances who had met accidentally at a club. It was, however, a strangely constituted group: an American newspaper man; an American artist; two political exiles who had been punished with solitary confinement, leg-fetters, and the strait-jacket; and, finally, the highest provincial representative of the Government that had so dealt with these exiles — all meeting upon the common footing of per-

sonal character, and ignoring, for the time, the peculiar network of interrelations that united them. Whether or not Governor Petukhof reported to the Minister of the Interior that we had made the acquaintance of the political criminals in Tomsk, I do not know—probably not. He seemed to me to be a faithful officer of the Crown, but, at the same time, a man of culture, ability, and good sense; and while he doubtless disapproved of the revolutionary movement, he recognized the fact that among the banished revolutionists were men of education, refinement, and high personal character, who might, naturally enough, attract the attention of foreign travelers.

The number of politicals in Tomsk, at the time of our visit, was about 30, including 6 or 8 women. Some of them were administrative exiles, who had only just arrived from European Russia; some were "poselentse," or forced colonists, who had been banished originally to "the most remote part" of Siberia, but who had finally been allowed to return in broken health to a "less remote part"; while a few were survivors of the famous "193," who had languished for years in the casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress, and had then been sent to the plains of Western Siberia.

I was surprised to find among the administrative exiles in Tomsk men and women who had just returned from long terms of banishment in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk. "How did it happen," I said to one of them, "that you, a mere administrative exile, were sent to the worst part of Eastern Siberia? I thought that the province of Yakutsk was reserved as a place of punishment for the more dangerous class of political offenders, and for compulsory colonists from the mines of the Trans-Baikal."

"That is not quite the case," he replied. "It is true that administrative exiles are usually sent to some part of Western Siberia, but they are frequently transferred afterward to the province of Yakutsk. I myself was sent to Western Siberia in the first place, but in 1881 I was transported to Yakutsk because I would not take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III."

"Do you mean," I said, "that the Government, while punishing you for treason, required you to take an oath of loyalty?"

1 "Ooloos" is the name for a native settlement, consisting perhaps of only one or two earth-covered yurts, situated in the taiga, or primeval wilderness of Yakutsk, sometimes hundreds of miles from the nearest Russian village and more than 5000 miles from St. Petersburg. The gentleman to whom I here refer was sent to an ooloos in the district of Amga, only five degrees south of the arctic circle, and reached his destination in December, in the midst of an arctic winter. I have a list of names of 79 political offenders who were

"Precisely," he replied; "and because I could n't and would n't do it, I was banished to a Yakut ooloos."<sup>1</sup>

"But," I exclaimed, "that was not only unjust, but stupid. What was the use of asking a political exile to swear that he was a loyal citizen?"

"There was no use of it," he answered; "but it was done. The Government did not even content itself with exacting an oath of loyalty, but required me to swear that I would tell all I knew about the revolutionary movement; or, in other words, betray my friends. I could not do that, even if I had been changed into a loyal subject by banishment."

Further inquiry elicited the fact, which was then a new one to me, that all administrative exiles who were living in Western Siberia when Alexander III. came to the throne in 1881 were required by the Minister of the Interior to take the oath of allegiance to the new Tsar. It was unreasonable, of course, to expect that men who were already undergoing punishment for disloyalty to Alexander II. would stultify themselves by taking an oath of allegiance to Alexander III.; yet the Minister of the Interior either entertained such an expectation, or else made a pretense of it in order to have an excuse for punishing a second time men who had not committed a second offense. If a criminal whose sentence has been pronounced, and who is already in exile, refuses to admit that his criminal act was wrong, such refusal may be a good reason for not setting him at liberty until the expiration of his penal term; but it is hardly a sufficient reason for arbitrarily increasing threefold the severity of his punishment. It would be regarded as a very remarkable proceeding if Governor Oglesby should go to-morrow to the anarchists recently sentenced to state prison in Illinois, require them to declare under oath that they were not anarchists, and then, if they refused, drag them out of their cells and hang them off-hand without the ministrations of a clergyman. Yet that is precisely analogous to the action that was taken by the Russian Government in the cases of administrative exiles who were living in Western Siberia when the present Tsar came to the throne. If the Minister of the Interior did not know that these men were disloyal, he had no right to punish them with exile.

living in Yakut oolooses in the year 1882, including the Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko, Professor Bogdanovitch, who was formerly instructor in chemistry in a university in Austrian Poland, and M. Linoff, who had lived four or five years in the United States and had taken out his first naturalization papers as an American citizen. The list includes also one Frenchman, one German, and nine educated women. The Frenchman and the German had made appeals for help, I believe, to their own Governments, but without result.

If, on the other hand, he did know that they were disloyal, he acted with cruel injustice in forcing upon them such a choice of alternatives as perjury or a living death in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk. Scores of exiled men and women, who had committed no new offense, were sent from Western Siberia to Eastern Siberia, or to Yakut ooloses near the Asiatic pole of cold, simply because they would not perjure themselves and turn informers. One of these unfortunates was the gifted Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko. He had already been banished three times—once to Siberia through an administrative "mistake," and he was then transported to the province of Yakutsk because he would not betray his friends, kiss the mailed hand that had smitten him, and swear that he was a loyal subject of "The Lord's Anointed," Alexander III.

The reader may perhaps think that in describing banishment to a Yakut ooloo as a "living death" I have used too strong an expression. I will therefore describe it as it appears to well-informed and dispassionate Russians. In the early part of the year 1881, when the liberal minister Loris Melikoff was in power and when there existed in Russia a limited freedom of the press, Mr. S. A. Priklonski, a well-known author and a gentleman who served at one time on the staff of the governor of the province of Olonets, published in the liberal newspaper "*Zemstvo*"—which was shortly afterward suppressed—a long and carefully prepared article upon exile by administrative process. In that article—a copy of which now lies before me—Mr. Priklonski, over his own signature, uses the following language with regard to the life of political exiles in Yakut ooloses:

There exists in the province of Yakutsk a form of exile more severe and more barbarous than anything that the Russian public has yet known, . . . namely, banishment to ooloses. This consists in the assignment of administrative exiles separately to residences in scattered Yakut yurts, situated sometimes many versts one from another. A recent number of the "*Russian Gazette*" (No. 23), in its correspondence from Yakutsk, publishes the following extract from the letter of an ooloo exile, which graphically describes the awful situation of an educated human being who has been mercilessly thrown into one of the yurts of these arctic savages.

"The Cossacks who had brought me from the town of Yakutsk to my destination soon returned, and I was left alone among Yakuts who do not understand a word of Russian. They watch me constantly, for fear that if I escape they will have to answer for it to the Russian authorities. If I go out of the close atmosphere of the solitary yurt to walk, I am followed by a suspicious Yakut. If I take an ax to cut myself a cane, the Yakut directs me by gestures and pantomime to let it alone and go back into the yurt. I return thither, and before the fireplace I see a Yakut who has stripped himself naked and is hunting for lice in his clothing—a pleasant picture! The Yakuts live in winter in the same buildings with their cattle, and frequently are not separated from the latter even by the thinnest partition. The excrement of the cattle and of the children; the inconceivable disorder and filth; the rotting straw and rags; the myriads of vermin in the bedding; the foul, oppressive air; and the impossibility of speaking a word of Russian—all these things taken together are positively enough to drive one insane. The food of the Yakuts can hardly be eaten. It is carelessly prepared, without salt, often of tainted materials, and the unaccustomed stomach rejects it with nausea. I have no separate dishes or clothing of my own; there are no facilities for bathing, and during the whole winter—eight months—I am as dirty as a Yakut. I cannot go anywhere—least of all to the town, which is two hundred versts distant. I live with the Yakuts by turns—staying with one family for six weeks, and then going for the same length of time to another. I have nothing to read,—neither books nor newspapers,—and I know nothing of what is going on in the world."

Beyond this [says Mr. Priklonski in commenting upon the letter] severity cannot go. Beyond this there remains nothing to do but to tie a man to the tail of a wild horse and drive him into the steppe, or chain him to a corpse and leave him to fate. One does not wish to believe that a human being can be subjected, without trial and by a mere executive order, to such grievous torment—to a punishment which European civilization has banished from its penal code even for the most desperate class of villains whose inhuman crimes have been proved by trial in a criminal court. And yet we are assured by the correspondent of the "*Russian Gazette*" that up to this time none of the exiles in the province of Yakutsk have been granted any alleviating privileges; ten newly arrived administrators have been distributed,—most of them among the ooloses,—and more are expected in the near future.<sup>1</sup>

The statements made in Mr. Priklonski's article are supported by private letters, now in my possession, from ooloo exiles, by the

<sup>1</sup> Since Mr. Priklonski, the fearless and talented author of this article, is now dead, I may say, without fear of injuring him, that he himself gave me the copy of it that I now have, together with a quantity of other manuscript material relating to exile by administrative process. He was a man of high character and more than ordinary ability, and is well and favorably known in Russia as the author of "*Sketches of Self-government*," published in 1884; "*Popular Life in the North*," which appeared in 1886; and a large number

of articles upon local self-government and the condition of the Russian peasantry, printed from time to time in the journals "*The Week*," "*Zemstvo*," and "*Russian Thought*." Mr. Priklonski was not a revolutionist, and the article from which I have made quotations was not published in a revolutionary sheet. It appeared in the "*Zemstvo*," the unofficial organ of the Russian provincial assemblies, which was at that time under the editorial management of the well-known author and publicist Mr. V. U. Skalon. I mention these



concurrent testimony of a large number of politicals who have lived through this experience, and by my own personal observation. I have myself slept in sod-covered Yakut yourts side by side with cattle; I have borne some of the hardships of life in these wretched habitations, and I know how intolerable it must be for a refined and educated human being—and especially for a woman—to spend months or years in the midst of such an environment. It must be said, however, in fairness, that some administrative exiles, who are allowed to receive money from their friends, buy or build houses for themselves, and have a somewhat more endurable existence. The Russian novelist Korolenko occupied a house of his own, apart from the Yakuts, and a number of the returned ooloo exiles whose acquaintance I made in Tomsk told me that, with the aid of friends, they bought, built, or hired log houses in the oolooses to which they had been banished, and thus escaped the filth and disorder of the Yakut yourts. Some of them too had a few books, and received letters from their relatives once or twice a year through the police. They suffered, nevertheless, great hardships and privations. Mr. Linoff, a cultivated gentleman who had resided several years in the United States and who spoke English well, told me that after his banishment to the province of Yakutsk he sometimes lived for months at a time without bread, subsisting for the most part upon fish and meat. His health was broken down by his experience, and he died at an East Siberian *étape* in May, 1886, less than six months after I made his acquaintance. That the life of ooloos exiles, even under the most favorable circumstances, is almost an unendurable one sufficiently appears from the frequency with which they escape from it by self-destruction. Of the seventy-nine politicals who were in exile in the province of Yakutsk in 1882, six had committed suicide previous to 1885. How many have died in that way since then I do not know; but of the six to whom I refer, I have the names.

I was struck in Tomsk by the composure with which political exiles would sometimes talk of intolerable injustice and frightful sufferings. The men and women who had been sent to the province of Yakutsk for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III., and who had suffered in that arctic wilderness all that human beings can suffer from hunger and cold and sickness and bereavement, did not seem to

facts merely to show that if the Russian Government cared anything about the condition of political exiles in the province of Yakutsk, it had no excuse for inaction. Its attention was called to the subject by persons who did not seek to escape responsibility for their words, and by citizens whose abilities and patriotic services entitled them to a respectful hearing. As the

be conscious that there was anything very extraordinary in their experience. Now and then some man, whose wife had committed suicide in exile, would flush a little and clench his hands as he spoke of her; or some broken-hearted woman, whose baby had frozen to death in her arms on the road, would sob at intervals as she tried to tell me her story; but, as a rule, both men and women referred to injustice and suffering with perfect composure, as if they were nothing more than the ordinary accidents of life. Mr. X—, one of the politicals in K—, showed me one day, I remember, a large collection of photographs of his revolutionary friends. Whenever a face struck me as being noteworthy, on account of its beauty or character, I would ask whose it was.

"That," Mr. X— would say quietly, "is Miss A—, once a teacher in a peasant school; she died of prison consumption in Kiev three years ago. The man with the full beard is B—, formerly a justice of the peace in N—; he was hanged at St. Petersburg in 1879. The thin-faced girl is Miss C—, one of the so-called propagandists; she went insane in the House of Preliminary Detention while awaiting trial. The pretty young woman with the cross on the sleeve of her dress is Madame D—, a Red Cross nurse in one of the field hospitals during the late Russo-Turkish war; she was sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude and is now at the mines of Kara. The lady opposite her on the same page is Miss E—, formerly a student in the Bez-tuzhef medical school for women in St. Petersburg; she cut her throat with a piece of broken glass, after two years of solitary confinement in the fortress."

In this way Mr. X— went through his whole collection of photographs, suggesting, or sketching hastily, in a few dry, matter-of-fact words, the terrible tragedies in which the originals of the portraits had been actors. He did not show the least emotional excitement, and from his manner it might have been supposed that it was the commonest thing in the world for one's friends to be hanged, sent to the mines, driven insane by solitary confinement, or tortured into cutting their throats with broken glass. His composure, however, was not insensibility, nor lack of sympathy. It was rather the natural result of long familiarity with such tragedies. One may become accustomed in time even to the sights and

Minister of the Interior has continued to send educated human beings to Yakut oolooses from that time to this, he has made it impossible for the civilized world to draw any other conclusion than that he consciously and deliberately intends to subject men and women, without trial or hearing, to the miseries set forth in the letter from which Mr. Prikonski quotes.



sounds of a field hospital, and the Russian revolutionists have become so accustomed to injustice and misery that they can speak without emotional excitement of things that made my face flush and my heart beat fast with indignation or pity.

"Twice in my life," said a well-known Russian liberal to me, "I have fully realized what it means to be a free citizen. The first time was when I returned to Russia from the United States in 187-, and noticed at the frontier the difference between the attitude taken by the gendarmes towards me and their attitude towards Englishmen who entered the empire with me. The second time was just now, when I saw the effect produced upon you by the story that Mr. B— was relating to you. That story seemed to you—as I could plainly see from the expression of your face—something awful and almost incredible. To me it was no more surprising or extraordinary than an account of the running-over of a man in the street. As I watched the play of expression in your face—as I was forced to look at the facts, for a moment, from your point of view—I felt again, to the very bottom of my soul, the difference between a free citizen and a citizen of Russia."

The condition of the banished politicals in Tomsk was better than the condition of such offenders in any other part of Siberia that we visited. Prince Krapotkin complained to me of the climate there as trying and unhealthy; but it did not seem to me to be worse, in any respect, than the climate of northern New England. The educated people of the city were liberal and enterprising; the town had a good bookstore, a public library, a theater, a liberal newspaper,—when it was not under sentence of suspension,—and excellent schools; the Government was less oppressive than in the province of Tobolsk; the political exiles could meet one another freely; most of them could write and receive letters without submitting them to the police for supervision, and it seemed to me that their life there was fairly enduring. In view of these facts, the probability that Tomsk will shortly cease to be a place of banishment for political offenders is a subject for profound regret. Since my last article was written, the Russian Government has announced its intention to open one "faculty," or department,—the so-called "medical faculty,"—of the long-talked-of Siberian university, for which a splendid building was erected in Tomsk, chiefly by private subscription, four years ago. The opening of this institution of learning will probably be the signal for the removal of the political exiles to some other part of the province. The Government takes every possible precaution to prevent the stu-

dents in its universities from getting "dangerous" ideas, and it will hardly venture to assemble a large number of young men in a city where the intelligent class of citizens is so leavened with "untrustworthy" elements as it is in Tomsk. Bright-witted students who are given an opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of such men as Chudnofski and the late Prince Krapotkin are apt to draw, from the fate of the latter, conclusions that are neither conducive to loyalty nor in harmony with the Government's idea of education. It is greatly to be feared, therefore, that if the Minister of the Interior has finally decided, after four years of deliberation, to try the "dangerous" experiment of opening the Tomsk University, he has also decided to send the Tomsk exiles somewhere else.

On Friday, August 28, after bidding goodbye to the politicals in Tomsk and making final calls upon Colonel Yagodkin and one or two other officers who had been particularly kind and hospitable to us, Mr. Frost and I procured a fresh padorozhnaya, climbed once more into our old tarantas, and set out, with a troika of good post horses, for Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, which was distant from Tomsk 1040 miles. Governor Petukhof had promised that he would send us an open letter directing all convoy officers within his jurisdiction to allow us to inspect étapes; but he had forgotten it, or had reconsidered his promise after finding the political exiles in our room at the European Hotel, and we were left to gain admission to étapes as best we could. Our journey of 260 miles to Achinsk, the first town in Eastern Siberia, was not marked by any noteworthy incident. The part of the province of Tomsk through which we passed was generally rolling, or broken by ranges of low hills, and in appearance it suggested at times the thinly settled forest region of eastern Maine, and at others the fertile farming country of western New York. In some places we rode for hours through a dense second growth of birches, poplars, and evergreens which hid from sight everything except the sky and the black muddy road, and then, a dozen miles farther on, we would come out into an extensive open prairie embroidered with daisies, or cross a wide shallow valley whose bottom and sloping sides were covered with an irregular patchwork of cultivated fields. The weather was cool and fall-like, but the mosquitoes were still troublesome, and the flowers continued to be abundant. On the 6th of September I counted thirty-four different kinds of flowers in blossom beside the road, including wild roses, forget-me-nots, crane's-bill, two or three species of aster, goldenrod, wild mustard, monk's-hood, spirea, buttercups, fire-

weed, bluebells, vase pinks, and Kirghis caps. Many of them were blooming out of their proper season and were represented by only a few scattered specimens; but of others we might have picked millions. The most attractive and highly cultivated region that we saw was that lying between the post stations of Itatskaya and Bogotolskaya, about fifty miles west of Achinsk. The weather was warm and pleasant, and the picture presented by the fertile rolling country with its rich autumnal coloring, the clumps of silver birch and poplar here and there in the flowery meadows, the extensive fields of ripe yellow wheat which stretched away up the gentle sunny slopes of the hills, and the groups of men and women in scarlet or blue shirts who were harvesting the grain with clumsy sickles or eating their noonday lunch in the shade of a frost-tinted birch by the roadside, was a picture not unworthy of an artist's pencil, nor of comparison with any rural landscape of like character in the world.

The villages, however, in this part of Siberia were less deserving of commendation than was the scenery. They consisted generally of a double line of gray, unpainted log houses extending sometimes for two or three versts along the miry, chocolate-colored road, without the least sign anywhere of foliage or vegetation, except, perhaps, the leafy branch of a tree nailed up at the door of one of the numerous "kabaks," "Rhine cellars," "drinking establishments," "piteini doms," or "optovi sklads" which in every Siberian village bring revenue to the Government and demoralization to the peasants. These bush-decorated houses are of many different sorts and go by many different names; but they all sell vodka, and, to a great extent, they are responsible for the dirty, slovenly, and poverty-stricken appearance of the peasant villages on the great Siberian road. There are thirty rum-shops to every school throughout Western Siberia, and thirty-five rum-shops to every school throughout Eastern Siberia; and in a country where there exists such a disproportion between the facilities for education and the facilities for intoxication, one cannot reasonably expect to find clean, orderly, or prosperous villages.

The graveyards belonging to the Siberian settlements sometimes seemed to me much more remarkable and noteworthy than the settlements themselves. Near one of the villages that we passed in this part of our journey, I noticed a cemetery in which nearly half the graves were marked by jet-black, three-armed, wooden crosses, covered with narrow A-shaped roofs, and surrounded by red, green, blue, and yellow picket fences. Some of the peculiar

black crosses bore the English letters "I. H. S." on one of the arms, while others had painted on them in white the figure of Christ crucified—the legs being made extraordinarily long and thin so as to occupy the whole length of the upright shaft. Anything more remarkable than one of these ghastly white figures, on a black cross, under a gable roof, with a cheerful red, white, and blue picket fence around it, I could hardly imagine; but it furnished a striking proof that the Russian love for crude color triumphs even over death. I do not remember to have seen bright colors used in a graveyard in any other part of the world or among any other people.

Harvesting was in progress all along the road between Tomsk and Achinsk, and in many places the whole population, with the exception of the post station-master and three or four drivers, had gone to the fields. In one village the only inhabitant whom we saw was a flaxen-haired child about five years of age, dressed in a dirty homespun shirt, wearing on a string about its neck a huge cow-bell, and gnawing contentedly at a big raw turnip, as it paddled along the deserted street half-way up to its knees in mud. Whether the cow-bell was one of the child's playthings, or whether the mother had made use of it as a means of finding her offspring when she should return from the harvest field, I do not know; but the combination of child, turnip, and cow-bell, in a village that did not appear to contain another living inhabitant, was novel enough to attract my attention.

In the outskirts of another settlement we were reminded once more that we were in a penal colony by the sight of a handcuffed horse grazing peacefully by the roadside. I knew that the Russian Government had once flogged and exiled to Siberia a free-thinking and insubordinate church-bell<sup>1</sup> because it had not self-control enough to hold its tongue when turned upside down; but I was a little startled, nevertheless, by the idea, which at once suggested itself to me, that the Government had taken to exiling and handcuffing "untrustworthy" horses. Upon making inquiries of the station-master, I was gratified to learn that this was not a horse that had behaved in a manner "prejudicial to public order" by refusing to neigh upon the accession of Alexander III. to the throne, but was merely an animal addicted to vagrancy, whose owner had hobbled him with an old pair of Government handcuffs in order to prevent him from straying. The peasant to whom he belonged had unfortunately lost the key to the handcuffs, and for two or three months the horse had been as

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated bell of Uglitch. It is now in Tobolsk.



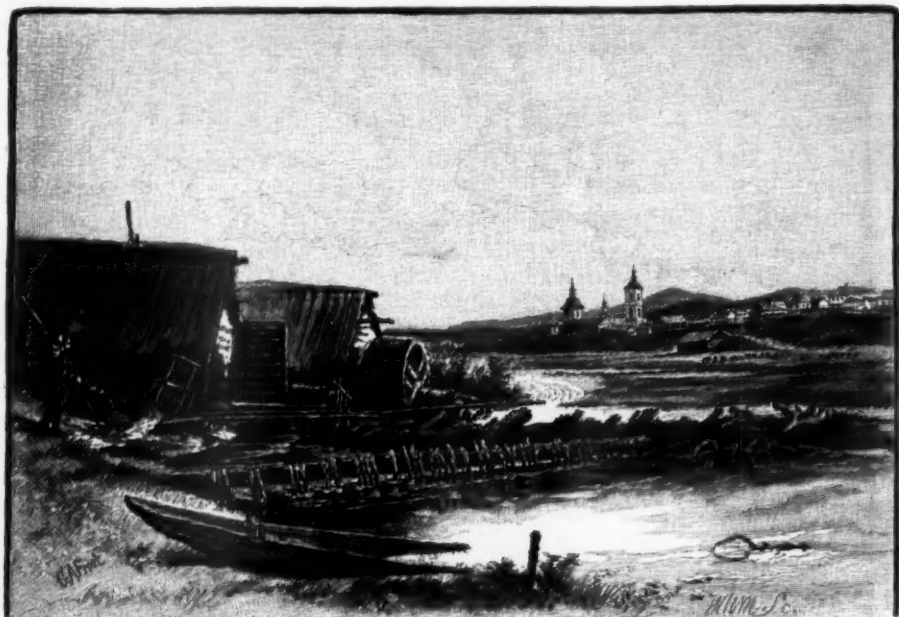
A SCENE NEAR ACHINSK.

useless, for all practical purposes, as a spiked cannon.

Between the post stations of Krasnorechinskaya and Bieloyarskaya, about twenty miles west of Achinsk, we crossed the boundary line between the provinces of Tomsk and Yeniseisk, and entered the vast region known as Eastern Siberia. The boundary was marked by two brick columns about two feet square and seven feet high, which bore on their eastern and western sides the coats of arms of the two contiguous provinces. The rate of postal transportation changed at this point from one and a half kopecks to three kopecks per verst for every horse, and our traveling expenses were thus almost doubled, without any commensurate increase in comfort or in speed. The reason assigned for this change in rate is the higher cost of forage and food in Eastern Siberia; but the Government, in dealing with its exiles, does not apparently give any weight to this consideration. If the necessities of life are enough higher in Eastern Siberia to justify the doubling of the rate for postal transportation, it would seem to follow that they are high enough to require some increase in the ration allowance of the exiles on the road; but no such increase is made. No matter whether it is in Western Siberia or in Eastern Siberia, whether black bread costs two kopecks a pound



or seven kopecks a pound, the exile receives neither more nor less than ten kopecks a day. The result of this is that in Western Siberia he generally has enough food to sustain his strength, while in Eastern Siberia, and particularly in the Trans-Baikal, he often suffers from hunger.



OLD BARK-MILLS, KRASNOYARSK.

We passed the town of Achinsk on Tuesday, September 1, and entered upon the most difficult and exhausting part of our journey. The country suddenly became wilder and more mountainous in its character; the road, for a distance of sixty or seventy miles, ran across a series of high wooded ridges, separated one from another by swampy ravines; rain fell almost incessantly; and it was all that five powerful horses could do to drag our heavy tarantas up the steep hills and through the abysses of tenacious semi-liquid clay in the intervening valleys. Even where the road was comparatively hard, it had been cut into deep ruts and hollows by thousands of obozes, or freight wagons; the attempts that had been made here and there to improve it by throwing tree-trunks helter-skelter into the sloughs and quagmires had only rendered it worse; and the swaying, banging, and plunging of the tarantas were something frightful. An American stage-coach would have gone to pieces on such a road before it had made a single station. In the course of the first night after leaving Achinsk, I was thrown violently against the sides or the roof of our tarantas at least three or four hundred times. This incessant jolting, added to sleeplessness and fatigue, brought on a racking headache; I was in a shiver most of the night from cold and lack of nourishing food; and when we reached the station of Ibrulskaya early Wednesday morning, after having made

in twenty hours and with four changes of horses a distance of only fifty miles, I felt as if I had been beaten from head to foot with a club and left for dead. Mr. Frost was sick, and had had three severe chills in the night, and he looked so worn and haggard that I became seriously alarmed about him. He did not wish, however, to stop in the post station of Ibrulskaya, which was already full of travelers sleeping on benches or on the floor, and after refreshing ourselves with tea, we pushed on towards Krasnoyarsk.

I cannot remember, in all Siberia, a worse road for wheeled vehicles than that between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk. I have never, in fact, seen a worse road in my life, and it was not at all surprising that Mr. Frost was prostrated by the jolting, the consequent sleeplessness, and the lack of substantial food. We had been able to get meat at the post stations only once in four days; we had lived almost entirely upon the bread and tea that we carried with us; and for ninety-six hours we had had only such snatches of sleep as we could get in the tarantas at intervals on short stretches of smooth road, or on benches in the station-houses while waiting for horses. It was some satisfaction to learn, at Oostanofskaya, that General Ignatief, the newly appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, who passed over the road between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk a few days before us, was so exasperated by its condition that he



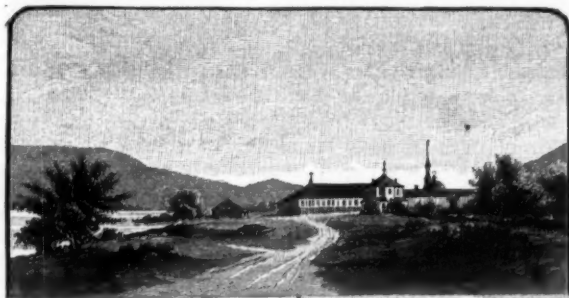
ordered the immediate arrest of the contractor who had undertaken to keep it in repair, and directed that he be held in prison to await an investigation. Mr. Frost and I agreed that it was a proper case for the exercise of despotic power.

We arrived in Krasnoyarsk late on the evening of Wednesday, September 2, after a journey from Tomsk of 370 miles, which had occupied a little more than five days of incessant travel. An abundant supper and a good night's rest in a small hotel near the post station restored our tired bodies to something like their normal condition, and Thursday afternoon we changed our travel-stained clothing and called upon Mr. Leo Petrovitch Kuznetsoff, a wealthy gold-mining proprietor to whom we had brought a letter of introduction from St. Petersburg. We little anticipated the luxurious comfort of the house and the delightful social atmosphere of the home circle to which this letter would admit us. The servant who came to the door in response to our ring showed us into one of the most beautiful and tastefully furnished drawing-rooms that we had seen in Russia. It was

oil-paintings by well-known Russian, French, and English artists occupied places of honor at the ends of the room; and at our right, as we entered, was a grand piano, flanked by a carved stand piled high with books and music.

We had hardly had time to recover from the state of astonishment into which we were thrown by the sight of so many unexpected evidences of wealth, culture, and refinement in this remote East Siberian town when a slender, dark-haired, pale-faced young man in correct afternoon dress entered the drawing-room, introduced himself as Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff, and welcomed us in good English to Krasnoyarsk. We were soon made acquainted with the whole Kuznetsoff family, which consisted of three brothers and two sisters, all unmarried, and all living together in this luxurious house. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff and his sisters spoke English fluently; they had traveled in America, and had spent more or less time in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Saratoga, Chicago, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff's personal

acquaintance with the United States was more extensive, indeed, than my own; inasmuch as he had twice



MONASTERY NEAR KRASNOYARSK.

fully fifty feet in length by thirty-five feet in width and twenty feet high; its inlaid floor of polished oak was hidden here and there by soft oriental rugs; palms, luxuriant ferns, and pots of blossoming plants occupied the lower portions of the high, richly curtained windows; the apparent size of the spacious apartment was increased by long pier-glasses interspersed between the masses of greenery and flowers; a cheerful fire of birch wood was burning in an open fireplace under a massive mantel of carved marble; cabinets of polished cherry, filled with rare old china, delicate ivory carvings, bronze Buddhist idols, and all sorts of bric-à-brac, stood here and there against the walls; large



ROAD TO MONASTERY.

crossed the continent; had hunted buffalo on our Western prairies; had met General Sheridan, Buffalo Bill, Captain Jack, and other frontier notables; and had even visited regions as remote as Yellowstone Park and the "Staked Plains."





A SIBERIAN BLACKSMITH.

How pleasant it was, after months of rough life in dirty post stations or vermin-infested hotels, to come suddenly into such a house as that of the Kuznetsofs; to find ourselves surrounded by flowers, books, pictures, and innumerable other evidences of cultured taste; to hear good music; to talk with intelligent men and women who did not tell us harrowing stories of imprisonment and exile—all this the reader can hardly imagine. We dined with the Kuznetsofs every day that we spent in Krasnoyarsk, and met at their table some very attractive and cultivated people. Among the latter I remember particularly Mr. Ivan Savenkoff, the director of the Krasnoyarsk normal school, who had just returned from an archaeological excursion up the Yenisei, and who showed us some very interesting tracings and water-color copies of the prehistoric sketches and inscriptions that abound on the "pictured rocks" along that river. Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff shared Mr. Savenkoff's interest in archaeology, and both gentlemen had valuable collections of objects dating from the stone or the bronze age that had been taken from "kurgans" or tumuli in various parts of the province.

Thursday evening, after dinner, we all drove up the left bank of the river to an old monastery about six versts from the city, where the people of Krasnoyarsk are accustomed to go in

summer for picnics. The road, which was a noteworthy triumph of monastic engineering, had been cut out in the steep cliffs that border the Yenisei, or had been carried on trestle-work along the faces of these cliffs high above the water, and at every salient angle it commanded a beautiful view of the majestic river, which, at this point, attains a width of more than a mile and glides swiftly past, between blue picturesque mountains, on its way from the wild fastnesses of Mongolia to the barren coast of the Arctic Ocean.

Our friends in Krasnoyarsk tempted us to remain there a week or two with promises of all sorts of delightful excursions, but at that late season of the year we could not spare the time. It required not a little resolution to turn our backs on picnic parties and boating parties, on archaeological excursions up the Yenisei, on such congenial society as we found in the hospitable homes of Mr. Savenkoff and the Kuznetsofs, and to face again the old miseries of jolting, sleeplessness, cold, hunger, and fatigue on the road; but it was important that we should reach the mines of the Trans-Baikal before winter set in, and we had yet 1200 miles to go.

Saturday afternoon, September 5, we reluctantly ordered post horses; provided ourselves with a fresh supply of bread, tea, and

copper money; repacked our baggage in the old, battered, mud-splashed tarantas, which we were beginning to dread as a once-tortured criminal dreads the rack; and crossing the Yenisei on a pendulum ferry-boat, resumed our journey to Irkutsk. The weather was once more pleasant and sunshiny, but the changing colors of the dying leaves showed that fall was at hand. Many of the poplars had already turned a deep brilliant red, and nearly half of the birches were solid masses of canary yellow, which, when seen against the dark background of the somber evergreens, suggested foliage in a state of incandescence. The vast fields of wheat in the valley of the Yenisei and on the lower slopes of the hills in the neighborhood of Krasnoyarsk were apparently dead ripe, and hundreds of men and women, with horse-hair mosquito-protectors over their heads, were reaping the grain with sickles, binding it into sheaves, and stacking the sheaves by fives in long rows.

We traveled without rest Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, but on Wednesday morning, at the station of Kamyshetskaya, about 350 miles from Irkutsk, we were forced to stop in order to have repairs made to our tarantas. We found the village blacksmith in a little shop near the post station, where, with the aid of his daughter, a robust young woman eighteen or twenty years of age, he was engaged in shoeing a horse. One might infer, from the elaborate precautions taken to prevent the animal from injuring himself or anybody else while being shod, that Siberian horses are more than usually fractious, or Siberian blacksmiths more than usually careless in driving nails. The poor beast had been hoisted into the air by means of two broad belly-bands, and suspended from a stout frame so that he could not touch the ground; three of his legs had then been lashed to an equal number of posts so that he could neither kick nor struggle, and the daring blacksmith was fearlessly putting a shoe on the only hoof that the wretched and humiliated animal could move. We learned, upon inquiry, that Siberian horses are always shod in this way,

and we concluded that Siberian blacksmiths must be regarded by accident insurance companies as extra safe and very desirable risks.

While we were waiting for the repairs to our tarantas we were overtaken by the Moscow post. The Russian mails are carried in Siberia in leathern bags or pouches as with us, and are forwarded in telegas under guard of an armed postilion, changing horses and vehicles at every station. There is no limit, so far as I know, to the weight or size of packages that may be sent by post,—I have myself mailed a box weighing forty pounds,—and the mails are consequently very bulky and heavy, filling sometimes a dozen telegas. Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, has a mail from Moscow every day and returns it three times a week; and as the imperial post takes precedence over private travelers, the latter are often forced to wait for hours at post stations because the last horses have been taken by the Government postilion. Such was our fate at Kamyshetskaya. The repairs to our tarantas were soon made,



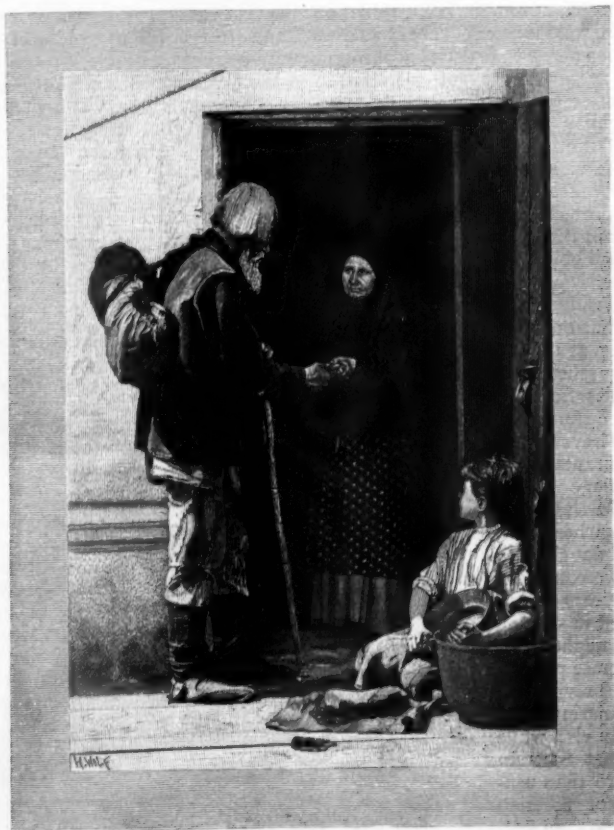
THE DEPARTURE OF THE MAIL.

but in the mean time we had been overtaken by the post, and we were obliged to wait for horses until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

From Kamyshetskaya to Irkutsk we traveled night and day, stopping only now and then to

inspect an étape, or to watch the progress of an exile party, as, with a dismal clinking of chains, it made its way slowly along the road, in a pouring rain, towards the distant mines of the Trans-Baikal. Some of these parties had been more than two months in making the distance from Tomsk that we had traversed in eight days, and none of them would reach their

without skilled medical attention or proper care; and to talk with intelligent officers of the prison department who had been familiar for years with every feature of the exile system. The result of my investigation was a deliberate conviction that the suffering involved in the present method of transporting criminals to Siberia is not paralleled by anything of the kind



AN OLD BRODYAG BEGGING FOOD.

destination until late in the winter. A mere glance at the worn, anxious faces of the men and women was enough to give one an idea of the hardships and privations that they had already endured.

The life of Siberian exiles on the road is attended by miseries and humiliations of which an American reader can form only a faint conception. I had many opportunities, during our journey from Tomsk to Irkutsk, to see convicts on the march, in sunshine and in rain; to inspect the wretched étapes in which they were herded like cattle at night; to visit the lazarets where they sometimes lie sick for weeks

that now exists in the civilized world outside of the Russian Empire. Some of this suffering is due, of course, to negligence, indifference, or official corruption; but a very large part of it is the necessary result of a bad and cruel system, and it can be removed only by the complete abolition of the system itself, and by the substitution for it of imprisonment for life, or for a term of years, in European Russia. Only a moment's reflection is needed to satisfy any one that, even under the most favorable circumstances, six or eight thousand men, women, and children cannot march two thousand miles across such a country as Eastern Siberia with-

out suffering terrible hardships. The physical exposure alone is enough to break down the health and strength of all except the most hardy, and when to such inevitable exposure are added insufficient clothing, bad food, the polluted air of overcrowded étapes, and the almost complete absence of medical care and attention, one is surprised, not that so many die, but that so many get through alive.

The exile parties that leave Tomsk in July and August are overtaken by the frosts and the cold rains of autumn long before they reach Irkutsk. They have not yet been supplied with winter clothing, and most of them have no better protection from rain, sleet, or cold wind than that afforded by a coarse linen shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a gray frieze overcoat. Imagine such a party marching in a cold north-east storm along the road over which we passed between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk. Every individual is wet to the skin by the drenching rain, and the nursing women, the small children, and the sick lie shivering on water-soaked straw in small rude telegas, without even a pretense of shelter from the storm. In places the mud is almost knee-deep, and the wagons wallow through it at the rate of about two miles an hour. The bodies of the marching convicts, kept warm by the exertion of walking in heavy leg-fetters, steam a little in the raw, chilly air, but a large number of the men have lost or removed their shoes, and are wading through the freezing mud with bare feet. The Government, influenced, I presume, by considerations of economy, furnishes its exiles in summer and fall with low shoes or slippers called "kottee," instead of with boots. These kottee are made by contract and by the thousand, of the cheapest materials, and by the Government itself are expected to last only six weeks.<sup>1</sup> As a matter of fact they frequently do not last one week.

A high officer of the exile administration told me that it was a common thing to see exiles leave Tomsk or Krasnoyarsk with new kottee and come into the second étape barefooted—their shoes having gone to pieces in less than two days. Even when the kottee hold out for their nominal period of service, they are not fitted to the feet of the wearers; they cannot be secured, because they have no laces; they are so low that they fill with mire and water and are constantly sticking fast or coming off in mud-holes; and on such a road as that between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk scores of convicts either remove their shoes and hang them around their necks, or throw them away altogether, and walk for days at a time with bare feet, through mud whose temperature is little above the freezing point.

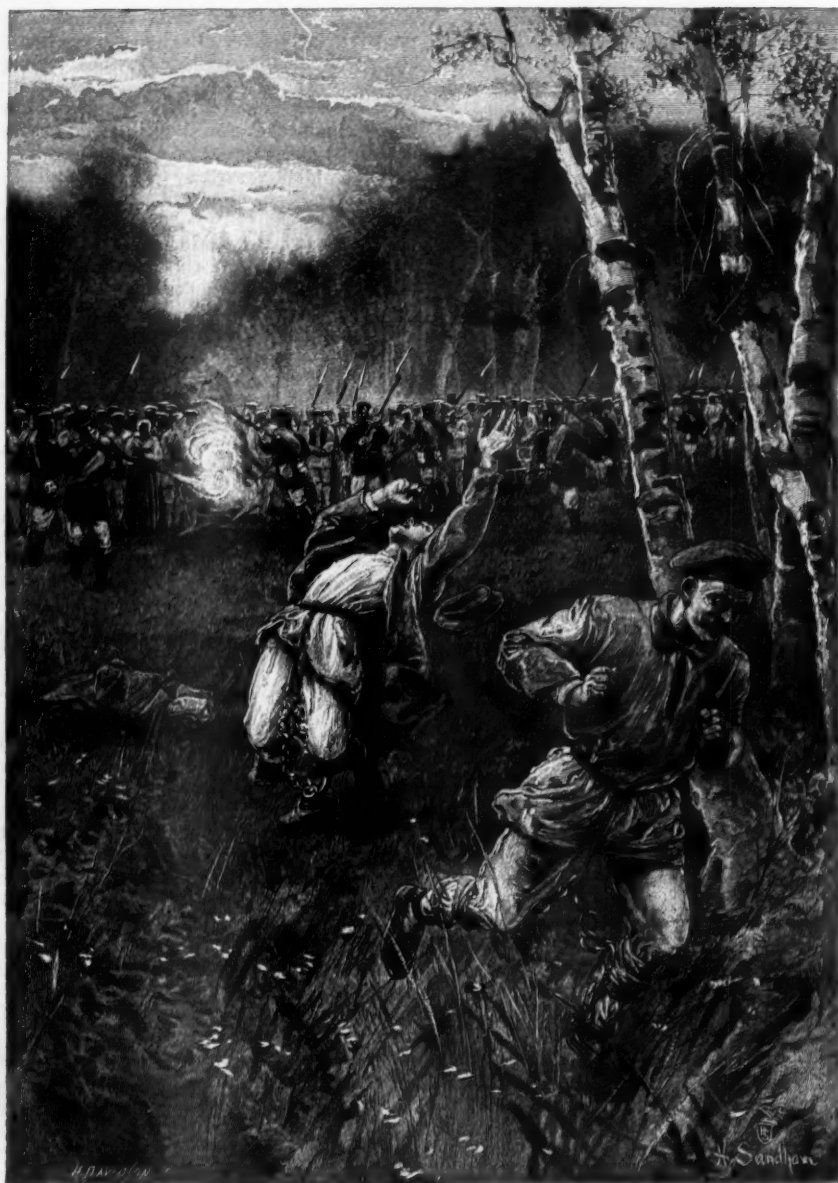
<sup>1</sup> Circular Letter of the Prison Department, No. 180.

As the party, wet, tired, and hungry, approaches one of the little log villages that lie along its route, the "starosta," or head man appointed by the exiles to conduct their negotiations with the authorities, asks the convoy officer to allow them to sing the "begging song" as they pass through the settlement. The desired permission is granted; certain prisoners are designated to receive the expected alms; the convicts all remove their gray caps; and entering the village with a slow, dragging step, as if they hardly had strength enough to crawl along, they begin their mournful appeal for pity.

I shall never forget the emotions roused in me by this song when I heard it for the first time. We were sitting, one cold, raw, autumnal day, in a dirty post station on the great Siberian road, waiting for horses. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a peculiar, low-pitched, quavering sound which came to us from a distance, and which, although made apparently by human voices, did not resemble anything that I had ever before heard. It was not singing, nor chanting, nor wailing for the dead, but a strange blending of all three. It suggested vaguely the confused and commingled sobs, moans, and entreaties of human beings who were being subjected to torture, but whose sufferings were not acute enough to seek expression in shrieks or high-pitched cries. As the sound came nearer we went out into the street in front of the station-house and saw approaching a chained party of about a hundred bare-headed convicts, who, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, were marching slowly through the settlement, singing the "exiles' begging song." No attempt was made by the singers to pitch their voices in harmony, or to pronounce the words in unison; there were no pauses or rests at the ends of the lines; and I could not make out any distinctly marked rhythm. The singers seemed to be constantly breaking in upon one another with slightly modulated variations of the same slow, melancholy air, and the effect produced was that of a rude fugue, or of a funeral chant, so arranged as to be sung like a round or catch by a hundred male voices, each independent of the others in time and melody, but all following a certain scheme of vocalization, and taking up by turns the same dreary, wailing theme. The words were as follows:

Have pity on us, O our fathers!  
 Don't forget the unwilling travelers,  
 Don't forget the long-imprisoned.  
 Feed us, O our fathers—help us!  
 Feed and help the poor and needy!  
 Have compassion, O our fathers!  
 Have compassion, O our mothers!  
 For the sake of Christ, have mercy  
 On the prisoners—the shut-up ones!  
 Behind walls of stone and gratings,





A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

Behind oaken doors and padlocks,  
 Behind bars and locks of iron,  
 We are held in close confinement.  
 We have parted from our fathers,  
 From our mothers;  
 We from all our kin have parted,  
 We are prisoners;  
 Pity us, O our fathers!

If you can imagine these words, half sung, half chanted, slowly, in broken time and on a low key, by a hundred voices, to an accompaniment made by the jingling and clashing of chains, you will have a faint idea of the "Miloserdnaya," or exiles' begging song. Rude, artless, and inharmonious as the appeal



for pity was, I had never in my life heard anything so mournful and depressing. It seemed to be the half-articulate expression of all the grief, the misery, and the despair that had been felt by generations of human beings in the étapes, the forwarding prisons, and the mines.

As the party marched slowly along the muddy street between the lines of gray log houses, children and peasant women appeared at the doors with their hands full of bread, meat, eggs, or other articles of food, which they put into the caps or bags of the three or four shaven-headed convicts who acted as alms-collectors. The jingling of chains and the wailing voices of the exiles grew gradually fainter and fainter as the party passed up the street, and when the sounds finally died away in the distance and we turned to reënter the post station, I felt a strange sense of dejection, as if the day had suddenly grown colder, darker, and more dreary, and the cares and sorrows of life more burdensome and oppressive.

At the first preëval, or halt, that a party makes after passing through a village, the food that has been collected is distributed and eaten, and the convicts, somewhat refreshed, resume their march. Late in the evening they arrive, wet and weary, at an étape, where, after supper and the "pereklichka," or roll-call, they are locked up in the close, unventilated kameras for the night. Most of them are in a shiver—or, as they sometimes call it, a "gypsy sweat"—from cold and from long exposure to rain; but they have neither dry clothing to put on nor blankets with which to cover themselves, and must lie down upon the hard plank nares, or upon the floor, and seek warmth in close contact with one another. Some of them have, perhaps, a change of clothing in their gray linen bags, but both bags and clothing have been exposed for eight or ten hours to a pouring rain and are completely soaked through. If the Government really cared anything about the comfort or health of exiles on the road, it would furnish convoy officers with tarpaulins or sheets of oilcloth to put over and protect the exiles' baggage in rainy weather. This would add a mere trifle to the cost of exile transportation, and it would make all the difference between life and death to hundreds of weak or half-sick human beings, who come into an étape soaked to the skin after a march of twenty miles in a cold rain, and who have no dry clothing to put on. The very money spent for the burial of the poor wretches who die from croup, pleurisy, or pneumonia, as a result of sleeping in wet clothes on the road, would buy a substantial tarpaulin for every exile baggage wagon in Siberia—and yet the tarpaulins are not bought.

If it be asked why, I can only say, because the officials who care have not the power, and the officials who have the power do not care. I went through Siberia with the words "Why so?" and "Why not?" upon my lips, and this, in effect, was the answer that I everywhere received.

"I have recommended again and again," said a high officer of the exile administration to me, "that the convicts be taken to their destinations in summer and in wagons, instead of being obliged to walk throughout the whole year. I have shown conclusively, by exact figures and carefully prepared estimates, that the transportation of exiles from Achinsk to Irkutsk in wagons, and in summer, would not only be infinitely more merciful and humane than the present method of forwarding them on foot the year round, but would actually cost fourteen rubles less per man, on account of the saving in time, food, and winter clothing."

"Why then is it not done?" I inquired.

His only reply was a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"I have repeatedly protested," said another exile officer, "against the acceptance, from dishonest contractors, of articles of exile clothing that did not correspond with the specification or the samples; but I have accomplished nothing. Shoes so worthless that they fall to pieces in two days are accepted in place of the good shoes that ought to be furnished, and the exiles go barefooted. All that I can do is to lay before my superiors the facts of the case."

While in the city of Irkutsk, I called one day upon Mr. Petroff, the acting-governor of the province, and found in his office Colonel Zagarin, the Inspector of Exile Transportation for Eastern Siberia. The latter had brought to the governor some kottee, or exile shoes, that had just been accepted by the provincial administration, and was exhibiting them side by side with the original samples that had been furnished as models to the contractor. The accepted shoes did not resemble the models, they were perfectly worthless, and might have been made, I think, by the thousand, for ten or fifteen cents a pair. Colonel Zagarin was protesting against the acceptance of such shoes, and was asking for an investigation. The fraud was so manifest and so glaring, and the results of it would be so calamitous to thousands of poor wretches who would wear these kottee for a day or two and then be forced to walk barefooted over icy ground or through freezing mud, that I thought something would certainly be done about it. Upon my return from the mines of the Trans-Baikal five months later, I asked Colonel Zagarin what had been the result of

the protest that he had made to the governor in my presence. He replied, "It had no result."

"And were those shoes issued to marching exile parties?"

"They were."

I asked no more questions.

I could furnish, if there were space, innumerable illustrations of the way in which the life of convicts on the road is made almost intolerable by official indifference or fraud; but it is perhaps unnecessary to do so. The results of that life are shown by the records of the hospitals and lazarets, and by the extraordinarily high rate of mortality in exile parties. Hundreds of prisoners, of both sexes and all ages, fall sick on the road, and after being carried for a week, or perhaps two weeks, in jolting telegas, are finally left to recover or to die in one of the *étape* lazarets between Achinsk and Irkutsk. It seems barbarous, and of course it is barbarous, to carry forward in a springless telega, regardless of weather, an unfortunate man or woman who has been taken sick with pneumonia or typhus fever on the road; but, under existing circumstances, there is nothing else for a convoy officer to do. He and his soldiers must go on with the exile party, and he cannot leave the sick for five days in a deserted *étape* wholly without attendance. He is forced, therefore, to carry them along until they either die or reach one of the widely separated lazarets, where they can be left and cared for.

Many times, on the great Siberian road, when I had been jolted until my pulse had become imperceptible at the wrist from weakness, sleeplessness, and incessant shocks to the spinal cord and the brain, and when it seemed to me that I could endure no more, I maintained my grip by thinking of the hundreds of exiled men and women who, sick unto death, had been carried over this same road in open telegas; who had endured this same jolting while their heads ached and throbbed with the quick pulses of fever; who had lain for many hours at a time on water-soaked straw in a pitiless storm while suffering from pneumonia; and who had nothing to sustain them except the faint hope of reaching at last some fever-infected lazaret. If men can bear all this, I thought, we ought not to complain of our trivial hardships, nor break down under a little unusual fatigue.

The sick who live to reach an *étape* lazaret

may hope to die under shelter and in peace; but, if the reports of the exile administration are to be trusted, they can hardly expect to be restored to health. Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, in an official report made recently to the Minister of the Interior, describes the condition of the lazarets between Achinsk and Irkutsk as follows:

Up to the year 1885 the lazarets necessary for the accommodation of exiles taken sick on the great exile road had not been built, nor had any provision been made for regular surgeons, or even for feldshers.<sup>1</sup> According to paragraph 5 of section 363 of the "Laws relating to Exiles," it is the duty of civil and military surgeons, in places where *étape* officers are quartered, to examine the sick and give them necessary aid. Civil surgeons, however, do not live in *étape* villages, and army surgeons are found only at the *étapes* of Sheragulskaya, Birusinskaya, and Tiretskaya. In these places there are army lazarets with six beds each, for the accommodation of sick soldiers belonging to the convoy commands. All prisoners taken sick on the road between Achinsk and Irkutsk, up to the year 1885, have been treated at these three *étapes*<sup>2</sup>—not, however, in the army lazarets, but in the common cells of the *étape* buildings. There they have been kept, not only without separation according to age, sex, or nature of disease, but without any of the conveniences and appliances that a lazaret should have. In the cells set apart for sick exiles there were neither nurses, nor hospital linen, nor beds, nor bedding, nor even dishes for food.<sup>3</sup>

A sick exile who reaches one of the *étapes* named in this report, and who is put into a common prison cell where there are "neither nurses, nor hospital linen, nor beds, nor bedding, nor even dishes for food," cannot reasonably entertain a very sanguine expectation of recovery. Most of them do recover, but, nevertheless, the death rate in exile parties during their march from Tomsk to Irkutsk, if carried through an entire year, would amount to from 12 to 15 per cent.<sup>4</sup>

It is not surprising that exiles sometimes endeavor to escape from a life so full of miseries as this by making a break for liberty between *étapes*. The more experienced *brodyags*, or recidivists, generally try to get away by exchanging names and identities with some forced colonist who is soon to reach his destination; but now and then two or three daring or desperate convicts attempt to escape "with a hurrah"—that is, by a bold dash through the line of soldiers. They are instantly fired upon,

<sup>1</sup> A feldsher is a sort of hospital steward, who, in the absence of a regular surgeon, performs the latter's duties.

<sup>2</sup> The distances between these *étapes* are as follows: Achinsk to Birusinskaya, 352 miles; Birusinskaya to Sheragulskaya, 200 miles; Sheragulskaya to Tiretskaya, 90 miles; Tiretskaya to Irkutsk, 139 miles. A marching party of exiles makes, on an average, about 80 miles a week.

<sup>3</sup> Report of Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department, for the year 1885.

<sup>4</sup> In 1883 seventy exiles died between Tomsk and Achinsk, in the course of a journey that occupies about 21 days. This rate of mortality, if it had been maintained for a year, would have resulted in the death of 1217 exiles out of the whole number of 7865 making the journey. (Vide Report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation in Western Siberia for 1884, pp. 32, 33.)

and one or more of them is usually brought to the ground. The soldiers have a saying that "A bullet will find a runaway," and a slug from a Berdan rifle is always the first messenger sent after a fugitive who tries to escape "with a hurrah." Now and then, when the party happens to be passing through a dense forest, the flying convicts get under cover so quickly that the soldiers can only fire into the bushes at random, and in such cases the runaways make good their escape. As soon as

they reach a hiding-place they free themselves from their leg-fetters by pounding the circular bands into long ellipses with a stone and slipping them over their heels, and then, while the convict party to which they belonged is making its way slowly eastward towards the mines, they themselves join some detachment of the great army of brodyags which is constantly marching westward through the woods in the direction of the Urals.

*George Kennan.*

## THE REORGANIZATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.



THE development of the Anglo-Saxon race, as we rather loosely call the people which has its home in the British Isles, has become, within the last century, the chief factor and central feature in human history. The flux of population, by which new and great centers of human activity are created, has been so overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon that nearly all minor currents are absorbed and assimilated by it. In the new continents over which the race is spreading, the offshoots of other European families for the most part lose their identity, and tend to disappear in the dominant mass. Since it has found space on which to expand it has increased with great rapidity, and seems destined ultimately to surpass, in mere mass of numbers, any other branch of the human stock, while its comparative influence is indefinitely increased by the singular individual energy of its members and the collective energy of its communities. Add to this the fact that it embodies the most aggressive moral forces and the most progressive political and social forces of the world, and we have sufficient grounds on which to predict for it a future of supreme interest, and infinitely greater than its past.

The bifurcation of Anglo-Saxon national life which was caused by the American Revolution is now, after a hundred years, fully recognized as the most important political event in modern history. Hitherto, the fact that it led to the foundation of the American republic has been considered an adequate measure of its vast significance. But immense though that fact is, it is now beginning to be clearly seen that the American Revolution has had another effect of at least equal significance and probable influence upon the world's future. It com-

pelled Great Britain, by the stern teaching of experience, to master the true principles of colonial government, and, as a consequence, to acquire the art of bringing her colonies into essential harmony with the national life. The folly of so-called statesmen, which reft from Great Britain her first great offshoot, left untouched the nation-building energy of her people, and around her has since grown up, in every quarter of the globe, a vast system of dependencies, occupying an eighth of the earth's surface and embracing even now a considerable portion of the world's population, with a capacity for enormous expansion. National development on such a scale is unparalleled in history, and must be pregnant with results. Already, as the process of expansion goes on, it has become manifest that this aggregation of states is slowly but surely outgrowing the system under which it was created. The question of its reconstruction or adaptation to new conditions is undoubtedly one of the greatest of the world-problems now coming up for solution.

In one of his most striking poems Matthew Arnold speaks of England as

The weary Titan, with deaf  
Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,  
Staggering on to her goal,  
Bearing, on shoulders immense,  
Atlantean, the load  
Well-nigh not to be borne  
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

It is not the poet's mind alone which is profoundly moved by this fact of Great Britain's vast expansion; by the question of whether she will continue able to bear her enormous burden of empire. Statesmen have to face the fact in all its gravity; nations in every quarter of the globe know that their future history depends, more than on anything else, on the answer given to the question. For the world at large, civi-

lized and uncivilized, there is not at present, in the whole range of possible political variation, any question of such far-reaching significance as whether Great Britain shall remain a political unit, with effective energy equal to her actual and increasing greatness, or, yielding to some process of disintegration or dismemberment, shall abdicate her present position of world-wide influence, and suffer the great current of her national life to be broken up into many separate channels.

The growing influence, immense interests, and widening aspirations of the greater colonies — the commercial, legislative, and even social exigencies of the whole national system — make it clear that an answer to this great political problem cannot long be delayed. A profound movement of thought upon the subject has for the past few years been going on among British people in every part of the world. More recently, a great stimulus to discussion has been given by the formation of the Imperial Federation League, a society unofficial in its character, but guided or supported by many of the best minds of the empire, and apparently destined to become a rallying-point for a strong national enthusiasm.

Within a short time a remarkable change has come over public opinion in the British Isles themselves. Twenty years ago it almost seemed as if Great Britain was ready voluntarily to throw away her vast colonial empire. A whole school of politicians favored the idea, and seemed to have gained the public ear. "The Times," supposed to reflect public opinion, claimed that England was paying too high a price for enjoying the luxury of colonial loyalty, and warned the colonies to prepare for the separation that was inevitable.

John Bright's eloquence and Goldwin Smith's literary skill were alike employed in the same direction. Under such guidance, intoxicated by the success of free trade, and indulging in dreams of a cosmopolitan future which it was to produce for the nations, the British people seemed for a time to look upon the colonies as burdens which entailed responsibilities without giving any adequate return. All this has now been changed. John Bright in England and Goldwin Smith in Canada still harp on the old string, but get no response from the popular heart, nor even from political parties. Great Britain has found that she still has to fight for her own hand, commercially and politically, and cannot afford to despise her natural allies. The vigor of colonial life, the expansion of colonial trade and power, the greatness of the part which the colonies are manifestly destined to take in affairs, have impressed even the slow British imagination. The integrity of the empire is fast becoming an

essential article in the creed of all political parties. The idea appeals to the instincts of Great Britain's new democracy even more strongly than to the pride of her aristocracy, and with better reason, for the vast unoccupied areas of the empire in the colonies offer to the workingman a field of hope when the pressure at home has become too severe. Statesmen of the first rank, such as Earl Rosebery and the late W. E. Forster, have grasped the idea that national consolidation should form the supreme object of national policy, and have done what they could to develop the public sentiment which alone can make it such. The range of the national vision is widening; there is a tendency to look beyond the old ruts of European diplomacy to the nobler work and larger destiny opened up in the Greater Britain beyond the sea.

To the development of this wider view the growth of the United States has contributed largely. It has illustrated on a large scale the expansive energy of our race where the conditions are favorable. It has enlarged our conception of Anglo-Saxon self-governing capacity. It has shown that an unparalleled impulse to a nation's life may be given by vast breadth of territory with variety of climate and production. On the other hand, the British people see in the American Union proof that immense territorial extent is not incompatible, under modern conditions, with that representative system of popular government which had its birth and development in England and its most notable adaptation in America. They are beginning to believe that their political system will safely bear the strain of still further adaptation to wider areas, if the welfare or necessities of the empire demand a change. That they will demand it is a proposition now become so evident that it scarcely requires proof. The home population of Great Britain, which alone exercises national functions in their broadest sense, and bears the full burden of national responsibilities, is about thirty-five millions. This number has practically reached its outside limit of expansion. The Anglo-Saxon population of the empire abroad is already about eleven millions, and is increasing rapidly. It is a population which has already grouped itself into communities of national extent, self-governing, self-reliant, progressive, and with a clear sense of the large place which they are destined to fill in the world. The time cannot be very far distant when, by the flux of population and the process of growth, their numbers will equal or surpass those of the people of the British Isles. There can be no question that long before that period has arrived a readjustment of functions and responsibilities will be essential to the maintenance of the empire as a po-



litical unit. The British people at home cannot continue to bear alone the increasing burden of imperial duties. Great communities like Australia or Canada would disgrace the traditions of the race if they remained permanently content with anything short of an equal share in the largest possible national life. For both mother land and colonies that largest life will unquestionably be found in organic national unity. The weight of public sentiment throughout the empire is at present strongly in favor of such unity, and national interest recommends it.

It is perhaps hard for Americans, imbued with traditions of the struggle by which their country threw off the yoke of an oppressive English government, to understand how completely, and for what strong reasons, the relations between Great Britain and her present colonies are those of profound sympathy and warm affection. The mother land regards with natural pride the energy which is planting free political institutions and extending civilization in so many quarters of the globe; which is opening up such vast areas of virgin soil for British occupation, and which, by so doing, is preparing for her a solution of the difficult problem pressing upon her at home from dense population and limited land—a solution such as no other of the overcrowded nations of Europe can hope for. To the richness of her own past the colonies open a boundless vista of hope for the future. The colonies, on the other hand, feel equally proud of their unbroken connection with the grand traditions of the mother land. Little has occurred to mar the strength of this sentimental attachment. They have enjoyed the advantages of being members of a great empire without, as yet, bearing the severer weight of its burdens. All the perfect freedom of self-government for which they have asked has been ungrudgingly allowed. The population which is flowing into their waste lands comes chiefly from the mother country—not driven out by religious persecution or political tyranny, but the overflow of a fecund race, impelled by the spirit of enterprise, or in search of the larger breathing-space of new continents. In almost every case they come to strengthen the loyalty of the colony. The emigrant is encouraged or even assisted in leaving the old Britain; he is heartily welcomed in the new Britain beyond the seas. For generations afterwards his descendants speak of "going home" without feeling it necessary to explain that by "home" they mean England, Scotland, or Ireland. Great Britain's new colonial policy has thus given a new cohesion to the empire. Even in the case of a distinct race, with strong race instincts, it has achieved a marked success. French-Canadians are not only content with

their political condition, but warmly loyal to British connection. Their greatest statesman emphasized, but scarcely exaggerated, this attitude of mind when he described himself as an Englishman speaking French. So high an authority as Cardinal Manning told me not long since that French-Canadian bishops and clergy had over and over again assured him that their people were practically a unit in preferring British to French connection. There is no doubt that in respect of either religious freedom or political security the preference is justified. The lapse of years brings into stronger relief the truth of Montalembert's remark, that the Frenchmen of Canada had gained under British rule a freedom which the Frenchmen of France never knew.

With this sentiment, which makes unity possible, the national interest coincides. For the colonies the alternative is independence, when, as small and struggling nationalities, they will have to take their place in a world which has developed distinct tendencies towards the agglomeration of immense states, and where absorption or comparative insignificance can alone await them. For Great Britain the choice is between amalgamating permanently in some way her strength and resources with those of the colonies, or abdicating the relatively foremost place which she now holds among the nations. The growth in population of the United States and the expansion of Russia are already beginning to dwarf by comparison all other nations. Those confined to Europe will, within the next fifty years, be out of the first rank. Great Britain alone, with unlimited room for healthful expansion on other continents, has the possibility of a future equal to the greatest; has the chance of retaining her hegemony as a ruling and civilizing power. Should she throw away the opportunity, her history will be one of arrested development. The process by which her vast colonial empire has come to her has been one of spontaneous growth, the outcome of a decisive national tendency. By inherent inclination the Anglo-Saxon is a trader. The character is one of which we need not feel ashamed. It has been found to consist in our history, with all the fighting energy of the Roman and much of the intellectual energy of the Greek. It does not seem incompatible with the moral energy of Christianity, and furnishes the widest opportunity for its exercise.

It has been under the impulse of this trading instinct that Great Britain has founded empire; to satisfy it, she must maintain empire. Among all the nations of the earth she stands in the unique position of owning by undisputed right immense areas of territory under every climate on the globe, and hence produces, or can pro-

duce, within her own national boundaries, all the raw materials of commerce. As civilization becomes more complex and more diffused, the products of every clime are, in an increasing ratio, laid under contribution to supply its manifold wants. Every step towards the complete national assimilation of so widespread an empire must favor the free exchange of commodities, with the necessary result of stimulating productive energy and developing latent resources. Every expansion of trade makes the security of trade a matter of increasing importance. For a race of traders, scattered over all quarters of the globe, peace, made secure by resting on organized power, is a supreme interest. The best guarantee of permanent peace that the world could have would be the consolidation of a great oceanic empire, the interests of whose members would lie chiefly in safe commercial intercourse. For filling such a place in the world Great Britain's position is absolutely unique among the nations of history. She holds the chief key to the commerce of the East in the passes of the Mediterranean and the Red seas. She commands an alternative route by the Cape of Good Hope. Across Canada she has yet a third, giving her for many purposes a still closer connection with the extreme East than do the other two. The geographical distribution of the coal areas under her control, and the defended or defensible harbors suitable for coaling stations contiguous to them, are among the most remarkable elements in her incomparable resources for prosecuting or protecting commerce in an age of steam. Already in electric connection with almost every important point in her dominions, her telegraph system only awaits the laying of the proposed cable from British Columbia to Australasia to make that connection complete without touching on foreign soil.

Her widely separated provinces and outlying posts of vantage are thus effectively in touch for mutual support, more than the parts of any of the great nations of the past. She thus unites the comprehensiveness of a world-wide empire with a relative compactness secured by that practical contraction of our planet which has taken place under the combined influences of steam and electricity. No other nation has ever had—it is well-nigh impossible to believe that any other nation ever will have—so commanding a position for exercising the functions of what we have called an oceanic empire, interested in developing and able to protect the commerce of the world. The question of whether she shall permanently retain this position is one of profound international as well as national concern. Above all, for the United States, as a great trading community, kindred in race, language, and, speaking very

broadly, in national purpose, it must have a deep and abiding interest.

The political writers of the past century, from De Tocqueville onward, have been accustomed to draw from the American Revolution the confident inference that the natural tendency of colonies is towards separation from the mother land; that the growth of local interests and feelings of independence make new communities detach themselves, like ripe fruit, from the parent stem. If the birth of the American republic gave strength to this inference, its growth has done much to dissipate the idea. The development of the United States has proved that the spread of a nation over vast areas, including widely separated States with diverse interests, need not prevent it from becoming strongly bound together in a political organism which combines the advantages of national greatness and unity of purpose with jealously guarded freedom of local self-government. This is in part due to the amazing change which has been effected in the mutual relation of the world's inhabitants by improved means of speedy intercourse. Steam and electricity have re-created the world, and on a more accessible scale. Canada, or even Australia, is now much closer to the center of the British Empire for all practical purposes than were the Western and Pacific States to Washington forty years ago; nearer even than Scotland was to London one hundred years ago. Under these new conditions there is no sufficient reason for doubting that an empire like that of Great Britain can be held together in bonds as secure as those which bind together great continental states like the United States and Russia, provided that the elements of true national life are present, as they certainly are in this case.

The federation of Great Britain and her colonies would only be an extension of what has already been done on a large scale. The United States are a federation, Germany is a federation, each designed by its framers to obviate the difficulties incident to the administration of a congeries of small states, and for great ends to secure unity of national action. The problem before Great Britain is different, but would seem to be incomparably less difficult than that involved in either of the two cases referred to. In Germany, dynasties and states whose individual existence had been carefully preserved and fondly cherished for centuries long presented an apparently insuperable barrier to union, effected at last only under the strong pressure of external danger and in the enthusiasm of a great and successful struggle for race supremacy. Every student of American history knows the violent prejudices which had to be overcome and the extraordinary effort which it required to organize and gain

acceptance for the Federal Constitution, even after the War of Independence had demonstrated the necessity for united action on the part of the various States. Sectional jealousies and rivalries have never been developed to a corresponding extent in the various provinces of the British Empire. For them federation would only be recasting and making more permanent a union which already exists, though under imperfect conditions. Besides this, the operation of the federal principle is now more thoroughly understood; its advantages have been gauged and its difficulties grappled with. The freedom of self-government long enjoyed by the great colonies has developed a strong feeling of local independence; but it has also been the best of all preparations for a wider political organization. Canada and Australia are to-day as jealous of imperial interference with local legislation as is any State in the Union of unjustified Federal assumptions. But as their autonomy in the control of their own affairs has become admitted and assured, they look without suspicion on the idea of combination having for its purpose the accomplishment of great national ends. These ends have become more manifest with the spread of their commerce to every part of the world, and with the manifold multiplication of national interests. Questions of peace and war: the safety of the great ocean routes; the adjustment of international differences; the relations of trade, currency, communication, emigration—in all these their concern is already large, and becomes larger from year to year. In dealing with all such questions their voice, as component parts of a great empire, will be far more efficient than as struggling independent nationalities. That voice is, in a measure, given to them now by courtesy, and as a necessary concession to their growing importance; but for permanent nationality it must be theirs by ordinary right of citizenship, through full incorporation into the political system of the state, so far as relations with other states are concerned. Those who believe it impracticable to give unity of this kind to the empire underestimate the strength of the influences which make for the continuity of national life. On this continent we see to-day a sufficiently striking illustration of this strength. We can easily understand that it requires no very marked natural boundary to form a permanent line of separation between nations which differ in language, religion, and descent, as in the case of European states. But in America an almost purely arbitrary line of division has for more than a century served sharply to separate into two nationalities, and across the breadth of a continent, two peoples who are of the same origin, speak the same language, study the same

literature, and are without any decisive distinctions of religious creed. The admitted present loyalty of Canada has deepened and matured through a long series of years when the United States were sweeping past them in a career of prosperity almost without example in history, and when union with them seemed as if it would secure for Canada an equal share of all the prosperity that they enjoyed. The bias of national life has been so strong that neither geographical facts nor commercial tendencies have weakened the national bond. Nor are they more likely to do so now that Canada has, by the opening up of her great western provinces, manifestly entered upon a like period of development.

In spite of this evidence of a century's history Mr. Goldwin Smith still argues that trade interests will ultimately draw Canada into political connection with the United States, and apparently does not understand why his opinion is rejected with indignation by the vast majority of Canadians. Yet it seems impossible to conceive how, without a debasement of public sentiment quite unparalleled in history, a people whose history began in loyalty to British institutions, who through a hundred years have been sheltered by British power, who under that rule have attained and enjoyed the most complete political and religious liberty, who have constantly professed the most devoted regard for a mother land with which they are connected by a thousand ties of affectionate sympathy, should deliberately, in cold blood, and for commercial reasons only, break that connection and join themselves to a state in whose history and traditions they have no part. They would incur, and unquestionably would deserve, alike the contempt of the people they abandon and of the people they join. In a Great Britain reorganized as a federation, or union, or alliance, Canada would hold an honorable place, gained on lines of true national development; in annexation to the United States she could have nothing but a bastard nationality, the offspring of either meanness, selfishness, or fear.

What is thus true of Canada is true of the other British colonies as well. The forces which make for unity and continuity of national life are not only strong, but noble and natural.

The argument for unity may be carried to still higher ground. A strong impulse has unquestionably been given to national effort and earnestness, both in Great Britain and the United States, by the prevailing conviction that Anglo-Saxon civilization is a thing distinct in itself and with a mission in the world. Granting the truth of this, we must also grant that any hinderance to the safe and free development of

that civilization in either of its two great currents would be to the world's loss. In the United States, through its isolation, it seems comparatively secure to deal with the complex problem, weighted with grave anxieties, which it has to solve in the assimilation and elevation of confluent races. Great Britain's task, more diversified and world-wide, seems burdened with even greater responsibilities, and not free from great dangers. The enormous expansion and persistent ambition of at least one great despotic power, the possibility of combinations against her such as she has had to face before but may not be able again to cope with single-handed, point to the necessity for national consolidation if she is to have that prestige of national power which commands peace, or if she is to form a sufficient bulwark for the free institutions to which she has given birth in many lands.

Great Britain, again, has assumed vast responsibilities in the government of weak and alien races—responsibilities which she cannot now throw off, even if she wish to, without a loss of national honor. With increasing force the public conscience insists that her rule shall be for the good of the ruled; none deny that the removal of her sway, in Asia and Africa at least, would result in wide-spread anarchy. But her task is herculean.

An empire which has leaning upon it an Indian population of two hundred and forty millions over and above the native races of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and many minor regions must require, if stability and equilibrium are to be permanently maintained, an immense counterbalancing weight of that trained, intelligent, and conscientious citizenship which is the backbone of national strength.

Standing face to face, as she does to-day, with almost every uncivilized and unchristian race on the globe, Great Britain needs to concentrate her moral as well as her political strength for the work she has to do. Neither British statesmen nor British Christians can afford to lose one fraction of the moral energy which is becoming centralized in the great colonies. Great Britain's political unity and dominance are to the spread of religion in Africa, Asia, and the Pacific now what Rome's political unity and dominance were to the spread of religion in the days of St. Paul. The fact that the flag of a firmly organized oceanic state will everywhere give the greatest safety to the missionary will, without doubt, ultimately throw the whole weight of Christian thought throughout the British world towards the support of permanent national unity. The

sympathy of Christian thought in America ought to and will reinforce this influence.

Working out on separate and yet parallel lines the great problems of liberty and of civil and religious progress, the United States and Great Britain have the strongest reasons for sympathizing with each other's efforts to consolidate and perfect the national machinery by which their aims are to be accomplished. Great Britain now understands and respects the motives which actuated the resolute and successful struggle of the American people against disruption. A nation which suffered and sacrificed so much for unity as did the United States can assuredly understand and sympathize with the strong desire for national consolidation which is now spreading throughout the British Empire.

It has long been a Saxon boast that while other races require to be governed, we are able to govern ourselves. To this kingly power, in every stage of our development, new and more comprehensive tests have been applied. From the organization of the parish or county to that of States which span a continent this self-governing capacity has not yet failed to find the political device adapted to the political necessity. It would now seem that the British people stand face to face with the ultimate test to which this ability can be put. Have they the grasp of political genius to establish permanently on a basis of mutual benefit and organic unity the empire which they have had the energy to create?

When a great nation ceases to advance, or loses control of the problems involved in its own growth, we can safely say that decadence has begun. Nations as well as individuals find their true place when challenging their highest destiny, provided this be along the lines of natural development. But beyond these general reasons there are others of present and pressing weight which will soon compel the British people to grapple resolutely with this great political problem. The increasing pressure and unequal distribution of national burdens, the inability of Parliament to unite the management of imperial affairs with local legislation, the immense strides in arts or arms made by rival nations, the widening aspirations of the great colonies—these are but a few among many influences by which is being developed that weight of opinion which forces questions forward into the sphere of practical politics, compels statesmen to find some form of expression for the public will, and for the attainment of great ends makes masses of people willing to forget minor differences.

*George R. Purkin.*



## FROM SINAI TO SHECHEM.



THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

THE traveler who endeavors to work out the topography of the Hebrew migration from Egypt to the Promised Land finds himself engaged in disentangling a very puzzling skein. He may progress so finely as to satisfy himself that Mr. Ebers and others are entirely wrong in giving Jebel Serbal the honor of being the true Sinai; he may be very sure that Professor Baker Green's argument that the Hebrews crossed the desert in a direct easterly course until they came to the head of the Gulf of Akabah — where he locates Elim — is fallacious; again, he may contentedly accept the route followed in "Sinai

be lost again, and our traveler is quite willing to join the cry which has been sounded all over the world for many centuries, "Where is Kadesh?"

We must accept tradition, and follow what has been, in a measure, satisfactorily disentangled for us. In doing this we leave a large, confused mass of testimony behind. We simply take up a thread, follow it awhile, then break our connection and proceed with another.

The departure from Mount Sinai, whether for Petra or for Palestine, is usually made by way of the Wady es Sheik, the wide mouth of which enters the Sinai valley nearly opposite to "Aaron's Hill," or the "Hill of the Golden Calf." The denuded peaks lift themselves upon each side of this valley, just as they do east and west of the plain of Er Raha. The lack of foliage, however, is more than compen-



JEBEL HAROUN, OR THE "HILL OF THE GOLDEN CALF."

and the Wilderness."<sup>1</sup> Yet after his arrival at the foot of Aaron's Hill the thread is likely to

sated for by the wonderful display of color. It rivals that of the Wady Gharandel, over on the Red Sea side of the peninsula. At one

<sup>1</sup> THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, July, 1888.  
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place there is a noble, cone-shaped mountain of fawn-colored, red, and brown sandstone, with another adjoining of black and green diorite; while rolling down between them like a cataract is a wide incline of bluish-gray sand. Here and there are sharp crags and jagged peaks, with their depressions filled nearly to their edges with sand, as in Nubia, only here the sand is not of such golden tint as there. Frequently the lower rock-surfaces are covered with Sinaitic inscriptions. Many of these "writings" look like the tracery of some antique humorist, for the figures are mainly of grotesquely formed animals. At frequent intervals the floor of Wady es Sheik is as brilliantly colored as the mountains are; and though zig-zagging, like the sky-lines of its peaks, it is as level as a diligence road over the Alps.

It must have been a glorious sight when Israel was mustered here and marched along in full array towards the Promised Land—the sons of Aaron at the head, bearing the two silver trumpets that had been made for the impending journey.

This assembling seems very recent to the traveler when on camel-back he starts before sunrise and moves slowly up the Wady es Sheik. It seems even more recent when, turning back, he sees the banks of floundering clouds, impelled by the winding air currents, come up from the Sinai group. Every foot of the way becomes a sublime study, and every rift in the mist seems to disclose pages of history. The second day after leaving camp at Mount Sinai the clues become entangled again, and once more we are forced to break the connection. After the murmuring ones had died and were buried at Kibroth-hattaavah, the Israelites "encamped at Hazeroth." The location of Hazeroth is pretty well verified at a place on the direct route to Akabah. After two days of travel from Mount Sinai the traveler comes to a wide-reaching line of hills which seems to stretch along in the shadows of the evening like a city wall. These hills form one side of a plain where Hazeroth is believed to have been located. Here we encamped. Long before reaching it we had been watched by a garrison of greedy vultures stationed on the top of the rocky outpost. Their presence could not have been discovered before morning had not some of the number, more uneasy than their comrades, risen into the last departing rays of the sunset, swooped around for a moment, and then clumsily dropped like lead into the shadows again. The evening meal was made ready and eaten here, and the old, familiar songs were sung to drive away homelongs. At early candlelight the weary desert-travelers crept into their tents and lay down to rest and sleep. Such is the experience

of all who spend the night under the long wall which protects one side of the gorge of 'Ain Hudhera. When the morning comes the top of the wall must be gained, and the traveler changes places with the vultures; for as soon as he vacates his camp, they swirl down to it with the hope of finding some morsels of food.

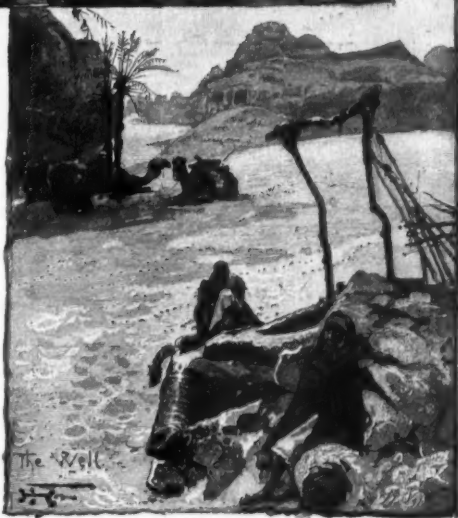
It is difficult to find a greater surprise than that which delights the eye when, after an hour of hard climbing, the top of one of the neighboring hills is reached. To the right is a broad, natural stairway which winds down for the distance of two hundred feet. Its sides are lined with fluted and spiral columns, the depressions of which are colored red, yellow, lilac, and blue, and now and then are wavy like the stones of Petra. Beyond, and intervening, are numberless peaks,—red, white, brown, greenish-gray tipped with red, yellow, reddish-brown covered a part of the way up with white sand, pink, and umber,—all in strange contrast with the greater shapes of solid brown and gray. One of the most beautifully formed peaks is of light green, tipped with bright brick-red. The floor of this many-hued passageway is white sand and sandstone, waved here and there with lilac, yellow, and red. Near the center are two bright oases, with groves of palms, rice fields, and patches of lentils. Several walled wells are there, fed by the springs and subterranean aqueducts which convey water from the mountains on the west. In some places the aqueducts are uncovered. They are partly cut from the native rock and partly lined with slabs of quarried stone. It must have cost much labor and enterprise to construct them, and do they not tell that many people dwelt there once upon a time? A rare scene was presented when our caravan halted in the gorge of 'Ain Hudhera and the travelers were made welcome to water by the old sheik who resides there. He declared that he was over one hundred years old, and showed his hospitality by brushing the sand from the palm-logs around the well "to make a place for the stranger." This is believed to be the site of the Hazeroth of the Israelites.

Passing through this gorge, one gains the impression that it must have been the bed of a lake. Surely the water must have built up the strata of color which, lying one upon the other, form some of the domes and mountains. This surmise is confirmed when the northern extremity is approached, for there some very curious formations are found. Among others there is a sandstone column about twelve feet high, shaped at the top like an Egyptian capital. Overhanging it and reaching down two or three feet is a coral-like formation which gives it a very fantastic appearance. The column is striped vertically in red, brown, yellow, and

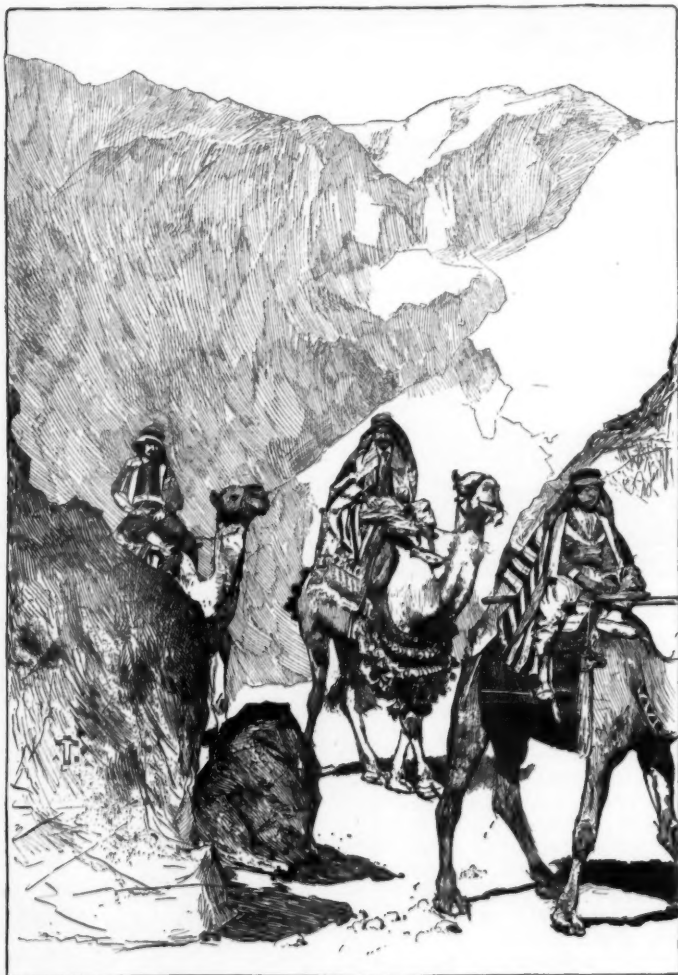


THE GORGE OF 'AIN HUDHERA — HAZEROTH.

fawn colors, while the capital is of delicate gray, varied by lilac and white. It stands there alone, the speechless evidence of some mysterious effort of Nature, hard to understand. Lateral waves of color also run through it and add to its singular beauty. Its background is a water-sculptured wall, colored by the mineral wealth of generous Nature. It seems like a petrified pillar of cloud and of fire. The gorge spoils one for the enjoyment of the broad piazza—the Wady el 'Ain—into which it leads. Its sculptured glories and its lovely fountains are truly wonderful. A half-day's journey—say a dozen miles—from Hazeroth, over an unusually level way, on the left, is an ascending wady between two lines of mountains. It is carpeted by sandstone the color of clover blossoms. Green bushes dotted here and there present a lovely picture. Nature was in a freakish convulsion when she set this part of her stage. On the other side of the wady, the rosy carpet of which lies outspread as soft as an Axminster, are two lofty mountains of pink granite. Their bases come so closely together that the space between them scarcely admits the passage of two loaded camels abreast. A great rock divides the way. It has stood there as sentinel for ages. This is "the entrance-gate" to Wady el 'Ain ("the wady with the fountain or spring"). Beyond



the gate a magnificent wall of granite rises almost perpendicularly and seems to form the end of the wady; but it does not. There is a clear passage to the right which leads to a bright oasis located on the direct route to the Gulf of Akabah. Did Moses lead his hosts one by one through this narrow pass? Did these rough walls reëcho the murmurings of Hebrew discontent? Tradition holds that they did. The Book says, "And they departed from Hazeroth, and . . . encamped at Ezion-gaber." Ezion-gaber is supposed to have been



"THE ENTRANCE-GATE" TO WADY EL 'AIN.

located at the head of the Gulf of Akabah. Between the two places there are seventeen stations, named in Numbers xxxiii., where "they encamped." It would be the natural thing to follow up the thread, but the order of our purpose compels us to stop here and pick up another clue. At some future time we may be able to resume the "long desert" route, follow it on through the Mount Seir region, and connect with the leader which comes out at the entrance to Petra.<sup>1</sup>

"The people removed from Hazeroth and pitched in the wilderness of Paran," which is "the wilderness of Zin, which is Kadesh." And where is Kadesh? Learned travelers and

students have located it at nearly twenty places. Dean Stanley and his followers believed that Petra is Kadesh; Dr. Edward Robinson much earlier expressed his conviction that it is at 'Ain el Weibeh, in a region about two days' camel journey west of Petra, on the edge of the vast wady which stretches from the Gulf of Akabah to the Dead Sea. Many years ago claims were made by Dr. Rowlands for 'Ain Qadees, an oasis still farther west than 'Ain el Weibeh, and south of it. This last site has been proved by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull to hold the best evidences of being the much sought-for locality. The story of his visit thither, and the full measure of his proofs, Dr. Trumbull sets forth earnestly and eloquently in his

<sup>1</sup> THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1885.



monograph, published in 1884, entitled "Kadesh-Barnea." Only those who have wandered in the desert as he did, with the strain of a single idea controlling every nerve, can fully understand the joy which he felt when coming upon a site so long sought for. I am permitted to quote his own words:

Out from the barren and desolate stretch of the burning desert waste we had come with a magical suddenness into an oasis of verdure and beauty, unlooked for and hardly conceivable in such a region. A carpet of grass covered the ground. Fig trees, laden with fruit nearly ripe enough for eating, were along the shelter of the southern hillside. Shrubs and flowers showed themselves in variety and profusion. Running water gurgled under the waving grass. We had seen nothing like it since leaving Wady Fayran; nor was it equaled in loveliness of scene by any single bit of landscape, of like extent, even there.

Standing out from the earth-covered limestone hills at the north-eastern sweep of this picturesque recess was to be seen the "large single mass, or a small hill of solid rock," which Rowlands looked at as the cliff [*Sel a'*] smitten by Moses, to cause it to "give forth his water," when its flowing stream had been exhausted. From underneath this ragged spur of the north-easterly mountain range issued the now abundant stream.

A circular well, stoned up from the bottom with timeworn limestone blocks, was the first receptacle of the water. A marble watering-trough was near this well, better finished than the troughs at Beer-sheba, but of like primitive workmanship. The mouth of this well was only about three feet across, and the water came to within three or four feet of the top. A little distance westerly from this well, and down the slope, was a second well, stoned up much like the first, but of greater diameter; and here again was a marble watering-trough. A basin or pool of water larger than either of the wells, but not stoned up like them, was seemingly the principal watering-place. It was a short distance south-westerly from the second well, and it looked as if it and the two wells might be supplied from the same subterranean source—the springs under the rock. Around the margin of this pool, as also around the stoned wells, camel and goat dung—as if of flocks and herds for centuries—was trodden down and commingled with the limestone dust so as to form a solid plaster-bed. Another and yet larger pool, lower down the slope, was supplied with water by a stream which rippled and cascaded along its narrow bed from the upper pool; and yet beyond this, westward, the water gurgled away under the grass, as we had met it when we came in, and finally lost itself in the parching wady from which this oasis opened. The water itself was remarkably pure and sweet, unequaled by any we had found after leaving the Nile.

There was a New England look to this oasis, especially in the flowers and grass and weeds, quite unlike anything we had seen in the peninsula of Sinai.

A year after Dr. Trumbull's visit, while journeying from Petra to Palestine with the same

dragoman who accompanied him, I crossed the Wady Arabah with the hope of finding 'Ain Qadees and bringing away some photographs of it. Nearly the whole of the route taken had "never been traveled over by white man," and was through a country where the Bedouin tribes were "at war with each other." One afternoon while I was in Petra a noble-looking Bedouin came riding in alone on horseback. He seemed very much at home, and very superior to the demons whose torments I endured there for four days. He proved to be Sheik Ouida, from Gaza, and was the tax-gatherer for the Government. His errand to Petra was to collect the annual tax due upon the sheep, goats, and camels—including the stolen ones—then in the possession of the Petra Bedouins. He declared that he had "seen 'Ain Qadees, from the top of a hill, more than once when on the journey homeward from Petra," and volunteered to act as our escort thither. His services were thereupon engaged for four days, at two pounds sterling per day. In due course we set out upon the search. Our contract with the Akabah sheik was to go by Nakl and Gaza, but we persuaded his men to follow our wishes at our risk. It was a dreary camel ride across the Arabah. There was little to divert us except the Gaza escort, who "played" with his horse frequently for our entertainment. The short, sagacious animal could gallop uphill as easily as he could go down, and was well drilled in the exercises of the tournament. He had a decided advantage over the camel. Sometimes he and his rider would fly over the hill ahead, and get beyond our sight. When we reached the summit of the rise they had crossed, we would see them standing upon the top of another one far away. We could tell our own guide by the manner in which he held his long spear, a signal agreed upon between us. After our conflict with the fellahin at Petra we were somewhat apprehensive of an attack. Moreover, we were in an unknown country, where the Bedouins were said to be at war. Watchfulness, then, was incumbent. Once Sheik Ouida came galloping back to us with the report that a company of Bedouins who were not "sahib" ("friendly") were coming. They came, but they exchanged salutations with us without offering to molest us or our Akabah attendants. Indeed, both parties seemed glad to get away. When in doubt as to his direction, our guide planted his spear among the rocks on the hill-top, made his horse fast to it, and descended into the valley on foot, "to save the horse, who might become too thirsty." At other times, when he found the way too rough for his red-topped boots, he planted his spear where we could see it, and rode until he

reached a neighboring hill to reconnoiter. In this way we were guided along the proper road, and made to feel comfortable at all times, from the fact that our cautious leader never permitted himself to be long out of our sight; or, if he did, he left some signal in view to prove that he was never unmindful of our welfare. Thus we were confident of being as

There also is a fountain or well, very small and very shallow, sunk in the mother rock. This is 'Ain el Weibeh, the place considered by Dr. Edward Robinson to be Kadesh-Barnea, where Moses was commanded to speak to a rock for water (Numbers xx.); where Miriam died; where Moses and Aaron, within sight of the mountains, which some of the Hebrews



'AIN EL WEIBEH.

safe as possible, and were content to go on, even through a country known to be infested by tribes of Bedouins unfriendly to those from the Akabah country, as were our attendants.

On the morning of the third day the scenery began to grow more beautiful. The sun had crossed the hills of Edom and was doing his best to bring out the gaudy colors of Zin. To the north the mountains of Moab rose splendidly, and it was so clear, that, had we been at a sufficient elevation, we could have seen the Dead Sea. Standing like a sentinel between the two ranges, topped by the tomb of Aaron, was "Jebel Haroun," the Mount Hor of the Mohammedans. We had encamped near the western border of the Arabah. At 9 o'clock A. M. we came to a bright oasis, where our guide stood crying out, "Moya henna" ("Water here"). It is a long, narrow, green spot, with an abundance of scrub-palms, reeds, rushes, grasses, and shrubs growing about it, wild and thick.

tried to pass over in order to reach the longed-for country, were told that they should not see the Promised Land.

But a short distance away from the well is a mound covered with juniper bushes. This is revered by the Bedouins as "the grave of Miriam." The adjacent soil is crusty, like newly frozen snow, and breaks easily under the foot. Although the water here is unusually sportive on account of the animal life in it,— "living water" in a truly realistic sense,—and so bitter to the taste that no one could censure Israel for murmuring, we were obliged to fill our water-skins with a two-days' supply, for we knew not when we should find any better. What we left was entirely taken up by the camels, and 'Ain el Weibeh became an exhausted spring. More than once it happened to us that the tiny spring happily found on the way did not afford enough for man and beast. When there was abundance, it was usual for



THE "HOLY TREE" NEAR THE BORDERS OF CANAAN.

all to kneel down at the little stream and drink side by side. Oasis hunting sometimes becomes an earnest business with the desert traveler, and he fully understands the value of the precious element. Frequently the route is left for half a day to reach water.<sup>1</sup> Where the wells of our long-sighted ancestors still exist, the traveler is allowed to drink what he needs during his sojourn, but not to carry any away, except by purchase. To "pay for water" at first seems an injustice; and yet, when fairly considered, it will appear right, for the supply is not always ample. It is sometimes quite a risk to allow any one to draw two or three barrels of water from a well, especially when it may be six or eight months before the heavens will visit the land with anything like a cloud-break. In a desert journey of forty-five days during March and April, I saw but two "showers," and the longer was only forty-five seconds in duration.

Again, when Moses was directed for his long journey in the Mount Seir region, among other things the Divine *dictum* enjoined (Deuteronomy ii. 6), "Ye shall buy meat of them for money, that ye may eat; and ye shall also buy water of them for money, that ye may drink." So it will seem that this old-time custom is still followed, and the desert traveler must submit without murmuring.

There was no evidence that the dreary region round about 'Ain el Weibeh had been inhabited, and it would require a great deal of faith to believe that it ever was. Even the stones about the well had all been arranged by Nature, and not by man. It was the only place thereabout that could be thought of as Kadesh-Barnea, because there was no other water visible in any direction. Such a spot could not satisfy any one who had any faith in Almighty mercy.

The heat was intense, and our departure

<sup>1</sup> Sometimes I have been shown these places only on condition that I would "not tell anybody."



MOUNT GERIZIM.



MOUNT SEIR.

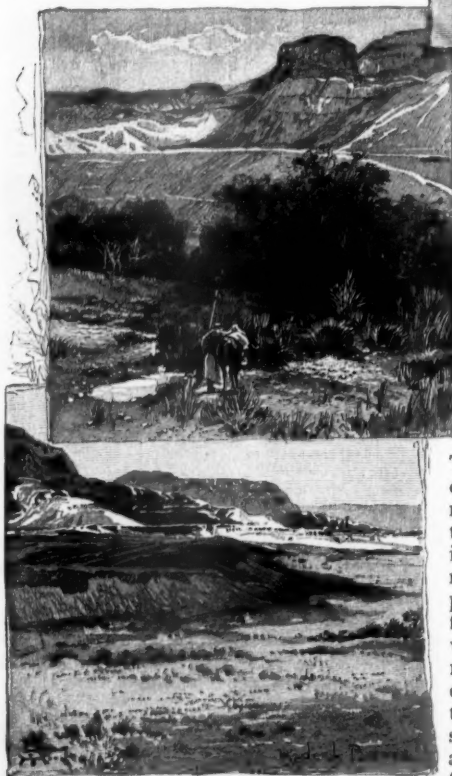
was hastened. Soon after 'Ain el Weibeh is left behind, the country westward begins to rise and the forms and outlines of the mountains become beautiful. At one spot a dead but "holy tree" was found, the denuded limbs of which added to the picturesqueness of one of our halting-places. Ouida declared that "It was there when Moses came along." Our camel-men

protested when we prepared to carry away some of the fragments which were scattered over the ground. "It is all holy," they said, "and can be removed by Allah only." A pass in the hills beyond, called "Nagh Weibeh," was pointed out as "the place where the spies of Moses passed through."

Lunch that day was eaten under a huge pomegranate tree; this was full of blossoms, though almost leafless. At night we encamped in a great amphitheater, as nearly circular in form as if it had been quarried so. I repeatedly inquired of Ouida how near we were to 'Ain Qadees, but he could not tell. "It is coming, sir," was his usual answer. Evidently we were lost in the wilderness, and under that



VIEWS OF THE OASES NEAR KADESH-BARNEA.



to a long range of limestone and flint-covered hills. Among these we wandered an hour or two, when suddenly Ouida, whom we had not missed, came galloping towards us crying, "Henna, henna!" ("Here, here!") Following him through a narrow passage made by two bright-colored hills, we saw outspread before us a long, narrow oasis. A quick, short walk of our camels brought us under the shade of its fig trees, and we dismounted. Had the four days of weary searching been rewarded by a rest at 'Ain Qadees? We were assured by Hedayah that it was so. "Yesterday," said he, "you saw Dr. Robinson's Kadesh; but now you are in Sheik Trumbull's Kadesh, where he and I ate dinner together a year ago." Our lunch was made ready, but my anxiety impelled me to slight it and to proceed with the examination of the place. With the notes given me by Dr. Trumbull in hand, I walked from point to point and checked off the proofs I found: the walled wells; the fig trees laden with fruit; the groves of palms; the rushes, reeds, grasses, grain; the running stream—everything as described, except the water-troughs and the "large single mass, or a small hill of solid rock." The water-troughs are sometimes removed by the Bedouins. I found an isolated mountain several hundred feet high, and in its side a gorge with a great rock at its farther end. At the base of this, out of a cavern cut by nature, came a wide stream-bed which followed down to the trees, passed the wells, and then the water became lost among the grasses and the grain. From the top of this solid rock, not hard to reach, a wonderful view was presented. There was a vast plain with an abundant and varied pasture such as we had not seen in Arabia. Ruined buildings dotted the

impression we lay down to rest. The next morning the route led us up a flinty incline until we seemed to be miles in the air. Then a long and deep ravine was followed, where we found a few bushes, some grass, and some better water. We lost no time in exchanging the lively product of 'Ain el Weibeh for a purer article. Coming then to another rugged ridge, and not knowing what better to do, we ascended it; then, descending on the other side, we came



hilltops here and there, and low stone walls ran along the hills, one above the other, evidently placed to keep the soil of the terraces from being precipitated to the wadies by the torrents. The neighborhood became more and more interesting as I examined it, and my heart thrilled with delight when my earnest dragoman again assured me that "This is, so far as I can remember, Dr. Trumbull's Kadesh." Thereupon the camera was applied to for a view of the well, with Ouida and his horse; another of a picturesque sandstone hill which lined one side of the oasis; and then, from its summit, views of the plain were made right and left. Sheik Ouida then made his departure, and the last we saw of him was as he rode his little horse around the beautiful hill on his journey to Gaza. He took our gratitude with him, but he was not entitled to it. He conducted us to an oasis several miles north of 'Ain Qadees, where probably "no white man ever trod"; but it was not 'Ain Qadees. To mollify his chagrin when I assured him of my doubts, the amiable Hedayah named the place of our visit "Sheik Wilson's Kadesh," and so we left it. Further search would have been made if I had not felt fairly convinced at the time that we had found what we were seeking. We had at least found what must be a close neighbor of 'Ain Qadees. With the belief that we had been even more successful, however, our caravan, which had been lost in the desert for four days, ascended the hills on the north and made a straight cut for Hebron, by way of Beersheba. The night was spent near some ruins of buildings on the edge of the plain already described. The next day the flinty inclines of the Negeb country gave us variety. It was one of the most difficult climbs we made. The pass that we ascended led to another extensive plain, where again ruins were seen and where the same system of low walls prevailed. There were miles of these walls, even then in as shapely condition as those on the highway between New York and Boston. The tiers ran parallel with each other and encircled the hills far up towards their tops. Following this plain is another and lower range of mountains. After reaching the top of the rocky pass which was selected as the most comfortable for the ascent, a remarkable transition scene was presented. Instead of steep inclines, bleak and bare of everything but a confusion of limestone and flint, the other side was green with grass, dotted with millions of wild-flowers of almost every known color. The sight was absolutely overpowering. Surely none more gratifying could meet the gaze of the weary mountain climber who had not had an hour free from anxiety or a sight of a flower for two weeks.

At noon that day we lunched seated upon  
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the bank of an active stream. Just below us the water made a downward leap of a dozen feet. The food was spread upon a rug, nature-woven, of white daisies, red poppies, and blue, yellow, white, and lilac flowers, all as delicate and tiny and wild as our own sweet heralds of spring. We sat on the border of the Promised Land, and could easily see its charming undulations many miles ahead. Towards night a thunder-shower seemed to be coming up from the south. A wide, deep wady was crossed that looked as if it had never made way for a gallon of water since its creation. The tents were pitched for the night upon a high mound covered with grass and flowers. During the night the expected rain fell, and that dry wady became a deep and wide and roaring river for many miles of its length, thus making us witness to another one of those quick transitions which come with the spring-time in that wonderful region. We followed the newly born stream for some time next day, and forded a number of its busy tributaries while they brought in their muddy, foaming toll from the mountain sides. Parts of the plain were submerged by the overflow, and the poor little flowers had a discouraging time of it. Their fate was a grim augury of our own; for, a few hours after, we found ourselves encroaching upon the land of the Azazimehs, the descendants of Ishmael, and were overwhelmed by a storm of abuse from a delegation of the tribe, who, having sighted us afar off, stood awaiting us at the ford of the river which led up Beersheba way. Practically we were made prisoners, and remained so a good part of two days. A poorer and more degraded tribe does not exist than the Azazimeh Bedouins—even the fellahin of Petra are better off; but they make up for it in impudence and bluster. Every one who drives a camel into their territory is attacked and abused and treated as a spy. The sheik of the tribe had recently been killed in a tribal war, and his place had been taken by a young aspirant who was as large as a veritable son of Anak and who was as insolent as he was large. He declared that our attendants, who were Haiwatt Bedouins from Akabah, were at war with the Azazimehs and could not be allowed to cross the territory. "Will you, then, supply us camels to take us across to Hebron?" "No; we have no camels of our own. They have all been stolen from us." "What, then, must we do?" "You may proceed to Hebron if you like."

This practically prevented us from going on. Not until the night of the second day could this dispute be settled. At last it was agreed that for backsheesh a messenger should go to the camp of the Teyáhahs in the adjoining territory and engage camels for the removal

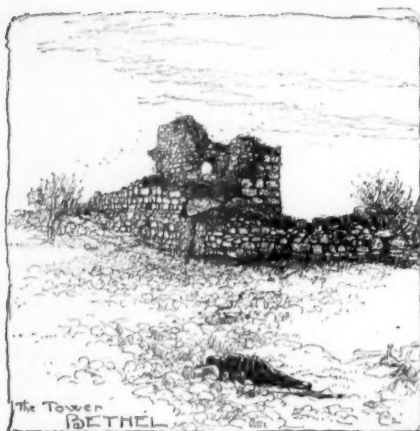


BEDOUIN OUTCASTS.

of our luggage. No day in Petra held more anxiety than this one did; for parting with the mutinous wretches into whose hands we had voluntarily placed ourselves at Akabah, compromising with those who held us prisoners, and arranging with the newcomers, required an amount of intolerable yelling and bluster which was more interesting than pleasant. Swords, pistols, clubs, spears, fists, and guns were all used; but nobody was hurt—very much. Even the moon looked troubled by the time we made our departure. If such people infested this region when the spies came this way, it is not so wonderful that they returned to Moses and said, "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." Certainly my long-felt sympathy for Hagar and Ishmael was much shaken by my dealings with their descendants. Nothing could be more lovely, however, than the region reached a day's journey farther north, when in the neighborhood of "the brook Eshcol." The land rolls through "green pastures" and "beside the still waters." The wide valleys were clothed with verdure, spotted with daisies, buttercups, dandelions, poppies white and red, and many other flowers. Large flocks were there, attended by their shepherds; the fellahin were at work, and the women, tall and erect, were everywhere carrying water in jars upon their heads. The fields were protected from the torrents by stone walls such as we saw in the wilderness, and olive groves and vineyards abounded. It was a grateful scene, made more so by the resemblance of the gray-sided hills to those of good old Massachusetts. Each vineyard of Eshcol was protected by a high stone wall; in every one was a low stone structure which served as the house of the attendant. The roof was the watch-tower, whereupon the watcher spent the day, to keep the birds and the Bedouins away from the fruit. Nestled away down in the valley below lies Hebron, "in the plains of Mamre." There, reaching across, is the old camping-ground of the patriarchs, and in the distance, towering above everything else except the surrounding hills, are the minarets of the mosque which covers the cave of Machpelah. Hebron is the oldest town in the world which has maintained a continuous existence. To one coming up from a two-months' wandering in the wilds of the scorched desert, where only an occasional oasis occurs to sustain faith in that stage of creation when God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind," this first sight of holy land is an enchanting one; yet one, as was afterwards found, where distance lends enchantment to the view. The hills and the valleys alike are clothed with

olive groves, orange trees, and vineyards; figs, mulberries, almonds, pomegranates, and vegetables like our own melons and cucumbers also abound. Streams of water run hither and thither and murmur music which gladdens the heart of the weary traveler.

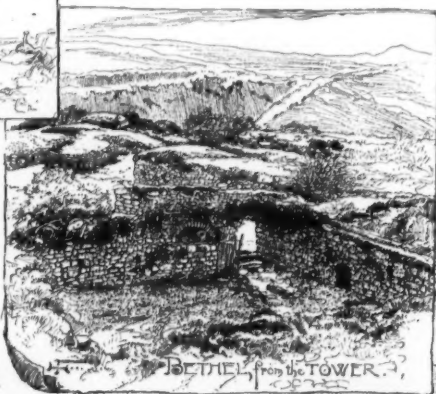
It is no wonder that Caleb's heart always turned back to this region after his visit to it as a spy, regardless of the threatening appearance of the children of Anak. Surely Joshua was just when he "blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh Hebron for an inheritance." Caleb was not afraid, and he revered the place for good reasons. The frugal and industrious husbandman still cares for this historical plain. Seated upon the mountain south of the vale of Eshcol, one can see just where Joshua and "all Israel with him" fought against Hebron; where the fugitives used to run into this city of refuge and fall, panting with fear, at the corner of the great pool, saved as soon as they touched its wall; doubtless the very route over which the spies came, and undoubtedly the narrow valley through which Abraham hurried his three hundred and eighteen trained servants up towards Dan to rescue his kinsman Lot, who had been captured by the four kings. There, too, on the far left, is Abraham's oak, said to mark the spot where the patriarch's tent was located when the angels visited him; on the right, glistening like a gigantic mirror in the sun, is the great pool, upon the farther wall of which David hanged the heads of the kings who had murdered Ish-bosheth, the son of his rival Saul. A wonderful amount of history clusters about this valley and the well-cultivated inclines which shape it. Adjoining the tents of my party were those of two young sons of the Prince of Wales and their companions. We were told that the streets of Hebron had been cleaned for the princes, yet the passages seemed very filthy after coming from the clean, dry wadies of the Negeb and the stony high-ways of the wilderness of Kadesh. The bazars of Hebron are dark and damp. Only a small opening in the wall here and there allows the light to come in, and for such a blessing extra rent is charged. The streets are crowded, and the crowds are motley enough. The tawny gypsy, the brown Bedouin of the desert, the spiritless Syrian, and the pale, blue-eyed Jew, with his greasy red lovelocks, provide a gradation of color as well as a variety of types. All of the women do not cover their faces; but if they were faithful to the cause of beauty and of Mohammed they would. The children are chubby and pretty, but insolent, pert, and dirty. They spit upon the stranger and throw stones at him. The manufacture of glass beads is carried on extensively at Hebron, and the preparation of



goat-skins for carrying water is also a principal industry. Of course the great attraction of the town is the old mosque. It is entered by quite a pretentious stairway, with a fountain on the right-hand side of an arched doorway of red and black and yellow stones. It looks older than the Nile temples. Its walls are of long, beveled stones, with nearly three inches of cement or mortar between them. As a rule Christians are not admitted inside, but Jews are permitted to go as far as the inner wall of the cave inclosure, where, near a small hole, they wail and weep as they do at the Haram wall in Jerusalem. From the top of the outer wall, however, reached from the roof of an old mosque, the traveler may look down into the court and see and photograph the door or entrance to the Cave of Machpelah. It is in no way pretentious—only a pointed arch crossed by a wall reaching up about eight feet, and broken by a low, arched entrance in the center, with a square aperture at each side to admit light. Yet this is the most interesting sepulcher on the face of the earth; for inside are the graves of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah. No site in Palestine is more authentic, and none so carefully guarded.

Having now considered the region visited by the spies, we follow them back to Kadesh. Thus, in obedience to the chronology of our present undertaking, we come upon the scene of the departure of the Israelites from the wilderness of Kadesh for the land of Canaan. Their nomadic life was about to be changed for the more comfortable one of the Promised Land. But how were they to get there? They could follow up the Wady Arabah until they arrived near to the Dead Sea, and then continue among the cliffs of Moab on the east,

or they could wind through the equally difficult ravines on the west; but both routes were very difficult and dangerous, because of the opposition they might meet from the dwellers in the land. They were refused a passage through the land of Edom, and there was but one route left for them to follow: that was to retrace their steps southward to Akabah, then go by the wilderness of Moab. The route is clearly defined in Deuteronomy ii. 8 as follows: "And when we passed by from our brethren the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, through the way of the plain from



Elath [Akabah], and from Ezion-gaber [at the north end of the Gulf of Akabah], we turned and passed by the way of the wilderness of Moab."

A wide plain will meet the view of the modern traveler as he comes up from the south to the wilderness of Moab. This plain rises gradually until it approaches the Jordan, where the western border reaches nearly four thousand feet above the sea. Standing at that height, one obtains an impressive idea of the vast depression of the Jordan valley and of the Dead



Sea. The noble mountains which run north and south form a wall, as it were, between the Jordan valley and the farther east. The bare and rocky mountains of Gilead seem the nearer: so near are they that one with good eyes may see how the descending torrents have torn deep into their sides, and in places he may discern the differences between the species of trees in the forests which clothe the plains lying at the mountain bases. Now the broad expanses seem to sink far, far out of focus; and then they yield again to the rocks and barren fields, with only an occasional thicket occurring to relieve the dull monotony. Rising high on the right of the prospect is a range of mountains leading southward, from which somewhere rise the tops of Mount Pisgah and the mountains of Nebo. Beyond these, and back to the south again, are the bleak and sunburned summits of the Arabian Mountains, so far away, and yet seemingly so very near. The desert plains, the uneasy sands, the drought-seamed soil, and the torrent-worm wadies, thousands in number, combine to suggest a scene where active force has been suspended and the whole petrified by the sudden grip of a dreadful power all unseen—as though some purgatorial air had blown across it and scorched out its life while the dramatic changes were going on. The wild roar of the ocean, with its display of power, does not move the soul more than does the awful silence of a Moabitish landscape. Both alike seem to be places where God makes his abode, where Nature's mighty wonders are most impressively revealed.

Many an earnest and industrious explorer has traversed this land of Moab with the hope of locating "the mountain of Nebo" and the "top of Pisgah." The Bible record seems to place them very exactly: "The Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar." That included Mount Hermon on the north; from Sidon to Gaza on the west, and from below Hebron on the south. The effort of the explorer has been to find a mountain range with a summit—not necessarily the highest one of all—from which all the country included in the Bible record may be made out. Agreeing that there is no presumption in the desire to see with the modern eye as much as was divinely revealed to Moses, the accounts of those who have made the trial are exceedingly interesting. American explorers have been the most industrious in this search, and there seems to be no doubt that Professor John A. Paine is entitled to the highest credit for the information he has given us concerning

the identification of Mount Pisgah. From his valuable record, which fills one hundred and fifty pages of the "Journal of the Palestine Exploration Society" (January, 1875), we learn that the noted traveler gathered his proofs by personal investigation. Several summits were ascended, and in turn were found wanting. Patiently and persistently the work went on. All the clues obtained from the traditions of the wandering Bedouins and from the beckonings of Nature were followed, and sometimes they led to nothing more reliable than a mirage. At last a mountain headland with a divided summit was found, called Jebel Siaghah—"a narrow foreland bounded by ledges and steep slopes on the north and west, falling quickly down to Wady 'Ayun Mousa far below." From this mountain, "2360 feet above the level of the sea," the "magnificent display" is described as including, briefly, the following:

Two-thirds of the Dead Sea . . . the Negeb Moses saw; in a direction a little south of southwest . . . a perspective of scarcely a shorter distance than toward the north; the hill country of Judah; the country around Hebron; up to Bethlehem; with no background but the sky, the spires of Jerusalem stand out plainer than ever; "as far as Bethany"; in the north, hills blend in blueness that lie not far from Nazareth, and look down on the shores of Lake Gennesaret; there is the Jordan; Perea; Bethabara; the point of Gibeon on the right; the dilapidated tower of Bethel; the high mountains of Ephraim undulate along for a wide distance until they end in Gerizim and Ebal; the hills of Manasseh fall into east-and-west chains which run boldly out toward the valley and present many picturesque features; the mountains before Gilboa have risen still more; beyond these, the hills descend to the lower highlands of Galilee, till they sink off in the plateaus of the northern portion of Dan.

Thus we see that the views obtained by Professor Paine embrace all the territory included in the biblical account, except that the great sea was not visible. Since my journey, the Rev. George E. Post, M. D., of the Syrian medical college connected with the American mission at Beyrout and one of my companions to Mount Sinai, has conducted a scientific expedition to the Moab country. He visited the sites described by Professor Paine, and made drawings of Nebo and Pisgah. He kindly sent me copies, with permission to engrave them for this paper, but they were received too late. His entire report, with engravings, appears in a recent issue of the "Report of the Palestine Exploration Society." It is valuable, and full of thrilling interest. Dr. Post thinks that Nebo is north of Siaghah.

The horseback journey from Jericho to Shechem takes two days. The road is a very rough one, and must have been so when Joshua

made his conquests; for when his spies "went up and viewed Ai . . . they returned to Joshua, and said unto him, Let not all the people go up; but let about two or three thousand men go up and smite Ai; and make not all the people to labor thither; for they are but few" (Joshua vii. 2, 3). Nevertheless the journey is one of the most enjoyable in all Palestine. The start should be made long before sunrise, for it is a rare privilege to see the sun awaken such a drowsy country. When the first glimmer of light comes darting down from the Moabite hills, it trembles a moment among the top leaves of Jordan's verdant side-screens, and then dances hither and thither across the dewy plains of Jericho. The scene is one which would gladden the heart of any husbandman. Towards the south the view is interrupted by a great fog, the rosy high lights of which hover over the Dead Sea. Its left wing hangs drooping over the bosom of the Jordan for a mile or two. The Fountain of Elisha looks almost black at that early hour, and the little stream scarcely seems awake.

Now we turn westward. A short race with the sunbeams across the plain brings us square in front of Mount Quarantana, into whose yawning caves the early light affords the best view of all the day, for then only can the genial rays creep into them. For an hour before sunrise everything looks dismal enough; but when the sun rises, the scene grows more beautiful every foot of the way. When one of the highest points is gained, a vast prospect is presented, that reaches from the great sea on the west, with the hills of Benjamin, overtopped by those of Gilead and Moab (the Jordan between them), on the east. The rolling battlefields of Gibeon lie in full view. Every rod of ground represents a page in Israelitish history. Bound for a special place, however, we must avoid detail and hurry on to Bethel, and east of Bethel to Ai. As the sun journeys on, the air grows hot, and the climb becomes irksome. The Bethel of to-day does not inspire very Jacob-like dreams. The prophecy that "Bethel shall come to naught" has been fully realized. Part of an old pool forms the usual camping-ground of the traveler. The people of the modern village are cleanly and hospitable, and cultivate an abundance of lovely roses, quantities of which they press upon the stranger. The city wall is constructed of immensely tall plants of the prickly pear. They are easier to keep in order than the walls of stone, though stones and "pillars of stone" undoubtedly abound in every field about Bethel. Jerusalem and "the place of Jacob's dream" present the points of interest in the outlook towards the south. The Dead Sea and the Jordan may again be seen south and east; but Ai, our

chief point of interest, "is on the east side of Bethel," not so very far from Abraham's camping-ground. The story of its assault and capture is recorded with such detail as to make it one of the most interesting events in all the Jewish narrative.

It seems as if one of those great wide-spreading oaks which stand to-day on the sides of the hills near Bethel must be the one upon which the King of Ai was hanged, and that any "great heap of stones," so numerous close by, may cover the kingly carcass. There still is the rocky glen where the ambush lay; there the barren ridge where Joshua and his attendants took up their position, north of the city; there the deep valley between them, where he first attracted the attention of Ai; there the wild ravine through which they fled with Ai after them, down towards Jericho. But it is all desolation and ruin now, and the country is not worth the attention of the modern invader.

For good reasons, doubtless, Joshua made Shiloh his headquarters, and "set up the tabernacle of the congregation there." Thus Shiloh became the place of the annual feasts and was a resort well known to all the tribes of Israel.

The neighboring highways are about the roughest over which any one traveling in Palestine ever rode a horse. Indeed, sometimes the traveler is obliged to dismount to help and encourage his poor bewildered horse to follow him. The rougher climbs over, however, the remainder of the journey to Shechem is one of the most varied and enjoyable in all the land. Instead of the small, compressed, ground-down sort of appearance which generally pervades southern Palestine, every prospect seems to please. Thriving olive groves, rich grain-fields, myriads of gaudy flowers, hills covered with growing crops, and the long inclines, terraced now with stone walls, now by the natural formation of the rock, vary the prospect. Such is the outlook presented in all directions, except on the left, towards Mount Gerizim, around the shoulder of which runs the road. Farmers are seen plowing, the women are plucking the tares from the wheat, and the children are helping. Ascending and descending, every foot of the way from Shiloh to Shechem shows the care and attention of an industrious people. Perhaps it is the fresher air that gives them more vigor than have those who inhabit the white chalk-hills and the almost bare valleys of the south country. Even the flowers look fresher, newer, and happier. Every step taken by the horses starts a gossiping wagging of heads and a widening of eyes among the daisies which line the narrow roadway. A glorious surprise comes when the last ascent previous to Gerizim itself is reached. At the

right, spreading eastward for nearly a mile and a half and from north to south for seven miles or more, is a glorious valley, broken up into sections of green and gold and pink, with not a line of fence or wall to disturb it, and only the groves of olives, the trunks of which, twisted and braided together, relieve the uniformity of the expanse. Away over on its eastern side is a line of hills, as dark as a row of olive trees. On the left Gerizim and Ebal stand out majestically against the blue sky, with the wide vale between them, in the midst of which lies Shechem. Then, far in the north-west, rising like a great white screen, as though outstretched for the whole grand evening spectacle to be projected upon it, is snowy Mount Hermon. The whole populace of the town of Hawara, located on the steep incline of Gerizim, comes out to witness the panorama. But all the novelty they see is the stranger; all the music they hear comes from the bells on the necks of the luggage-mules. Soon after this village is passed the road forks. At the right one of the best roads in Palestine leads to Jacob's Well. A shorter cut to the vale of Shechem is made by keeping to the left, but it is by no means so picturesque as the other. For the best view, Shechem should be approached from the south, and just at the close of day. Then the long, wide shadows of Mount Gerizim, projected upon the plain, are welcomed by the husbandman who has been toiling all day under the cloudless sky. The first lowering of the temperature is the signal for the flocks to break away from their flower-besprinkled pasture and to turn themselves towards their folds; the men and the women, often laden with some product of the field, also turn homeward. A great finger seems to have been placed across the lips of Nature, so still and so quiet all becomes with the departure of the sun and the advance of the twilight. It must have been at that same hour when "all the congregation of Israel, with the women and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them," congregated, "half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal," while Joshua read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings. And it must have been so silent, too, when a quarter of a century after this a solemn renewal of the covenant took place, and Joshua "set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem."

It is a strange experience to pass through the lovely vale of Shechem and, gazing at Ebal on the right and at Gerizim on the left, to think of how many noted people journeyed likewise long before Christ came. The list of sojourners and travelers includes Abraham, Jacob; Simeon, Levi, Joseph (buried here), Joshua, Abimelech, and Rehoboam. Jesus was

a visitor here, and Shechem was the birthplace of Justin Martyr. The Roman scepter, the Christian cross, and the crescent of Islam have all held sway in Shechem. The garrison whose bugle awakens the echoes of Ebal and Gerizim to-day recalls memories of blessing and cursing, and with American rifles, though under command of Ottoman officers, keeps peace among the turbulent people. Shechem is a cosmopolitan place, and some of her people represent the oldest races. For example, about all the Samaritans that are left congregate there. Within the whitewashed walls of their tiny synagogue is the inscribed "original" of their Pentateuch. This document varies in many particulars from the Pentateuch of the Jews, and is under careful watch. They hold that it was written by Abishua, the son of Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron. The officiating priest is a young man who claims to be a direct descendant of Aaron. After the proper persuasion of backsheesh, he consented to exhibit the antique document and to stand beside it in the synagogue court while its photograph was made. Its great silver case and the rods of the scroll make it very heavy, so that an assistant was required to help the priest carry it. After placing it upon a chair, they very carefully unfolded the embroidered scarf of crimson satin which covered it, and thus displayed the engraved silver case. In time the doors of this were thrown open, and the precious document was made visible. It was rolled like a Jewish scroll upon two metal rods that are much longer than the scroll. These rods protrude at each end for the protection of the parchment. The letters are Samaritan, but they are written in the Hebrew language. The engraved scenes upon the case are said to represent the ground plan of the Tabernacle. In their ceremonies they follow the injunctions of Exodus xxviii. and Leviticus viii. Once a year the Samaritans hold their religious feasts upon the summit of Mount Gerizim, "the mountain of blessing." It is their Moriah. The men, as a rule, are fine looking, pleasant in manners, and superior to the average Syrian. The women are lighter in color than their sisters in Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and seem to be of a very different race. Their hair is black and wavy, and their dress is unlike that of the Mohammedans and Jews. They seem to be happy and are devoted to their creed. Their strange little family numbers less than two hundred.

The location of Shechem is delightful. The whole vale, running east and west, is alive with gushing cascades and bounding streams, fed partly by the twin mountains Ebal, on the north, and Gerizim, on the south. Luxuriant olive groves and fig orchards, interspersed with

fruit trees of various kinds, are dotted hither and thither, everywhere. But the city itself is not so attractive. Many of its streets are cavern-like, for they run under the houses. They would afford an excellent opportunity for the trial of some rapid-transit scheme, were it not that they are so very narrow and continually thronged with the noisy, hurrying multitude. The better view of life is had from the housetops. They are reached from the streets by stone stairways. There the people take their leisure, do a great deal of their trading and much of their work. Thus the houses seem to be, as indeed many are, hoisted a story or two in the air. There is no regularity of style about them, and it is all one's life is worth to try to find the way among them without a guide and a torch. Only from a height can the real beauties of Shechem be seen. Then the broad domes of the mosques and their graceful minarets stand out finely; the variety of houses shows forth and the open streets are indicated, first by the sound which comes up from the multitude, and then by the gay bazars which line them. Fine views are had from "Jacob's Tower," a picturesque structure in the south-west corner of the town. It is said to have been the home of the patriarch whence he sent Joseph to Dothan to look after his recreant brethren. Strangely enough, amidst all the buzz and noise of the town comes the clatter of the cotton-gin, for Shechem is the great cotton center of Palestine. It is also headquarters for the best olive-oil soap. Two miles down the vale is the well of Jacob, where the interview between Christ and the Samaritan woman took place. Directly north, and almost in a line with the well, close to the base of Ebal, is the tomb of Joseph. All along the side of this mountain, when the new cove-

nant was made, Joshua mustered the tribes of Reuben and Gad, of Asher and Zebulun, of Dan and Naphtali. On the other side, against Gerizim, the tribes of Simeon and Levi, of Judah and Issachar, of Joseph and Benjamin were gathered. As one stands looking from the top of Jacob's Tower the present seems to vanish and the past arises again with a strange reality. Not a single feature of nature appears to have been touched out by the wizard pencil of time. Every light and every shade is accentuated by the long perspective of history. The pages recorded here must face those of Sinai. The vale of Shechem is the consonant of the plain of Er Raha. Somewhere and somehow, running through the intervening pages, are the threads we have tried to gather up and follow, guided by the entanglements of tradition and persuaded by the reasonings of the modern explorer. The sounds of idolatry were left at Aaron's Hill, and the blast of the trumpets cheered the desolation of Wady Sheik; then the departing hosts followed across the wilderness, where the manna and the quail were provided, through the inclosure of Hazeroth to the wandering-place of Kadesh-Barnea, where the provision of good water was followed by the long tarrying. On they went until, climbing the flinty ridges of the border, the place was reached where denuded nature grew more consistent and the long inclines were found clothed with lovely flowers. There the land, "with milk and honey blest," was seen as the spies had seen it. On and on, by the way of the desert wilds again, to Nebo, to the sacred river, and across it to where all intrusion of barrenness ceased and the Promised Land was reached. Just so we may see it to-day.

*Edward L. Wilson.*

### THE THIRD OF MARCH.



OUR friend Captain Keppell has been with us again, and was as quiet, as agreeable, and as interesting as ever. He had little to say, however, with reference to his recent visit to the East; and indeed we have noticed that the Captain uniformly forbears to talk about any subject that is not at least ten years old. But one gusty evening, after the lamps were lighted, and the children in bed, and our chairs were drawn in a semicircle round the blazing fire, Keppell filleted the ash off the end of his cigar and remarked, "This is the third of March, is n't it?"

"It sounds like it," replied one of us, as a louder blast of wind howled round the north-east corner of our venerable farm-house.

"Did I ever tell you about Jack Hamilton?" asked Keppell, after a pause. "In the army, you know—got into a scrape—went to New Zealand—and all that."

"I never heard you mention him," said I, settling myself in my chair with agreeable anticipations: for the Captain had his yarn-spinning air on.

"I was reminded of him by the fact that the third of March was his birthday," continued our friend; "and it was a marked day in his calendar for other reasons. I first met him at Oxford: you know I was up at Oxford for a year.



Afterwards we joined the same regiment, and saw a little service together. I resigned afterwards; Jack sold out: but that is anticipating.

"I did n't especially take to him in those days; we were hardly in the same set. He was rather a fast man at the University, though I believe he was in the crew one year. He was an immense great broad-shouldered chap, with blue eyes and a voice like a fog-horn; and later he had a big red beard, from behind which he glared out, when he was angry, like a tiger out of a jungle. His family was old and noble; you probably met Lord — when you were in London? Well, that was Jack's brother. If Jack had inherited the title, he might have turned out very differently; he certainly had brains, and plenty of energy. But there were a good many children, and his share of the patrimony did n't amount to much. Instead of taking his place among the hereditary lawgivers and millionaires of the nation, he had to fight for his own hand; and he made rather a mess of it.

"It was not until we had been some time in India with the regiment that we became friends, in the proper sense of the word. We were near each other in some skirmish, and my sword happened to intervene between Jack's head and some black devil's spear; and he would have it that I had saved his life. Poor fellow! I might have done him a better service by letting the spear take its course. For that matter, I have sometimes thought that the best result of saving life, as a general thing, is the medal you get from the Humane Society. But on this occasion I did n't get even that.

"Jack was not an ideal soldier, in spite of his enormous strength and headlong courage; for he had very little respect for discipline. He was all the time insulting the dignity of his superiors; he never seemed able to understand that any human being, even though it were the commander-in-chief, had the right to dictate to him. But the men idolized him; he was always in front of everybody in a charge; and he never flinched under hardships that would have worn down a dromedary. There were few finer sights than Jack on a battlefield, astride that great roan charger of his, galloping through the bullets, with his red beard blowing past his shoulders and his saber swinging and glittering in his hand. It was not a pleasant sight for the black fellows though. But, notwithstanding his gallantry, Jack missed his promotion: he was too much his own enemy. He never complained about it, but I know he used to rage internally. Good temper was not Jack's strong point, at any rate.

"One day he got a bad wound in the groin: it healed imperfectly; he always limped a little

afterwards, and often suffered pain. Six months' leave was given him, and he went home. As for me, I had seen about enough of soldiering by that time; and soon after Jack left, as there was a lull in hostilities, I resigned, as you know, and followed him to England. He had been there then only two months; but, as I was speedily made aware, he had already got himself into the worst kind of a scrape.

"*'Cherchez la femme?'* Well, I don't subscribe to that proverb as a rule; it's a very superficial one; but in this instance I must confess it applied pretty well. There was a woman at the bottom of it.

"I had known for some time past that Jack was in love with somebody; I suppose all young fellows of his age and constitution are; but I had neither asked nor learned any of the particulars. I did n't imagine it was anything exceptionally serious. There had been a letter now and then, which he would read and re-read, and wear inside his jacket; and once, I remember, he spoke the name of Edith in a way that led me to think it had a special significance for him; but that was about all. He did not look like a man who would be apt to ruin himself for any woman. But I knew less of men then than I do now.

"I ran across him one night at the Army and Navy Club. He was in evening dress, and had evidently been to dinner. He shook my hand with great cordiality, and clapped his great paw on my shoulder, as if he would have liked to hug me. But there was a dangerous look in those blue eyes of his: I had seen it there before. He drew me into a corner of the smoking-room, and we sat down and had brandy and soda.

"*'By Jove, Keppell, old fellow,'* he exclaimed, *'you're just the man I wanted to see! You've come in the nick of time. I could n't have done without you.'*

"*'What's the matter?'* I inquired. *'Do you want me to cut in at a game of whist?'*

"Jack laughed between his teeth, and twisted his hand in his beard.

"*'Whist is n't the game,'* he replied; *'though there're hearts in it, and I mean to lead clubs, and there may be a use for spades, and diamonds seem to be trumps.'* This was a fair specimen of Jack's humor. *'No, no; this is no child's play, Keppell,'* he added. *'It's an ugly business, and I want you to help me see it through.'*

"*'Well, let's hear what it is,'* I replied, sipping my brandy and soda.

"*'Did you ever hear of Lady Edith——?'* asked Jack, speaking low and gazing at me intently.

"*'I've heard of her; but I don't know that I ever met her.'*

"You would not have forgotten it if you had met her. She's the finest girl in England. And what do you suppose they're going to do with her—try to do, at all events?"

"I'm sure I don't know, and I don't—"

"Hold on!" interposed Jack, holding up his hand. "Don't say you don't care; because I do care—as the world will know in due time. They are trying to marry her to that sharp-nosed Scotch ranter, Lord Bothwell."

"Well, why not? Lord Bothwell is quite as good-looking as you are, Jack, though he may not weigh half as much. He's got a good reputation in the House too; and so far as money goes, no girl in England can afford to turn up her nose at him."

"But he's not the man for my Edith," rejoined Jack, frowning, and bringing his fist down on the arm of his chair.

"Oh, if she's your Edith that alters the case, of course."

"I have a right to call her mine. We have known each other since we were children. I loved her when I was at school. Other fellows may fall in love a dozen times, I have never thought of any girl but her. You are the first man to whom I've ever spoken of this, Keppell; and I would n't speak of it to you if it were n't necessary that you should know how I stand. All the time I've been in India we have written to each other—look here!" and he pulled out of an inner pocket a bundle of old letters: "I always carry these about me. We have promised ourselves to each other, I tell you; and do you suppose that I, at this late day, am going to let such a bundle of skin and bone as Bothwell come between us?"

"What do you mean to do about it?" I asked him.

"Jack lit a cigar and took a sip from his glass before replying.

"I've thought it all over carefully," he said, leaning back in his chair and regarding me with a confident air, as if assured beforehand of my approbation; "and I've made up my mind that the simplest way out of the trouble will be to call him out."

"Call him out, Jack! It is n't possible you think of fighting him?"

"He gave his beard another twist, and nodded his head.

"I laughed. 'We're not in India,' I said, 'nor in France; nor is Bothwell a fighting man. And if you fancy that the proper way to woo an English girl is to shoot your rival, you will find very few in this country to agree with you. I will have nothing to do with it, for one.'

"A fellow must do the best he can," he replied. "I have thought of everything, but nothing else will serve. To force her into this

marriage would be a cold-blooded, inhuman piece of policy. Of course you understand the affair will be managed in such a way that no one will suspect her of having any connection with it. And of course she knows nothing about it now."

"All I have to say to you is, if you attempt anything of the kind, you will not only ruin yourself past redemption, but you will lose her. Besides, there's no need of it. The girl can't be made to marry Bothwell, or anybody else, against her will. You must leave it to her."

"Well, that's your opinion," said Jack, finishing his brandy. "Perhaps if you knew what it is to love a woman, your opinion would be different. Have another split? I must be off, then; I have some letters to write. Sorry we could n't agree. Good-night."

"He rose, and limped out, leaving me both irritated and depressed. There was no arguing with such brutal obstinacy as his; nor could he be restrained by any means less persuasive than actual arrest and imprisonment. As it turned out, however, the immediate difficulty was averted by an accident. As Jack was getting out of his hansom that night the horse started, and he was thrown heavily to the pavement. The fall caused the wound in his groin to reopen; he was carried into his house and did not leave his bed for ten days, during a part of which time he was delirious. Before he got out again, Lord Bothwell and Lady Edith were made man and wife, and had gone to the Continent on their bridal trip. This was in September. Affairs of my own took me away from London, and I did not see Jack again till the following winter. Then I ran across him at a reception at the Countess of Mayfair's. A very beautiful woman, but pale, and with a sad expression, was leaning on his arm, and Jack was talking to her in a low voice, but with great animation.

"Ah, Keppell, glad to see you!" said Jack, as I caught his eye. "By the bye, Edith, you must let me present Captain Keppell to you; you have often heard me speak of him. Keppell—Lady Bothwell."

"We exchanged a few words, and I passed on. But the impression I had received from Jack's look and manner, as well as from the aspect of his beautiful companion, was a painful one. That he was still in love with her went without saying. It was more to the point that she seemed to me to be in love with him. She had given him a glance or two, even while I stood with them, that was not to be mistaken. But she was unhappy; she had struggled against her passion, and unsuccessfully. I judged her to be a woman of impetuous nature when warmed and stimulated, yet easily

amenable to conviction in her colder moods. I could understand how she might have allowed herself to be persuaded into marrying Bothwell against the secret opposition of her heart; but I could also understand that, if once her heart were thoroughly kindled and aroused, she might take a fatal and irrevocable step.

"And Jack's presence with her, under such circumstances, was of evil augury. The look with which he had met me was defiant and sullen. He had known what was in my mind, and was prepared to resist all remonstrances. He was a desperate man. It made me uncomfortable to contemplate what might happen unless some other incalculable accident should intervene. My acquaintance with Bothwell was too slight to warrant my making any application or giving any warning to him; still less could I approach Lady Edith herself. The only alternative course was to attempt to bring Jack to his senses, and I had a presentiment that this would be futile.

"Nevertheless, I did what I could, and spoke my mind to him without reserve. The manner in which he received me indicated that he had already descended to a lower depth than I supposed. He assumed a laughing, obtuse demeanor, and declared he was as innocent of evil designs as a dove. He had accepted, he said, the decrees of fate: Edith had become Lady Bothwell, and such she must remain. But that was no reason why he should drop her acquaintance. They were very good friends, that was all. Bothwell was not to be blamed for marrying such a fine creature if he could get her; and Jack asserted, with a laugh, that he bore him no malice. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"—that's my motto," he exclaimed. "You are a good fellow, Keppell," he added, "and there's no man I like better, or so well. But you have discovered a mare's nest, my dear boy, and you will show your wisdom by retreating in as good order as possible."

"Well, Jack," I said at length, "of course I'm bound to accept your own account of yourself until circumstances contradict or confirm it. But since you have no motive in staying round here beyond those of ordinary friendship, I have a proposition to make to you. I intend starting on a ramble which will probably take me round the world by a somewhat unconventional route. I want a companion, and you are the companion I want. Will you come?"

"With my leg? No, thank you! My rambling days are over, I fear. I shall remain in London for the present, hobbling round to dinner parties now and then, smoking my cigar at the club, and talking gossip and scandal before the fire like the other old fogies. Much obliged

to you, Keppell, all the same," he added, with a touch of genuine feeling in his voice for the first and only time during our interview. "I know you mean it kindly, and I thank you. But that is not the sort of medicine that can cure such an invalid as I am—more's the pity!"

"Well, I left him at last, without having gained my point, and soon after I went to Paris. One morning as I sat at breakfast, reading yesterday's copy of 'The Times,' my eye caught the paragraph that I seemed to have been expecting all along. There it was—'Elopement in high life,' and all the rest of it. I threw down the paper. I passed a gloomy hour, I can assure you; and now what was to be the sequel?"

"The best to be hoped for was that Lord Bothwell would immediately apply for a divorce, and that the miserable incident might be forgotten as soon as possible. At the best, the future of the pair looked dark enough. Jack had no money other than the sum obtained by the sale of his commission—he had disposed of it a few weeks before. That would soon be spent; and there was nothing that I could think of that he could do to earn a living. Their course would be inevitably downward. It might be temporarily arrested, it could not be stopped. Everything was against them.

"As I was taking my hat to go out, the door opened and Jack himself appeared on the threshold. He held out his hand to me, and I took it at once. It was not a conventional act on my part; but I have always had confidence in the ability of Providence to chastise sinners, and have never felt it my duty to proffer my assistance. It could make neither Jack nor myself any worse for him to know that I was still his friend.

"He had apparently prepared himself to meet with another sort of greeting, and my reception affected him somewhat. We had a long talk. Lady Bothwell, he said, was in lodgings. He himself was staying at the Bristol; except that, he had n't much news to tell me. I learned, however, that he had left word with Lord Bothwell 'where he might be found,' as the phrase is; and would remain a week in Paris, awaiting his reply. I said I hoped there might be none; there was 'not much else left to hope for.

"Jack shook his head, but made no other answer. I think he had no desire to kill Lord Bothwell: he was satisfied with the injury he had done him, and would have preferred a divorce; but his ideas of honor led him to imagine that it was incumbent on him to give his lordship a 'chance.' He did not request me to act for him in the matter—a delicacy

which I appreciated. As he was going out he said:

"I won't ask you to call on us, Keppell—at present. I know what I have done,—I see all the bearings,—but I am happy, and I hope to make her so. I shall try. We are alone in the world now; but if I can be to her the hundredth part of what she is to me, the world will not be missed. That's all I have to say about it."

"It is not the world, however, which plays the influential part in such a matter, though outwardly of course it appears so. The real source of punishment, like the source of evil, is within. It had not been fully revealed to Jack yet, but sooner or later he would know."

"Meanwhile a surprise was in store for me, if not for him. Whether it was that Lord Bothwell had loved his wife more passionately than he had seemed to do, or whether, beneath his cool and impenetrable Scotch exterior, there were rude instincts of human nature which no one had suspected, certain it is, at all events, that he accepted Jack's challenge without delay or hesitation, and was in Paris two days later. It was then the 2d of March."

"The preliminaries were promptly arranged. Lord Bothwell was in thorough earnest, and would consent to nothing merely formal. The weapons were pistols, the distance ten paces. They met on the morning of March 3, at 6 o'clock; and five minutes afterwards Lord Bothwell was dead, with a bullet through his brain."

"I had taken no part in the management of the meeting; but I had taken measures to facilitate the escape of Lady Bothwell and Jack, should that be necessary. They started immediately, and by nightfall had passed the boundaries of France and were far on their way to Naples, where they purposed getting married and remaining till the summer. I had one glimpse of her, the last I ever had, as they drove away; I can never forget her tragic, ghastly, beautiful face. Jack nodded to me with a strange smile, spoke to the driver, pulled his hat down over his brows, and they were gone."

At this point Captain Keppell interrupted his story for a few moments, during which he took another cigar and lighted it. His face was grave and thoughtful. No one spoke: only the bitter March wind kept up its blustering; and at length the Captain resumed his tale.

"I always was, and always shall be, a wanderer on the face of the earth; and during the next few years I knocked about the world a good deal. I think it was four years after the events I have told you about that I found myself in New Zealand. I had always had a curiosity to visit the place; and now certain

business interests had occurred to promote my going, and I availed myself of the opportunity."

"While there I met a former acquaintance of mine in London, by the name of Duane. I had known him as an idler and a man about town, but he was now transformed into an energetic and capable member of the government. His information regarding the condition and prospects of the new country was interesting and accurate, and we became great cronies. He facilitated my excursions into the neighborhood, and occasionally, when his duties permitted, accompanied me himself. One day, when we had been discussing the social aspects of the colony and contrasting them with those of England, he suddenly said:

"By the bye, did n't you know a fellow over there named Hamilton—Jack Hamilton? He ran away with Bothwell's wife, you know, and shot Bothwell himself in a duel."

"I replied that I had known such a man."

"Well," resumed Duane, "he is 'Happy Jack.'"

"I'm glad to hear that he is happy; but what has made him so?"

"Oh," replied Duane, with a laugh, "that's only the nickname the people have given him. I fancy its fitness consists in its unfitness; he is so savage and morose that it is a happiness to be out of his way. But I supposed you must have heard about him; he's quite a character."

"My last news of him is three or four years old."

"Well, he came here between two and three years ago. His wife—he married her after shooting Bothwell—had died; but he had a little daughter with him, a mere infant. He was evidently in poor circumstances, and not disposed to be on good terms with anybody. Some of our nice people here attempted to show him kindness, but he received their advances in such a way that they were cured of ever trying anything of the sort again. He took up with the rougher element; and is on quite good terms, I believe, with many of the Maoris. He certainly has great influence among them, on account of his physical strength, which is amazing, in spite of his lameness; and he once killed one of them in a bare-handed fight, because the fellow had accidentally upset his little Edith—that is the name he has given his daughter. The Maoris, you know, bear no malice for a thing of that kind; they will kill you or be killed in fair fight, with the greatest good humor imaginable."

"Where is Hamilton living now?"

"At a place on the coast about thirty miles from here. He finally settled there after wandering about for several months, with his child



in his arms. I fancy, by the bye, he's uncommonly fond of that little thing; and she certainly is as pretty as a picture and as sweet as a rosebud.'

"How does he live? Has he any occupation?"

"Well, yes; I'm sorry to say he has. What I mean is, his occupation is not a particularly savory one, considering that he was born and bred a gentleman. He keeps a rum-shop which is the resort of some of the worst characters in the settlement. I would n't advise you to go down there; you would find it unpleasant after having known him in different circumstances. He does n't like to be reminded in any way of his past life, and he might give you a rough reception.'

"In spite of this warning I was disposed to risk a meeting with my old friend Jack, and a few days later I made my way down to the secluded little village in the vicinity of which he lived. It was a wild and picturesque part of the sea-coast, with riotous semi-tropical vegetation growing down almost to the water's edge. Great black rocks, fantastically jagged, fronted the waves, and outside were reefs, the presence of which was revealed only by the storms and by the vessels that were shattered against them. Behind, miles inland, tall mountains rose sharply against the clear sky.

"The village lay in a clearing bordered by a curving beach of white sand, with a rocky headland on each side. A small harbor was thus formed, the only one in a stretch of many miles. The headland or promontory on the left as you faced the sea was larger than the other: it extended six or seven hundred yards outwards from the shore-line, and averaged a hundred yards in breadth. About a third of the way down this promontory stood the house in which Jack Hamilton lived and where he conducted his business, such as it was.

"It was an odd-looking specimen of architecture. It was largely constructed of masses of stone, piled together somewhat after the fashion of the stone walls in America, the crevices being filled in with a kind of clay, hardened by the sun. The roof and part of the walls were of hewn logs. But at the seaward end of the house—which stood on the highest piece of land on the promontory—was a rude tower, built entirely of stone, and daubed over with whitewash. This tower was perhaps thirty feet in height, and, owing to its conspicuous site and its whiteness, must have been visible many miles at sea. Transversely across the promontory, on a line with the tower, was a high picket fence, separating the seaward end of the promontory from the main.

"You'll find him there, or thereabouts," said one of the villagers, in reply to my in-

quiries as to 'Happy Jack.' 'He seldom comes into the village, sir, except it is to see to the unloading of one of his smacks, and to cart the hogsheads up to his place. Yes, sir, he's a pretty tough customer, Jack is; but he's got his good points too. The best of 'em, is that little gal of his: she's his guardian angel, if ever a man had one. She never comes this side of the fence, and never sees nothing of the goings-on in the liquor-shop. If a man so much as lets out a bit of strong language in her hearing, he's lucky if Jack only gives him a broken head. And they say as how she's the cause of the tower being built too!'

"I asked how that happened.

"Well, sir," replied my informant, 'you see there used to be a lot of ships wrecked out on the reefs yonder beyond the headland. The reefs they don't show, except the sea breaks on 'em, and there ain't no charts of this coast. But one night when there was a heavy gale blowing on shore, the little gal was waked up (so the story goes) by the sound of guns in the offing, and she asked her pa what that was. He told her it was some ship coming ashore, most likely. So what does the little thing do but catch hold of the candle, and climb up on the table in the window, and stand there holding up the candle, so as the ship can see her way home, as she says. Well, the next thing was, that Jack built that tower and painted it white; and at the top of it he rigged up a lantern, and lights it every night regular, no matter how drunk he may be; and that light has saved as many ships, maybe, as there is stones in the tower. And whether Jack done it for the sake of the ships, or for the sake of the little gal, it's a handsome thing for him to do, all the same; and we gives him credit for it.'

"I thanked my communicative friend, and, leaving the village, passed on towards the solitary house on the promontory. A path, worn by the passing of many feet, but scarcely wide enough, one would have thought, to accommodate the eccentricities of those returning from the scene of their festivity, conducted me by an easy ascent to Happy Jack's domains. It was still the forenoon, and no one seemed to be stirring. I rapped on the door with the knob of my oaken staff.

"After a pause I heard a noise of light patterning footsteps, the door was slowly opened, and before me stood a lovely little maiden, hardly more than three years of age. Her curling hair had a thread of reddish gold running through it; but her eyebrows were dark, and so were her large hazel eyes. Her little face was rounded in curves of perfect beauty, and her childish features were vivified and enlightened by an expression of innocent intelligence charming to behold. She was clad

in a costume which could hardly have been surpassed for simplicity—a single garment of fine wool, of a grayish green hue, gathered at the throat and at the wrists, and falling in straight folds to the knee. On her small feet were a kind of moccasins, embroidered with beads. Pure and innocent though she was, as a thing fresh from heaven, I recognized her in an instant by the signs of her sad parentage written in her every movement and gesture; and the thought flashed across my mind, Will she live to inherit their fate as well as their likeness?

"Papa ith athleep," said the little maid; 'oo muf come some over time.'

"Before I could make a rejoinder, a deep and resonant voice that I knew, but with something fiercer and gruffer in it than of yore, became audible from within, and the floor shook beneath a heavy and hurried tread. The little golden-haired fairy vanished as if by magic, and in her place stood a shaggy and threatening ogre, massive and formidable, with long hair falling on his broad shoulders and a huge tangled beard covering his breast. By the gesture of his uplifted arm he seemed on the point of making me pay dear for my unauthorized interview with his 'guardian angel,' but in the act of smiting he paused. A singular flash came out of his blue eyes: he suddenly caught me by the shoulder and hand and pulled me into the cottage; and then, as he stared at me, he said, with a gulp in his throat, 'Keppell, Keppell! You came to see me, and I was going to strike you! My dear boy—my dear old boy!'

"At the first glance Jack had seemed to me incredibly changed, and not for the better; but after we had conversed together for half an hour I began to get him back again, so to speak. He looked much older than the four years which had passed would ordinarily justify. His face was fuller, and it was marked with furrows of grief, violent passions, and intemperance. His whole appearance was neglected and slothful; but within all, or behind all, I could detect more and more the traces of the gallant soldier and gentleman whom I had known. No doubt, too, the memories connected with my presence recalled him unusually to his old self.

"We did n't think of this in India, did we, old man?" he said, after a while. "But it was fate; it could n't have been otherwise. If it were to do again, I don't believe I would do differently. I assented to all your remonstrances and arguments with my head; but a man's head never leads him, though it pretends to cleverly enough. Come to the bottom of it, it's his nature, and circumstances. I have lost her, of course, and I've lost most things; but—I

had her! God himself can't rob me of that fact. It's worth all the rest to me; and I suppose it's all the same to her now. And I fancy, sometimes, that she is with me still, in some way. There's the little girl, you know.'

"He called Edith, and in a moment the child came and stood between his knees, gazing at the stranger with her dark hazel eyes.

"A man can't call himself good for nothing as long as he has this," said Jack, putting his great hand tenderly on her sunny head. 'She does n't know I'm a scoundrel and a drunken loafer; and until she does know it there will be something better than that in me. It was a hard time when she came into the world, Keppell,' he continued after a pause; 'so hard, that when her mother died I was glad of it! But I could n't let the child go: I could n't have stood that.'

"You can't stay here many years longer, Jack," I said. 'She will be growing up before you know it, and this is no place in which to educate her. Why don't you take her to America? She is a lady, and she has a right to lead the life of one. And you—why, man alive, you're not more than five-and-thirty yet! You might make a career there: you've got it in you.'

"I shall live and die here," replied he, bringing down his hand heavily on the arm of his chair. 'Whether I'm thirty-five or ninety-five makes no difference. But I have thought about what you say; I know the child can't get her rights in such a place as this. I have thought it all over, and I have made up my mind, when she is a few years older, to send her to England and have her taught whatever is becoming to her station. And then she will come back to me.'

"I don't see the object of that. What use would her education be to her if she spent her life on a promontory in the north of New Zealand? It must be the other way; you must go to her. She will never wish to come back here.'

"But I say she shall come back!" exclaimed Jack, with a passion for which I was hardly prepared. 'She belongs to me, and I'll have her. I know what she wants; I can make her comfortable. And when I'm gone she will have money to live on, and to do as she pleases. I sha'n't live forever; I shall know when it's time for me to step out. And that's one thing that is left to me—I can always step out when I'm ready! But, until then, let them thwart me at their peril! I know my rights, and I'll have them—and I'll have Edith.'

"He lifted the child up in his great arms and embraced her with a sort of savage tenderness, glaring out at me as if he half suspected me of an intention to defraud him of his treasure. I did not prolong the argument. Jack Hamilton was the headstrong, imperious,

intractable Jack Hamilton still. There was probably more trouble ahead for him, but warnings would be useless. I talked of other things, and my host, recovering from his perturbation, showed me about his place and made me inspect the garden on the farther side of the fence, which he had cultivated for Edith, and in which she could amuse herself at ease, as much out of the reach of the world as if she were in another planet. Then he took me up the narrow steps of the tower, on the apex of which was a large lantern with a powerful reflector, capable of throwing a ray ten miles at least. 'That's Edith's candle,' said he, with a smile. 'She's been the cause of saving more lives and money than all the other little girls in the world.'

"Now that you've seen heaven, I'll show you hell," he continued, as he led the way into the front part of the house, which was entirely isolated from the other side. Here were the materials of his trade — barrels and demijohns of liquor, bottles and glasses, pipes and tobacco; and a big iron-bound chest behind the bar, the lid of which he lifted, was more than half full of gold sovereigns.

"No one comes here till after she's asleep," he remarked. 'From then till two in the morning there are lively times, I can tell you! Not much like what we used to have at our mess-table, either. But it suits me, it suits the devil in me; and as long as the devil's there, he has to be attended to. There's money in it, too — don't forget that; and though it may be bad morals to say that I get in hell the means to enjoy heaven, that's the cold truth, at any rate.'

"As the day wore on, the harder and grimmer aspects of the man began to crop out more and more frequently; and after I had complied once or twice with his invitation to drink with him, I saw that he would presently change for the worse. Accordingly I bade him farewell betimes and rode away; but when I glanced back from the bend in the road above the village, I saw him standing on the tower with Edith in his arms, waiting to light the lamp when the sun should sink below the horizon.

"Destiny plays such pranks with me," continued the Captain, "that I never venture to predict where I shall be next year or even next week; but I certainly expected and intended to see Jack again much sooner than was actually the case. For, as near as I can calculate, it was ten years before I again set foot on the shore of New Zealand, and wondered, but a little dreaded to inquire, how my old friend had fared during the interval.

"Oh, I fancy he's all right," said Duane, in answer to my question. (Duane himself had prospered greatly, and was in the way of rising

to the highest positions ultimately.) 'He gets drunk rather more thoroughly than when you were here before; but he has n't killed anybody lately, that I've heard of. Oh, by the bye, that daughter of his, — a pretty little thing, however she got her beauty, — he sent her to England to be educated: his brother, Lord —, promised to look out for her. She's been gone two or three years now. Jack intends her to come back here when she has finished her course; but, between you and me, that's all nonsense. The folks over there will keep hold of her until Jack has passed in his chips, as he would phrase it; and at the rate he's going now that probably won't be long. When he's once out of the way, the girl may possibly come to something after all. There are plenty of fellows in decent circumstances who would be glad to marry Lord —'s niece, even if there were something a little off color about the circumstances of the mother's wedding.'

"I should n't be surprised," said I; and that evening I set out for the domain of Happy Jack. It was the night between the second and the third of March. There was to be a full moon, and I anticipated a quiet and comfortable ride along a very fair road. But a storm arose soon after I started, and increased until it blew a hurricane. I have seldom passed a more arduous night: I was blown down, horse and man, three times; I was drenched with rain, and had most of my clothes torn off me; and it was noon before I reached the village, in a sorry plight. By that time the catastrophe which concludes my story had occurred, and I give you the particulars as I picked them up and pieced them together afterwards.

"In pursuance of his determination, Jack had sent his daughter, when she was ten years of age, to a private school in England; the child being accompanied on the voyage thither by the family of a member of the Government, returning on account of ill health. The school was near London, and Edith remained there under the supervision of Lord — and his wife. For two years all went well, and Edith wrote letters to her father by every mail.

"Jack himself meanwhile went on much as usual, except that he drank more than ever; but he still kept his lighthouse in order, and every evening, no matter how much liquor he had aboard, he never failed to light the lamp as the sun went down. This had, indeed, become a sort of religious observance with him; and it was the general impression that, however bad he might be, he would become much worse if ever he were to relinquish the performance of this duty. It was the symbolic link which held him to the gentler and nobler side of humanity. It was connected with the

thought of his daughter, and, through her, of her mother, and of all that was dearest and saddest to him in life.

"But at length he received a letter that seemed to disturb him greatly. What its contents were no one knew at the time; but it afterwards appeared that it embodied a suggestion that Edith, after finishing her schooling, should be taken into Lord ——'s family (they were very fond of the child, and had no children of their own) and, under their auspices, introduced to London society. It was an arrangement which was doubtless meant kindly, and which most men in Jack's position would have been glad to agree to. But Jack was not like most men.

"I can partly imagine how it seemed to the lonely father, in his remote, sea-beaten promontory in the Antipodes. For the good of his daughter he had given up, for a term of years, the enjoyment of her companionship—an enjoyment the intensity of which was not to be measured by ordinary standards. All the better part of his stormy and wasted soul lived in her, and drew its only solace from her. And now it was proposed to take her away from him forever. His wrath and indignation passed all bounds of expression or statement. He swore an oath that it should not be so. 'I'll have her back here,' he was heard to say, 'if it costs her life! Dead or alive, she shall come back, and never see England again!'

"He forthwith wrote a letter to his brother, couched in terms which probably left the latter no choice or latitude of procedure, to say the least. Edith was to take the next vessel sailing for New Zealand. She was to wait for nothing, and was to sail, even if she were the only passenger on board. Having issued his commands, he had to wait until they had been received and complied with.

"He bore the time of waiting ill: his temper, which never had been easy, became well-nigh intolerable; and at length people were almost afraid to visit his shop for their liquor. He hesitated at no violence if provoked, and what might provoke him no one could tell beforehand. He drank constantly, and sometimes to the point of stupefaction; but still, through all, he kept the lantern in the tower alight; and sometimes, in the mornings, he would be seen standing there and gazing northwards, as if on the lookout for the sails that were bearing his daughter back to him.

"One day, however, he had been in an unusually savage mood even for him; and finally, in an access of frenzy, with blows and threats he drove every one out of his place. Then he shut himself up in his empty house and drank. The sunset hour arrived, and he rose mechanically and staggered up the steps

of his tower. A storm had arisen, and the sea was leaping bodily against the black coast and dashing itself into a yeasty mass of foam. The sun was already set. Jack looked out across the frantic war of winds and waters with a sullen and angry frown. Then suddenly, with an oath, he raised his hand and dashed the lamp into flinders. 'Curse the ships!' muttered he. 'Let 'em sink and go to perdition: they'll find me there!' And after gazing at the ruins of the lamp a moment, he turned away with a laugh and stumbled down the stairs to his room, where he threw himself on the bed and slept heavily till far into the morning.

"When he awoke, the clouds had broken away, the wind had ceased, and the sun was up. He stepped out into the open air, and looked seaward. Something was visible on the outer reef—a dark hull, over which the waves broke heavily, and from which projected the stumps of three broken masts, with tangled cordage. It was all that was left of a large merchant vessel. Broken fragments of the wreck were tossing here and there in the offing, or beating against the shore.

"When Jack realized what had happened, he laughed. The ship looked as if she might have carried a valuable cargo, and there would be good findings down among the rocks. And the crew, where were they? 'I shall have plenty of company,' said Jack to himself; 'and they'll be a quieter set, I fancy, than most that come here. Well, here goes for a morning call!'

"It was a beautiful morning, and no sound disturbed its peace except the musical booming of the surf. The air was fresh and invigorating, and pure as the breath of an angelic spirit. It was such a day as makes the evil and sorrow of the world seem like the dream of an uneasy night. As Jack strode downward towards the farther point of the headland, with his shaggy hair and beard and massive figure, and with the stateliness of careless strength in his bearing, he looked as one of the early race of mankind may have looked, ages before vice and violence had disfigured the Divine image. But he was taking the last steps of a career which hardly his sternest enemy would have wished to prolong.

"In a narrow inlet, partly protected from the deep undulations of the outer breakers, a piece of wreck floated and chafed against the rocky margin. The sunshine fell softly upon it, and upon the golden hair and loose white garments of the little maiden who was lashed to it. The stillness of her face, white and innocent as the soul that had so lately lived in it, was not disturbed by the transparent ripples that washed over it. Several minutes passed,



silently, but terrible with the agony of a breaking human heart. The father stood at first quite without breath or motion; then a shudder passed through his body, and he fell like a ruined tower. His heart still beat when they found him; but before the sun had gone down

upon that third of March his spirit had passed into the abyss."

The Captain leaned forwards, with his elbows on his knees and his fingers interlaced, gazing into the fire. No one felt like speaking; but the wind still moaned under the eaves.

*Julian Hawthorne.*

"LAST CHRISTMAS WAS A YEAR AGO."

(THE OLD LADY SPEAKS.)



LAST Christmas was a year ago  
Says I to David, I-says-I,  
"We 're goin' to mornin' service,

<sup>so</sup>  
You hitch up right away: I 'll try  
To tell the girls jes what to do

Fer dinner. We 'll be back by two."  
I did n't wait to hear what he  
Would more 'n like say back to me,  
But banged the stable door and flew  
Back to the house, jes plumb chilled through.

Cold! *Wooh!* how cold it was! My-oh!  
Frost flyin', and the air, you know—  
"Jes sharp enough," heerd David swear,  
"To shave a man and cut his hair!"  
And blow *and* blow! and *snow* and *snow*,  
Where it had drifted 'long the fence  
And 'cros't the road,—some places, though,  
Jes swep' clean to the gravel, so  
The goin' was as bad fer sleighs  
As 't was fer wagons,—and *both* ways,  
'Twixt snowdrifts and the bare ground, I 've  
Jes wondered we got through alive;  
I hain't saw nothin' 'fore er sence  
'At beat it *anywheres* I know—  
Last Christmas was a year ago.

And David said, as we set out,  
'At Christmas services was 'bout  
As cold and wuthless kind o' love  
To offer up as *he* knowed of;  
And, as fer *him*, he raily thought  
'At the Good Bein' up above .  
Would think more of us—as He ought—  
A-stayin' home on sich a day  
And thankin' of Him thataway.  
And jawed on in an undertone,  
'Bout leavin' Lide and Jane alone  
There on the place, and me not there  
To oversee 'em, and p'pare  
The stuffin' fer the turkey, and  
The sass and all, you understand.

I've always managed David by  
Jes sayin' nothin'. That was why  
He 'd chased Lide's beau away—'cause Lide

She 'd allus take up Perry's side  
When David tackled him; and so,  
Last Christmas was a year ago,—  
Er ruther, 'bout a week *afere*,—  
David and Perry 'd quarr'l'd about  
Some tom-fool argyment, you know,  
And Pap told him to "Jes git out  
O' there, and not to come no more,  
And, when he went, to *shet the door!*"  
And as he passed the winder, we  
Saw Perry, white as white could be,  
March past, onhitch his hoss, and light  
A *see-gyar*, and lope out o' sight.  
Then Lide she come to me and cried.  
And I said nothin'—was no need.  
And yit, you know, that man jes got  
Right out o' there 's ef he 'd be'n shot—  
P'tendin' he must go and feed  
The stock er somepin'. Then I tried  
To git the pore girl pacified.

But gittin' back to — where was we? —  
Oh, yes — where David lectered me  
All way to meetin', high and low,  
Last Christmas was a year ago.  
Fer all the awful cold, they was  
A fair attendance; mostly, though,  
The crowd was 'round the stoves, you see,  
Thawin' their heels and scrougin' us.  
Ef 't 'ad n't be'n fer the old Squire  
Givin' his seat to us, as in  
We stompted, a-fairly perishin',  
And David could 'a' got no fire,  
He 'd jes 'a' drapped there in his tracks.  
And Squire, as I was tryin' to yit  
Make room fer him, says, "No; the facks  
Is I got to git up and git  
'Ithout no preachin'. Jes got word —  
Trial fer life — can't be deferred!"  
And out he put. And all way through  
The sermont — and a long one, too —  
I could n't he'p but think o' Squire  
And us changed round so, and admire  
His gintle ways — to give his warm  
Bench up, and have to face the storm.  
And when I noticed David he  
Was needin' jabbin', I thought best

To kind o' sort o' let him rest —  
 'Peared like he slep' so peacefully!  
 And then I thought o' home, and how  
 And what the girls was doin' now,  
 And kind o' prayed, 'way in my breast,  
 And breshed away a tear er two  
 As David waked, and church was through.

By time we 'd "howdyed" round, and shuck  
 Hands with the neighbors, must 'a' tuck  
 A half-hour longer: ever' one  
 A-sayin' "Christmas-gift!" afore  
 David er me — so we got none.  
 But David warmed up, more and more,  
 And got so jokey-like, and had  
 His sperits up, and 'peared so glad,  
 I whispered to him, "S'pose you ast  
 A passel of 'em come and eat  
 Their dinners with us.— Girls 's got  
 A full-and-plenty fer the lot  
 And all their kin." So David passed  
 The invite round. And ever' seat  
 In ever' wagon-bed and sleigh  
 Was jes *packed*, as we rode away —  
 The young folks, mild er so along,  
 A-strikin' up a sleighin' song,  
 Tel David laughed and yelled, you know,  
 And jes whirped up and sent the snow  
 And gravel flyin' thick and fast —  
 Last Christmas was a year ago.  
 W'y, that-air seven-mild ja'nt we come —  
 Jes seven mild scant from church to home —  
 It did n't 'pear, that day, to be  
 Much furdur raily 'n 'bout three.

But I was purty squeamish by  
 The time home hove in sight and I  
 See two *vehickles* standin' there.  
 Already. So says I, "Prepare!"  
 All to myse'f. And presently  
 David he sobered; and says he,  
 "Hain't that-air Squire Hanch's old

Buggy," he says, "and claybank mare?"  
 Says I, "Le's git in out the cold —  
 Your company 's nigh 'bout froze." He says,  
 "Whose sleigh 's that-air a-standin' there?"  
 Says I, "It 's no odds whose — you jes  
 Drive to the house and let us out,  
 'Cause we 're jes freezin', nigh about."  
 Well, David swung up to the door  
 And out we piled. And first I heerd  
 Jane's voice; then *Lide's* — I thought afore  
 I reached that girl I 'd jes die, shore;  
 And *when* I reached her, would n't keered  
 Much ef I had, I was so glad,  
 A-kissin' her through my green veil,  
 And jes excitin' her so bad  
 'At *she* broke down, *herse'f* — and Jane  
*She* cried — and we all hugged again.  
 And David — David jes turned pale! —  
 Looked at the girls, and then at me,  
 Then at the open door — and then  
 "Is old Squire Hanch in there?" says he.  
 The old Squire suddently stood in  
 The doorway, with a sneakin' grin.  
 "Is Perry Anders in there, too?"  
 Says David, limberin' all through,  
 As Lide and me both grabbed him, and  
 Perry stepped out and waved his hand  
 And says, "Yes, Pap." And David jes  
 Stooped and kissed Lide, and says, "I guess  
 Your mother 's much to blame as you.  
 Ef *she* kin resk him, *I* kin too."

The dinner we had then hain't no  
 Bit better 'n the one to-day  
 'At we 'll have fer 'em. Hear some sleigh  
 A-jinglin' now.— David, fer *me*,  
 I wish you 'd jes go out and see  
 Ef they 're in sight yit. It jes does  
 Me good to think, in times like these,  
 Lide 's done so well. And David he 's  
 More tractabler 'n what he was  
 Last Christmas was a year ago.

James Whitcomb Riley.



## LONDON.

BY HENRY JAMES.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

### I.



HERE is a certain evening that

I count as virtually a first impression—the end of a wet, black Sunday, eighteen years ago, about the 1st of March.

There had been an earlier vision,

but it had turned gray, like faded ink, and the occasion I speak of was a fresh beginning. I know not whether I had a mystic prescience of how fond of the murky modern Babylon I was one day to become; but as I look back I find every small circumstance of those hours of approach and arrival still as vivid as if the solemnity of an opening era had breathed upon it. The sense of approach was already almost intolerably strong at Liverpool, where, as I remember, the perception of the English character of everything was as acute as a surprise, though it had nothing of surprise in it. It was expectation exquisitely gratified, superabundantly confirmed. There was a kind of wonder, indeed, that England should be as English as, for my entertainment, she took the trouble to be; but the wonder would have been greater, and all the pleasure absent, if the sensation had been less. It seems to sit there again like a visiting presence, as it sat opposite to me at breakfast at a small table in a window of the old coffee-room of the Adelphi Hotel—the unextended (as it then was), the unimproved, un-Americanized Adelphi. Liverpool is not a romantic city, but that smoky Saturday returns to me as a supreme success, measured by its association with the kind of emotion in the hope of which, mainly, we betake ourselves to far countries.

It assumed this character at an early hour,—or rather, indeed, twenty-four hours before,—with the sight, as one looked across the wintry ocean, of the strange, dark, lonely freshness of the coast of Ireland. Better still, before we could come up to the city, were the black steamers knocking about in the yellow Mersey, under a sky so low that they seemed to touch it with their funnels, and in the thickest, windiest light. Spring was already in the air, in the town; there was no rain, but there was still less sun,—one wondered what had become

of it, on this side of the world,—and the gray mildness, shading away into black at every pretext, appeared in itself a promise. This was how it hung about me, between the window and the fire, in the coffee-room of the hotel—late in the morning for breakfast, as we had been long disembarking. The other passengers had dispersed, knowingly catching trains for London (we had only been a handful); I had the place to myself, and I felt as if I had an exclusive property in the impression. I prolonged it, I sacrificed to it, and it is perfectly recoverable now, with the very taste of the national muffin, the creak of the waiter's shoes as he came and went (could anything be so English as his intensely professional back? It revealed a country of tradition), and the rustle of the newspaper I was too excited to read.

I continued to sacrifice for the rest of the day. It did not seem to me a sentient thing, as yet, to inquire into the means of getting away. My inquiries must have remained casual, for I found myself, on the morrow, in the slowest of Sunday trains, pottering up to London with an interruptedness which might have been tedious without the conversation of an old gentleman who shared the carriage with me and to whom my alien, as well as comparatively youthful, character had betrayed itself. He instructed me as to the sights of London, and impressed upon me that nothing was more worthy of my attention than the great cathedral of St. Paul. "Have you seen St. Peter's in Rome? St. Peter's is more highly embellished, you know; but you may depend upon it that St. Paul's is the better building of the two." The impression I began with speaking of was, strictly, that of the drive from Euston, after dark, to Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square. It was not lovely—it was, in fact, rather horrible; but as I move again through dusky, tortuous miles, in the greasy four-wheeler to which my luggage had compelled me to commit myself, I recognize the first step in an initiation of which the subsequent stages were to abound in pleasant things. It is a kind of humiliation, in a great city, not to know where you are going, and Morley's Hotel was then, to my imagination, only a vague ruddy spot in the general immensity. The immensity was

the great fact, and that was a charm; the miles of housetops and viaducts, the complication of junctions and signals through which we made our way to the station, had been already a symptom of it. The weather had turned to wet, and we went deeper and deeper into the Sunday night. The sheep in the fields, on the way from Liverpool, had shown in their demeanor a certain consciousness of the day; but this momentous cab-drive was an introduction to rigidities of custom. The low black houses were as inanimate as so many rows of coal-scuttles, save where at frequent corners, from a gin-shop, there was a flare of light more brutal still than the darkness. The custom of gin—that was equally rigid, and in this first impression the public-houses counted for much.

Morley's Hotel proved indeed to be a ruddy spot; brilliant, in my recollections, is the coffee-room fire, the hospitable mahogany, the sense that in the stupendous city this, at any rate, for the hour, was a shelter and a point of view. My remembrance of the evening, afterward,—I was probably very tired,—is mainly a remembrance of a four-poster. My little bedroom-candle, set in its deep basin, caused this monument to project a huge shadow and to make me think, I scarce knew why, of the "Ingoldsby Legends." If at a tolerably early hour the next day I found myself approaching St. Paul's, it was not wholly in obedience to the old gentleman in the railway-carriage; I had an errand in the City, and the City was doubtless prodigious. But what I mainly recall is the romantic consciousness of passing under Temple Bar and the way two lines of "Henry Esmond" repeated themselves in my mind as I drew near to the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren. "The stout, red-faced woman" whom Esmond had seen tearing after the staghounds over the slopes at Windsor was not a bit like the effigy "which turns its stony back upon St. Paul's and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill." As I looked at Queen Anne over the apron of my hansom—she struck me as very small and black, and the vehicle ascended the mild incline without an effort—it was a thrilling thought that the statue had been familiar to the hero of the incomparable novel. All history appeared to live again, and the continuity of things to vibrate through my mind.

To this hour, as I pass along the Strand, I recall the walk I took there that afternoon. I love the place to-day, and that was the commencement of my passion. It appeared to me to present phenomena, and to contain objects, of every kind, of an inexhaustible interest; in particular it struck me as desirable,

and even indispensable, that I should purchase most of the articles in most of the shops. My eyes rest with a certain tenderness on the places where I resisted and on those where I succumbed. The fragrance of Mr. Rimmel's establishment is again in my nostrils; I see the slim young lady (I hear her pronunciation) who waited upon me there. Sacred to me to-day is the particular aroma of the hair-wash that I bought of her. I pause before the granite portico of Exeter Hall (it was unexpectedly narrow and wedge-like). It invokes a cloud of associations which are none the less impressive because they are vague: they come from I don't know where—from "Punch," from Thackeray, from old volumes of the "Illustrated London News" turned over in childhood; they seem connected with Mrs. Beecher Stowe and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Memorable is a rush I made into a hosier and glover's at Charing Cross—the one you pass going eastward, just before you turn into the station; that, however, now that I think of it, must have been in the morning, as soon as I issued from the hotel. Keen within me was a sense of the importance of despoiling and ravaging the shop.

A day or two later, in the afternoon, I found myself staring at my fire, in a lodging of which I had taken possession on foreseeing that I should spend some weeks in London. I had just come in, and, having attended to the distribution of my luggage, sat down to consider my habitation. It was on the ground-floor, and the fading daylight reached it in a sadly damaged condition. It struck me as stuffy and unsocial, with its moldy smell and its decoration of lithographs and wax-flowers—an impersonal black hole in the huge general blackness. The uproar of Piccadilly hummed away at the end of the street, and the rattle of a heartless hansom passed close to my ears. A sudden horror of the whole place came over me, like a tiger-pounce of homesickness which had been watching its moment. London was hideous, vicious, cruel, and, above all, overwhelming; whether or no she was "careful of the type," she was as indifferent as Nature herself to the single life. In the course of an hour I should have to go out to my dinner, which was not supplied on the premises, and that effort assumed the form of a desperate and dangerous quest. It appeared to me that I would rather remain dinnerless, would rather even starve, than sally forth into the infernal town, where the natural fate of an obscure stranger would be to be trampled to death in Piccadilly and his carcass thrown into the Thames. I did not starve, however, and I eventually attached myself by a hundred human ties to the dreadful, delightful city. That





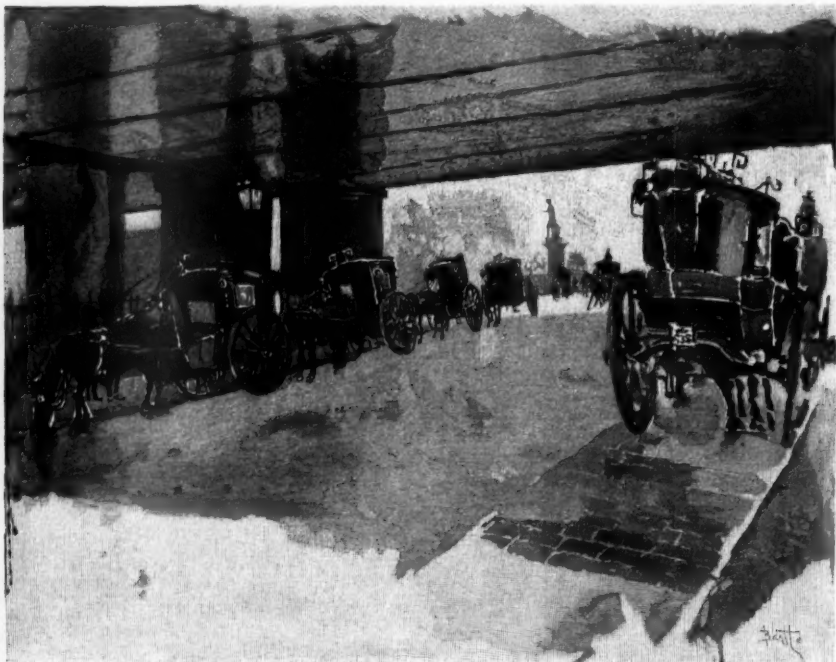
CHARING CROSS STATION.

momentary vision of its smeared face and stony heart has remained memorable to me; but I am happy to say that I can easily evoke others.

## II.

It is no doubt not the taste of every one, but for the real London-lover the mere immensity of the place is a large part of its merit. A small London would be an abomination, and fortunately is an impossibility, as the idea and the name are beyond everything an expression of extent and number. Practically, of course, one lives in a quarter, in a plot; but in imagination, and by a constant mental act of refer-

the eyes which, at least in some measure, feed its activity are, fortunately for the common advantage, solicited, at any moment, by a thousand different objects. If the place is big, everything it contains is certainly not so; but this may at least be said, that if small things are noticed and talked of, they are not noticed and talked of long. There are too many items, small or great; and each day, as it arrives, leads its children, like a kind of mendicant mother, by the hand. Therefore perhaps the most general characteristic is the absence of insistence. Habits and inclinations flourish and fall, but that is never one of them. The spirit of the great city is not analytic, and, as they



A CAB STAND.

ence, the sympathizing resident inhabits the whole—and it is only of him that I deem it worth while to speak. He fancies himself, as they say, for being a particle in so unequaled an aggregation; and its immeasurable circumference, even though unvisited and lost in smoke, gives him a sense of social and intellectual elbow-room. There is a luxury in the knowledge that he may come and go without being noticed, even when his comings and goings have no nefarious end. I do not mean by this that the tongue of London is not a very active member; the tongue of London would indeed be worthy of a chapter by itself. But

come up, subjects do not receive at its hands a treatment that in some other communities would be deemed earnest or exhaustive. There are few—of which London disposes with the assurance begotten of its large experience—as to which a good deal does not remain to be more patiently and tenderly considered elsewhere. It takes a very great affair, like the Irish question or a divorce case lasting many days, to be fully threshed out. (The London mind, when it aspires to show what it really can do, lives in the hope of a new divorce case, and an indulgent providence—London is positively, in certain ways, a spoiled child—



IN THE UNDERGROUND STATION.

usually does not keep it waiting long for its opportunity.)

The compensation is that things do come up; that there is great variety, if not morbid intensity; and that the whole of the procession of events and topics passes across your stage. For the moment I am speaking of the inspiration there may be in the sense of far frontiers; the London-lover loses himself in it, delights in the idea that the town which incloses him is, after all, a kind of country—a state by itself. This is his condition of mind quite as much if he be an adoptive as if he be a matter-of-course son. I am by no means sure, even, that he need be of Anglo-Saxon race and have inherited the birthright of English speech; though, on the other hand, I make no doubt that these advantages minister greatly to closeness of allegiance. The great city spreads her dusky mantle over innumerable races and creeds, and I believe there is scarcely a known form of worship that has not some temple there—have I not attended at the Church of Humanity, in Lamb's Conduit, in company with an American lady, a vague old gentleman, and several seamstresses?—or any communion of men that has not some club or guild. London is indeed an epitome of the round world, and just as it is a commonplace to say that there is

nothing one cannot “get” there, so it is equally true that there is nothing one cannot study at first hand.

One does not test these truths every day, but they form part of the air one breathes (and welcome, says the London-hater,—for there *is* such a benighted animal,—to the pestilent compound). They color the thick, dim distances, which in my opinion are the most romantic town-vistas in the world; they mingle with the troubled light to which the straight, ungarnished aperture in one's dull, undistinctive house-front affords a passage, and which makes an interior of friendly corners, of mysterious tones, and of unbetrayered ingenuities, as well as with the magnificent thick medium of the sky, where the smoke and the fog and the weather in general, the strangely undefined hour of the day and season of the year, the emanations of industries and the reflection of furnaces, the red gleams and blurs that may or may not be of sunset,—as you never see the orb of day, you can't in the least tell,—all hang together in a confusion, a complication, a shifting but irremovable canopy. They form the undertone of the deep, perpetual voice of the place. One remembers them when one's patriotism is on the defensive; when it is a question of introducing as many striking features as possible



BOW BELLS, CHEAPSIDE.

into the list of fine reasons one has sometimes to draw up, that eloquent catalogue with which one confronts the hostile indictment,—the array of *other* reasons,—it may easily be as long as one's arm. According to these other reasons it plausibly and conclusively stands that London is the most detestable spot on earth. I don't say it is necessary to meet so absurd an allegation, except for one's personal complacency. If the indifference of the dear old city is even greater than her curiosity, you may avail your-

self of your own share in it simply to feel that if such and such a person does n't appreciate London, so much the worse for such and such a person. But once in a while the best believer recognizes the impulse to set his religion in order, to sweep the temple of his thoughts, and trim the sacred lamp. It is at such hours as this that he reflects with elation that the British capital is the particular spot in the world which enjoys the greatest sense of life.



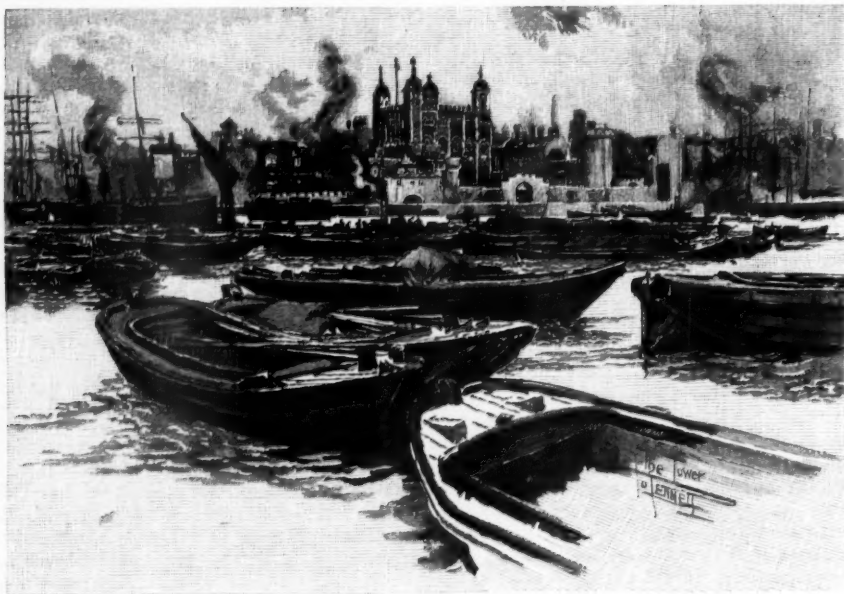
## III.

THE reader will perceive that I do not shrink even from the extreme concession of speaking of it as the British capital, and this in a shameless connection with the question of "patriotism" on the part of an adoptive son. For I hasten to explain that if half the source of one's interest in it comes from feeling that it is the property, and even the home, of the human race,—Hawthorne, that best of Americans, says so somewhere, and places it, in this sense, side by side with Rome,—one's appreciation of it is really a large sympathy, a comprehensive love, of humanity. For the sake of such a charity as this one may stretch one's patriotism; and the most alien of the cockneyfied, though he may bristle with every protest at the intimation that England has set its stamp upon him, is free to admit, with conscious pride, that he has submitted to Londonization. The British capital I have called it; which is but a way of saying that it is a stroke of luck for a particular country that the capital of the human race happens to be British. Surely every other people would have it theirs if they could. Whether the English deserve to hold it any longer might be an interesting field of inquiry; but as they have not yet let it slip, the writer of these lines without scruple professes that the arrangement is to his personal taste. For, after all, if the sense of life is greatest there, it is a sense of the life of people of our incomparable English speech. It is the headquarters of that inestimable tongue; and I make this remark with a full sense of the terrible way in which the idiom is misused by the populace in general, than whom if there be a race of more vulgar and abominable tone I know it not. For a man of letters who endeavors to cultivate, however modestly, the medium of Shakspere and Milton, of Hawthorne and Emerson, who cherishes the notion of what it has achieved and what it may even yet achieve, London must ever have a great illustrative and suggestive value, and indeed a kind of sanctity. It is the single place in which most readers, most possible lovers, are gathered together; it is the most inclusive public and the largest social incarnation of the language, of the tradition. Such a personage may well let it go for this and leave the German and the Greek to speak for themselves, to express the grounds of *their* predilection, presumably very different.

When a social product is so vast and various it may be approached on a thousand different sides, and liked, and disliked, for a thousand different reasons. The reasons of Piccadilly are not those of Camden Town, nor are the curiosities and discouragements of Kilburn the same as those of Westminster

and Lambeth. The reasons of Piccadilly—I mean the friendly ones—are those of which, as a general thing, the rooted visitor remains most conscious; but it must be confessed that even these, for the most part, do not lie upon the surface. The absence of style, or rather of the intention of style, is certainly the most general characteristic of the face of London. To cross to Paris, under this impression, is to find one's self surrounded with far other standards. There everything reminds you that the idea of beautiful and stately arrangement has never been out of fashion, that the art of composition has always been at work or at play. Avenues and squares, gardens and quays, have been distributed for effect, and to-day the splendid city reaps the accumulation of all this ingenuity. The result is not in every quarter interesting, and there is a tiresome monotony of the "fine" and the symmetrical, above all of the deathly passion for making things "to match." On the other hand the whole air of the place is architectural. On the banks of the Thames it is a tremendous chapter of accidents—the London-lover has to confess to the existence of miles upon miles of the dreariest, stodgiest commonness. Thousands of acres are covered by low black houses, of the cheapest construction, without ornament, without grace, without character or even identity. In fact, there are many, even in the best quarters, in all the region of Mayfair and Belgravia, of so paltry and inconvenient, and above all of so diminutive, a type (those that are let in lodgings—such poor lodgings as they make—may serve as an example), that one wonders what peculiarly limited domestic need they were constructed to meet. The great misfortune of London, to the eye (it is true that this remark applies much less to the City), is the want of elevation. There is no architectural impression without a certain degree of height, and the London street-vista has none of that sort of pride.

All the same, if there is not the intention, there is at least the accident, of style, which, if one looks at it in a friendly way, appears to proceed from three sources. One of these is simply the general greatness, and the manner in which that makes a difference for the better in any particular spot, so that though you may often perceive yourself to be in a shabby corner it never occurs to you that that is the end of it. Another is the atmosphere, with its magnificent mystifications, which flatters and superfuses, makes everything brown, rich, dim, vague, magnifies distances and minimizes details, confirms the inference of vastness by suggesting that, as the great city makes everything, it makes its own system of weather and its own optical laws. The last is the congrega-



THE TOWER FROM SURREY SIDE—FLOOD TIDE.

tion of the parks, which constitute an ornament not elsewhere to be matched and give the place a superiority which none of its uglinesses overcome. They spread themselves with such a luxury of space in the center of the town that they form a part of the impression of any walk, of almost any view, and, with an audacity altogether their own, make a pastoral landscape under the smoky sky. There is no mood of the rich London climate that is not becoming to them,—I have seen them look delightfully romantic, like parks in novels, in the wettest winter,—and there is scarcely a mood of the appreciative resident to which they have not something to say. The high things of London, which here and there peep over them, only make the spaces vaster by reminding you that you are after all not in Kent or Yorkshire; and these things, whatever they be, rows of “eligible” dwellings, towers of churches, domes of institutions, take such a capital gray-blue tint that a clever water-colorist would seem to have put them in for pictorial reasons.

The view from the bridge over the Serpentine has an extraordinary nobleness, and it has often seemed to me that the Londoner twitted with his low standard may point to it with every confidence. In all the town-scenery of Europe there can be few things so fine; the only reproach it is open to is that it begs the question by seeming—in spite of its being the pride of four millions of people—not to belong

to a town at all. The towers of Notre Dame, as they rise, in Paris, from the island that divides the Seine, present themselves no more impressively than those of Westminster, as you see them looking doubly far beyond the shining stretch of Hyde Park water. There is something admirable in the large, river-like manner in which the Serpentine opens away between its wooded shores. Just after you have crossed the bridge (whose very banisters, old and ornamental, of yellowish-brown stone, I am very fond of), you enjoy on your left, through the gate of Kensington Gardens, as you go towards Bayswater, an altogether enchanting vista—a footpath over the turf, which loses itself beneath the scattered oaks and elms in a fashion inexpressibly park-like. There could be nothing less like London, in general, than this particular “bit,” and yet it takes London, of all cities, to give you such an impression of the country.

## IV.

It takes London to put you in the way of a purely rustic walk from Notting Hill to Whitehall. You may traverse this immense distance—a most comprehensive diagonal—altogether on soft fine turf, amid the song of birds, the bleat of lambs, the ripple of ponds, and the rustle of admirable trees. Frequently have I wished that, for the sake of this daily luxury, and of exercise made so romantic, I

were a government clerk living, in snug domestic conditions, in Pembroke Villas,—let me suppose,—and having my matutinal desk in Westminster. I should turn into Kensington Gardens at their north-west limit, and I should have my choice of a hundred pleasant paths to the gates of Hyde Park. In Hyde Park I should follow the waterside, or the Row, or any other fancy of the occasion; liking best perhaps, after all, the Row in its morning mood, with the mist hanging over the dark red course, and the scattered early riders taking an identity as the soundless gallop brings them nearer. I am free to admit that in the season, at the conventional hours, the Row becomes a wear-

empty benches and chairs, its occasional orange-peel, its mounted policemen patrolling at intervals like expectant supernumeraries, it offers a considerable analogy to a circus with the lamps out. The sky that bends over it is frequently not a bad imitation of the dingy tent of such an establishment. The ghosts of past cavalcades seem to haunt the foggy arena, and somehow they are better company than the mashers and elongated beauties of current seasons. It is not without interest to remember that most of the salient figures of English society during the present century—and English society means, or rather has hitherto meant, in a large degree English history—have bobbed



THE TOWERS OF WESTMINSTER.

ness (save perhaps just for a glimpse, once a year, to remind one's self how much it is like Du Maurier); the preoccupied citizen eschews it and leaves it, for the most part, to the gaping barbarian. I speak of it now from the point of view of the pedestrian; but for the rider as well it is at its best when he passes either too early or too late. Then, if he be not bent on comparing it, to its disadvantage, with the boskier and remoter alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, it will not be spoiled by the fact that, with its surface that looks like tan, its barriers like those of the ring on which the clown stands to hold up the hoop to the young lady, its

in the saddle between Apsley House and Queen's Gate. You may call the roll if you care to, and the air will be thick with dumb voices and dead names, like that of some Roman amphitheater.

It is doubtless a signal proof of being a London-lover *quand même* that one should undertake an apology for so bungled an attempt at a great public place as Hyde Park Corner. It is certain that the improvements and embellishments recently enacted there have only served to call further attention to the poverty of the elements and to the fact that this poverty is terribly illustrative of gen-



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

eral conditions. The place is the beating heart of the great West End, yet its main features are a shabby, stuccoed hospital, the low park-gates, in their neat but unimposing frame, the drawing-room windows of Apsley House and of the commonplace residential façades on the little terrace beside it; to which must be added, of course, the only item in the whole prospect that is in the least monumental—the arch spanning the private road which skirts the gardens of Buckingham Palace. This structure is now bereaved of the rueful effigy which used to surmount it,—the Iron Duke in the guise of a tin soldier,—and has not been enriched by the transaction as much as might have been expected. There is a fine view of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, and of the noble mansions, as the house-agents call them, of Grosvenor Place, together with a sense of generous space beyond the vulgar little railing of the Green Park; but except for the impression that there would be room for something better, there is nothing in all this that speaks to the imagination; almost as much as the grimy desert of Trafalgar Square the prospect conveys the idea of an opportunity wasted.

All the same, on a fine day in spring, it has an expressiveness of which I shall not pretend to explain the source further than to say that the flood of life and luxury is immeasurably great there. The edifices are mean, but the social stream itself is monumental, and to an observer not positively stolid there is more excitement and suggestion than I can give a reason for in the long, distributed waves of

traffic, with the steady policeman marking their rhythm, which roll together and apart for so many hours. Then the great dim city becomes bright and kind, the pall of smoke turns into a veil of haze, carelessly worn, the air is colored, and almost scented, by the presence of the biggest society in the world, and most of the things that meet the eye—or perhaps I should say more of them, for the most, in London, is no doubt ever the realm of the dingy—present themselves as “well appointed.” Everything shines more or less, from the window-panes to the dog-collars. So it all looks, with its myriad variations and qualifications, to one who surveys it over the apron of a hansom, while that vehicle of vantage, better than any box at the opera, spurts and slackens with the current.

It is not in a hansom, however, that we have figured our punctual young man, whom we must not desert, as he fares to the south-east, and who has only to cross Hyde Park Corner to find his way all grassy again. I have a weakness for the convenient, familiar, treeless, or almost treeless, expanse of the Green Park and the friendly part it plays as a kind of encouragement to Piccadilly. I am so fond of Piccadilly that I am grateful to any one or any thing that does it a service, and nothing is more worthy of appreciation than the southward look it is permitted to enjoy just after it passes Devonshire House—a sweep of horizon which it would be difficult to match among other haunts of men, and thanks to which, of a summer's day, you may spy, beyond the browsed pastures of the foreground and





PICCADILLY.

middle distance, beyond the cold chimneys of Buckingham Palace, and the towers of Westminster, and the swarming riverside, and all the southern parishes, the hard modern twinkle of the roof of the Crystal Palace.

If the Green Park is familiar, there is still less of the exclusive in its pendant, as one may call it,—for it literally hangs from the other, down the hill,—the remnant of the former garden of the queer, shabby old palace whose

black, inelegant face stares up St. James's street. This popular resort has a great deal of character, but I am free to confess that much of its character comes from its nearness to the Westminster slums. It is a park of intimacy, and perhaps the most democratic corner of London, in spite of its being in the royal and military quarter and close to all kinds of state-  
liness. There are few hours of the day when a thousand smutty children are not sprawling

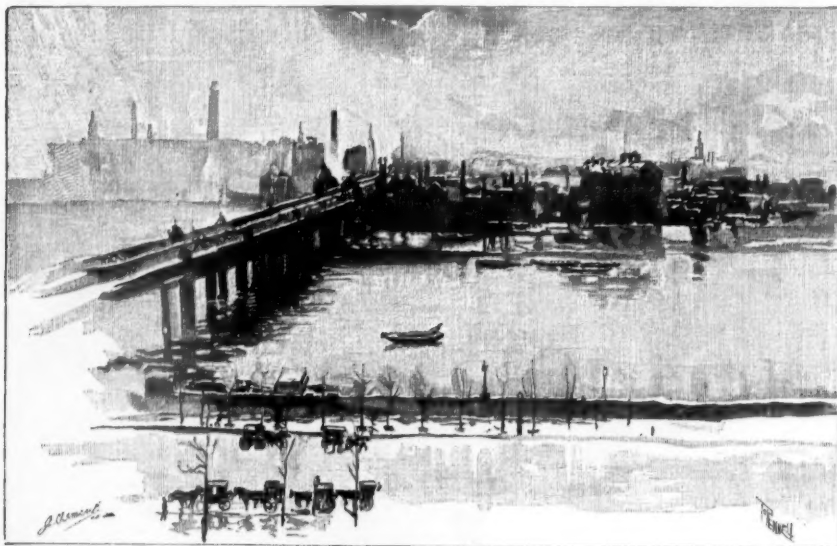
over it, and the unemployed lie thick on the grass and cover the benches with a brotherhood of greasy corduroys. If the London parks are the drawing-rooms and clubs of the poor,—that is, of those poor (I admit it cuts down the number) who live near enough to them to reach them,—these particular grass-plots and alleys may be said to constitute the very *salon* of the slums.

I know not why, being such a region of

nothing left but to go on to his work—which he will find close at hand. He will have come the whole way from the far north-west on the turf, which is what was to be demonstrated.

v.

I FEEL as if I were taking a tone almost of boastfulness, and no doubt the best way to consider the matter is simply to say — without



SOUTH LONDON.

greatness,—great towers, great names, great memories; at the foot of the Abbey the Parliament, the fine fragment of Whitehall, with the quarters of the Guards of the sovereign right and left,—but the edge of Westminster evokes as many associations of misery as of empire. The neighborhood has been much purified of late, but it still contains a collection of specimens—though it is far from unique in this—of the low black element. The air always seems to me heavy and thick, and here more than elsewhere one hears old England—the panting, smoke-stained Titan of Matthew Arnold's fine poem—draw her breath with effort. In fact one is nearer to her heroic lungs, if those organs are figured by the great pinnacled and fretted talking-house on the edge of the river. But this same dense and conscious air plays such everlasting tricks to the eye that the Foreign Office, as you see it from the bridge, often looks romantic, and the sheet of water it overhangs poetic—suggests an Indian palace bathing its feet in the Ganges. If our pedestrian achieves such a comparison as this, he has

going into the treachery of reasons—that, for one's self, one likes this part or the other. Yet this course would not be unattended with danger, inasmuch as at the end of a few such professions we might find ourselves committed to a tolerance of much that is deplorable. London is so clumsy and brutal, and has gathered together so many of the darkest sides of life, that it is almost ridiculous to talk of her as a lover talks of his mistress, and almost frivolous to appear to ignore her disfigurements and cruelties. She is like a mighty ogress who devours human flesh; but to me it is a mitigating circumstance—though it may not seem so to every one—that the ogress herself is human. It is not in wantonness that she fills her maw, but to keep herself alive and do her tremendous work. She has no time for fine discriminations, but after all she is as good-natured as she is huge, and the more you stand up to her, as the phrase is, the better she takes the joke of it. It is mainly when you fall on your face before her that she gobbles you up. She does not care much what she takes, so long as

she has her stint, and the smallest push to the right or the left will divert her wavering bulk from one form of prey to another. It is not to be denied that the heart tends to grow hard in her company; but she is a capital antidote to the morbid, and to live with her successfully is an education of the temper, a consecration of one's private philosophy. She gives one a surface for which in a rough world one can never be too thankful. She may take away reputations, but she forms character. She teaches her victims not to "mind," and the great danger, with her, is perhaps that they shall learn the lesson too well.

It is sometimes a wonder to ascertain what they do mind, the best-seasoned of her children. Many of them assist, without winking, at the most unfathomable dramas, and the common speech of others denotes a familiarity with the horrible. It is her theory that she both produces and appreciates the exquisite; but if you catch her in flagrant repudiation of both responsibilities and confront her with the shortcoming, she gives you a look, with a shrug of her colossal shoulders, which establishes a private relation with you for evermore. She seems to say, "Do you really take me so seriously as that, you dear, devoted, voluntary dupe, and don't you know what an immeasurable humbug I am?" You reply that you shall know it henceforth; but your tone is good-natured, with a touch of the cynicism that she herself has taught you; for you are aware that if she makes herself out better than she is, she also makes herself out much worse. She is immensely democratic, and that, no doubt, is part of the manner in which she is salutary to the individual; she teaches him his "place" by an incomparable discipline, but deprives him of complaint by letting him see that she has exactly the same *ferule* for every one else. When he has swallowed the lesson he may enjoy the rude but unfailing justice by which, under her eye, reputations and positions elsewhere esteemed great are reduced to the relative. There are so many reputations, so many positions, that supereminence breaks down, and it is difficult to be so rare that London can't match you. It is a part of her good-nature, and one of her clumsy coquetties, to pretend, sometimes, that she really can't, as when she takes it into her head to hunt the lion or form a ring round a celebrity. But this artifice is so transparent that the lion must be very candid or the celebrity very obscure to be taken by it. The business is altogether subjective, as the philosophers say, and the great city is primarily looking after herself. Celebrities are convenient,—they are one of the things that people can be asked to "meet,"—and lion-cutlets, put upon the ice, will nourish a family through periods of dearth.

This is what I mean by calling London democratic. You may be in it, of course, without being of it; but from the moment you *are* of it,—and on this point your own sense will soon enough enlighten you,—you belong to a body in which a general equality prevails. However exalted, however able, however rich, however renowned you may be, there are too many people at least as much so for your own idiosyncrasies to count. I think it is only by being beautiful that you may really prevail very much; for the loveliness of woman it has long been noticeable that London will go most out of her way. It is when she hunts that particular lion that she becomes most dangerous; then there are really moments when you would believe, for all the world, that she is thinking of what she can give, not of what she can get. Professional beauties, before this, have paid for believing it, and will continue to pay in the future. On the whole, the people who are least deceived are perhaps those who have permitted themselves to believe, in their own interest, that poverty is not a disgrace. It is certainly not considered so in London, and indeed it is difficult to see where—in virtue of diffusion—it would more naturally be exempt. The possession of money is of course immensely an advantage, but that is a very different thing from the lack of it being a disqualification.

Good-natured in so many things in spite of her cynical tongue, and easy-going in spite of her tremendous pace, there is nothing in which the large indulgence of the town is more shown than in the liberal way she looks at obligations of hospitality and the margin she allows in these and cognate matters. She wants, above all, to be amused; she keeps her books loosely, does n't stand on small questions of a chop for a chop, and if there be any chance of people proving a diversion, does n't know, or remember, or care whether they have "called." She forgets even if she herself has called. In matters of ceremony she takes and gives a long rope, and wastes no time in phrases and circumvallations. It is no doubt incontestable that one result of her inability to stand upon trifles and consider details is that she has been obliged in some ways to lower, rather portentously, the standard of her manners. She cultivates the abrupt,—for even when she asks you to dine a month ahead, the invitation goes off like the crack of a pistol,—and approaches her ends not exactly *par quatre chemins*. She does not pretend to attach importance to the lesson conveyed in Matthew Arnold's poem of "The Sick King in Bokhara," that

Though we snatch what we desire,  
We may not snatch it eagerly.



WET EVENING, PARLIAMENT SQUARE—HOUSE SITTING.

London snatches it eagerly, if that is the only way she can get it. Good manners are a succession of details, and I don't mean to say that she does n't attend to them—when she has time. Perhaps the matter of note-writing is as good an example as another of what certain of the elder traditions inevitably have become in her hands. She lives by notes—they are her very heart-beats; but those that bear her signature are as disjointed as the ravings of delirium, and have nothing but a postage stamp in common with the epistolary art.

## VI.

If she does n't go into particulars, it may seem a very presumptuous act to have attempted to do so on her behalf, and the reader will doubtless think I have been punished by having egregiously failed in my enumeration. And, indeed, nothing could well be more difficult than to add up the items—the column would be altogether too long. One may have dreamed of turning the glow—if glow it be—of one's lantern on each successive fact of the jewel; but, after all, it may be success enough if a confusion of brightness is the result. One has not the alternative of speaking of London as a whole, for the simple reason that there is

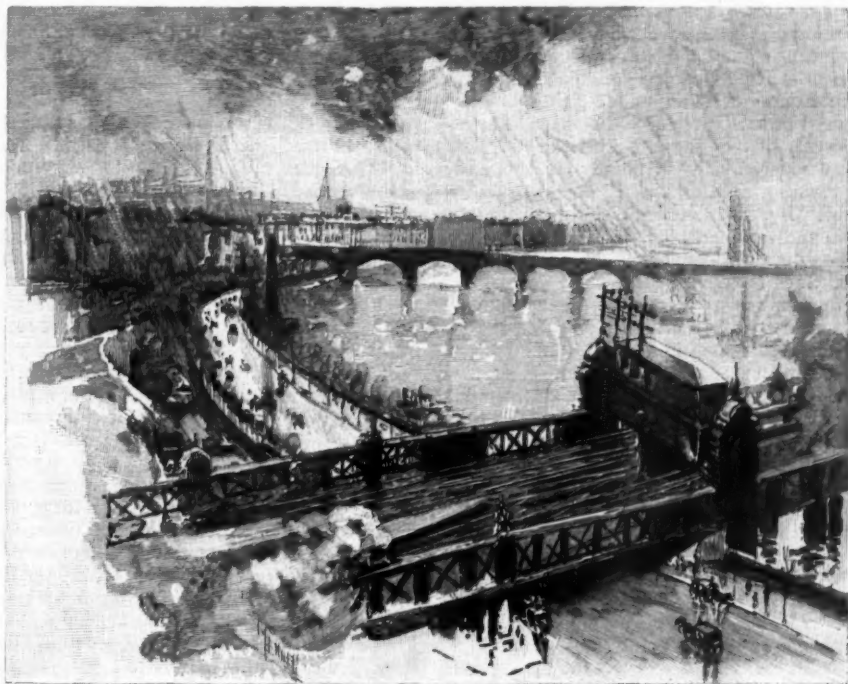
no such thing as the whole of it. It is immeasurable—you never arrive at the end. Rather, it is a collection of many wholes, and of which of them is it most important to speak? Therefore there must be a choice, and I know of none more scientific than simply to leave out what we may have to apologize for. The uglinesses, the "rookeries," the brutalities, the night aspect of many of the streets, the gin-shops and the hour when they are cleared out before closing—there are many elements of this kind which have to be counted out before a genial picture can be painted.

And yet I should not go so far as to say that it is a condition of such geniality to close one's eyes upon the immense misery; on the contrary, I think it is partly because we are irremediably conscious of that dark gulf that the most general appeal of the great city remains exactly what it is, the largest chapter of human accidents. I have no idea of what the future evolution of the strangely mingled monster may be; whether the poor will improve away the rich, or the rich will appropriate the poor, or they will continue to dwell together on their present imperfect terms of intercourse. Certain it is, at any rate, that the impression of suffering is a part of the general response; it is one of the things that mingle



with all the others to make the sound that is supremely dear to the consistent London-lover—the rumble of the tremendous human mill. This is the note which, in all its modulations, haunts and fascinates and inspires him. And whether or no he may succeed in keeping the misery out of the picture, he will freely confess that the latter is not spoiled for him by some of its duskiest shades. We do not like London well enough till we like its defects:

when the weather is vile, of one of the big square clubs in Pall Mall. I can give no adequate account of the subtle poetry of such reminiscences; it depends upon associations of which we have often lost the thread. The wide colonnade of the Museum, its symmetrical wings, the high iron fence, in its granite setting, the sense of the misty halls within, where all its treasures lie—these things loom through a thickness of atmosphere which does n't make



SOMERSET HOUSE, FROM CHARING CROSS.

the dense darkness of much of its winter, the soot in the chimney-pots,—and everywhere else,—the early lamplight, the brown blur of the houses, the splashing of hansoms in Oxford street or the Strand on December afternoons.

There is still something to me that recalls the enchantments of children—the anticipation of Christmas, the delight of a holiday walk—in the way the shop-fronts shine into the fog. It makes each of them seem a little world of light and warmth, and I can still waste time in looking at them, with dirty Bloomsbury on one side and dirtier Soho on the other. There are winter effects, not intrinsically sweet, it would appear, which somehow touch the chords of memory, and even the fount of tears, in absence: as, for instance, the front of the British Museum on a black afternoon, or the portico,

them dreary, but on the contrary imparts to them something of a cheer of red lights in a storm. I think the romance of a winter afternoon in London arises partly from the fact that, when it is not altogether smothered, the general lamplight takes this hue of hospitality. Such is the color of the interior glow of the clubs in Pall Mall, which I positively like best when the fog loiters upon their monumental staircases.

In saying just now that these retreats may easily be, for the exile, part of the phantasmagoria of homesickness, I did not allude simply to their solemn outsides. If they are still more solemn within, that does not make them any less dear in retrospect, at least to a visitor who is bent upon liking his London to the end. What is the solemnity but a tribute to your

nerves, and the stillness but a refined proof of intensity of life? To produce such results as these the balance of many tastes must be struck, and that is only possible in a very high civilization. If I seem to intimate that this last abstract term must be the cheer of him who has lonely possession of a foggy library, without even the excitement of watching for some one to put down the magazine he wants, I am willing to let the supposition pass, for the appreciation of a London club at one of the empty seasons is nothing but the strong expression of a preference for the great city—by no means so unsociable as it may superficially appear—at periods of relative abandonment. The London year is studded with holidays, blessed little islands of comparative leisure—intervals of absence for good society. Then the wonderful English faculty for “going out of town for a little change” comes into illimitable play, and families transport their nurseries and their bath-tubs to those rural scenes which form the real substratum of the national life. Such moments as these are the paradise of the genuine London-lover, for then he finds himself face to face with the object of his passion; he can give himself up to an intercourse which at other times is obstructed by his rivals. Then every one he knows is out of town, and the exhilarating sense of the presence of every one he does not know becomes by so much the deeper.

This is why I consider that satisfaction not an unsociable, but a positively sociable, emotion. It is the mood in which he most measures the immense humanity of the place, and in which its limits recede farthest into a dimness peopled with possible illustrations. For his acquaintance, however numerous it may be, is finite; whereas the other, the unvisited London, is infinite. It is one of his pleasures to think of the experiments and excursions he may make in it, even when these adventures don't particularly come off. The friendly fog seems to protect and enrich them—to add both to the mystery and the security, so that it is most in the winter months that the imagination weaves such delights. They reach their climax, perhaps, during the strictly social desolation of Christmas week, when the country-houses are filled at the expense of the metropolis. Then it is that I am most haunted with the London of Dickens, feel most as if it were still recoverable, still exhaling its queerness in patches perceptible to the appreciative. Then the big fires blaze in the foggy void of the clubs, and the new books on the tables say, “Now at last you have time to read me,” and the afternoon tea and toast, and the lonely old gentleman who wakes up from a doze to order potash-water, appear to make the assurance

good. It is not a small matter, either, to a man of letters, that this is the best time for writing, and that during the lamplit days the white page he tries to blacken becomes, on his table, in the circle of the lamp, with the screen of the fog folding him in, more vivid and fruitful. Those to whom it is forbidden to sit up to work in the small hours may, in London, between November and March, enjoy a semblance of this luxury in the morning. The weather makes a kind of sedentary midnight and muffles the possible interruptions. It is bad for the eyesight, but it is excellent for the imagination.

## VII.

OF course it is too much to say that all the satisfaction of living in London comes from actually being there, for it is not a paradox that a great deal of it consists in getting away. It is almost easier to leave it than not to, and much of its richness and interest comes from its ramifications—the fact that all England is in a suburban relation to it. Such an affair it is, in comparison, to get away from Paris or to get into it. London melts by wide, ugly zones into the green country, and becomes pretty insidiously, without exactly knowing it. It is the spoiling, perhaps, of the country, but it is the making of the insatiable town, and if one is a helpless and shameless cockney that is all one is obliged to look at. Anything is excusable which enlarges one's civic consciousness. It ministers immensely to that of the London-lover that, thanks to the tremendous system of coming and going, to the active hospitable habits of the people, to the elaboration of the railway service, the frequency and rapidity of trains, and last, though not least, to the fact that much of the loveliest scenery in England lies within a radius of fifty miles—thanks to all this he has the rural picturesque at his door and may cultivate unlimited vagueness as to the line of division between the center and the margin. It is perfectly open to him to consider the remainder of the United Kingdom, or the British empire in general, or even, if he be an American, the total of the English-speaking territories of the globe, as the margin of the agglomeration on the Thames.

Is it for this reason—because I like to think how great we all are together, in the light of heaven and the face of the rest of the world, with the bond of our glorious tongue, in which we labor to write articles and books for each other's candid perusal, how great we all are and how great is the great city which we may unite, fraternally, to regard as the capital of our race—is it for this that I have a singular kindness for the London railway-stations, that I like them in themselves, that they interest



SUNSET IN OXFORD STREET.

and fascinate me, and that I view them with complacency even when I wish neither to depart nor to arrive? They remind me of all our reciprocities and activities, our energies and curiosities, and our being all distinguished together from other people by our great common stamp of perpetual motion, our passion for seas and deserts and the other side of the globe, the secret of the impression of strength—I don't say of social roundness and finish—that we produce in any collection of Anglo-Saxon types. If in the beloved foggy season I delight in the spectacle of Paddington, Euston, or Waterloo,—I confess I prefer the northern stations,—I am prepared to defend myself against the charge of puerility; for what I seek, and find, in these vulgar scenes is at

bottom simply so much evidence of our larger way of looking at life. The exhibition of variety of type is, in general, one of the bribes by which London induces you to condone her abominations, and the railway-platform is a kind of compendium of that variety. I think that nowhere so much as in London do people wear—to the eye of observation—definite signs of the sort of people they may be. If you like above all things to know the sort, you hail this fact with joy; you recognize that if the English are immensely distinct from other people, they are also, socially,—and that brings with it, in England, a train of moral and intellectual consequences,—extremely distinct from each other. You may see them all together, with the rich coloring of their dif-

ferences, in the fine flare of one of Mr. W. H. Smith's bookstalls—a feature not to be omitted in any enumeration of the charms of Paddington and Euston. It is a focus of warmth and light in the vast smoky cavern; it gives the idea that literature is a thing of splendor, of a dazzling essence, of infinite gaslit red and gold. A glamour hangs over the glittering booth, and a tantalizing air of clever new things. How brilliant must the books all

otherwise than with the mass. There is too little of the loose change of time; every half-hour has its preappointed use, written down, month by month, in a little book. As I intimated, however, the pages of this volume exhibit, from August to November, an attractive blankness; they represent the season during which you may taste of that highest kind of inspiration, the inspiration of the moment.

This is doubtless what a gentleman had in



LIMEHOUSE.

be, how veracious and courteous the fresh, pure journals! Of a Saturday afternoon, as you wait in your corner of the compartment for the starting of the train, the window makes a frame for the glowing picture. I say of a Saturday afternoon, because that is the most characteristic time—it speaks most of the constant circulation, and in particular of the quick jump, by express, just before dinner, for the Sunday, into the hall of the country-house and the farms of closer friendliness, the prolonged talks, the familiarizing walks, which London excludes.

There is the emptiness of summer as well, when you may have the town to yourself, and I would discourse of it—counting the summer from the 1st of August—were it not that it seems ungracious to insist so much on the negative phases. In truth they become positive in another manner, and I have an endearing recollection of certain happy accidents, at the only period when London life may be said to admit of accident. It is the most luxurious existence in the world, but of that especial luxury—the unexpected, the extemporized—it has, in general, too little. In a very tight crowd you can't scratch your leg, and in London the social pressure is so great that it is difficult to deflect from the perpendicular or to move

mind who once said to me, in regard to the vast resources of London and its having something for every taste, "Oh, yes; when you are bored, or want a little change, you can take the boat down to Blackwall." I have never had occasion, yet, to resort to this particular remedy. Perhaps it's a proof that I have never been bored. Why Blackwall? I indeed asked myself at the time; nor have I yet ascertained what distractions that locality offers to the arriving excursionist. My interlocutor probably used the name generically, as a free, comprehensive allusion to the charms of the river at large. Here the London-lover goes with him all the way, and indeed the Thames is altogether such a wonderful affair that he feels he has composed his picture very clumsily not to have put it in the very forefront. Take it up or take it down, it is equally an adjunct of London life, an expression of London manners.

From Westminster to the sea its uses are commercial, but none the less pictorial for that; while in the other direction—taking it properly a little farther up—they are personal, social, athletic, idyllic. In its recreative character it is absolutely unique. I know of no other classic stream that is so splashed about



for the mere fun of it. There is something almost droll, and at the same time almost touching, in the way that on the smallest pretext of holiday or fine weather the mighty population takes to the boats. They bump each other in the narrow, charming channel; between Oxford and Richmond they make an uninterrupted procession. Nothing is more suggestive of the personal energy of the people and their eagerness to take, in the way of exercise and adventure, whatever they can get. I hasten to add that what they get on the Thames is exquisite, in spite of the smallness of the scale and the contrast between the numbers and the space. In a word, if the river is the busiest suburb of London it is also by far the prettiest. That term applies to it less, of course, from the bridges down, but it is only because in this part of its career it deserves a larger praise. To be consistent, I like it best when it is all dyed and disfigured with the town and you look from bridge to bridge—they seem wonderfully big and dim—over the brown, greasy current, the barges and the penny-steamers, the black, sordid, heterogeneous shores. This prospect, of which so many of the elements are ignoble, etches itself to the eye of the lover of "bits" with a power that is worthy perhaps of a better cause.

The way that, with her magnificent opportunity, London has neglected to achieve a river-front is of course the best possible proof that she has rarely, in the past, been in the architectural mood which at present shows somewhat inexpensive signs of settling upon her. Here and there a fine fragment apologizes for the failure which it does not remedy. Somerset House stands up, higher perhaps than anything else, on its granite pedestal, and the palace of Westminster reclines—it can hardly be said to stand—on the big parliamentary bench of its terrace. The embankment, which is admirable, if not particularly interesting, does what it can, and the new red houses of Chelsea stare across at Battersea Park like eighteenth-century ladies surveying a horrid wilderness. On the other hand the Charing Cross railway-station, placed where it is, is a national crime; Milbank prison is a worse act of violence than any it was erected to punish; and the water-side, generally, a shameless renunciation of effect. It turns out, however, that its very cynicism is expressive; so that, if one were to choose again—short of there being a London Louvre—between the usual English irresponsibility in such matters and some particular flight of conscience, we should perhaps do as well to let the case stand. We know what it is, the stretch from Chelsea to Wapping, but we know not what it might be. It does not prevent my being always more or less

thrilled, of a summer afternoon, by the journey, on a penny-steamer, to Greenwich.

## VIII.

BUT why do I talk of Greenwich, and remind myself of one of the unexecuted vignettes with which it had been my plan that these desultory and, I fear, somewhat incoherent remarks should be studded? They will present to the reader no vignettes but those which the artist who has kindly consented to associate himself with my vagaries may be so good as to bestow upon them. Why should I speak of Hampstead, as the question of summer afternoons just threatened to lead me to do, after I should have exhausted the subject of Greenwich, which I may not even touch? Why should I be so arbitrary when I have cheated myself out of the space privately intended for a series of vivid and ingenious sketches of the particular physiognomy of the respective quarters of the town? I had dreamed of doing them all, with their idiosyncrasies and the signs by which you shall know them. It is my pleasure to have learned these signs,—it is a deeply interesting branch of observation,—but I must renounce the display of my lore.

I have not the conscience to talk about Hampstead, and what a pleasant thing it is to ascend the long hill which overhangs, as it were, St. John's Wood and begins at the Swiss Cottage,—you must mount from there, it must be confessed, as you can,—and pick up a friend at a house of friendship on the top, and stroll with him on the rusty Heath, and skirt the garden-walls of the old square Georgian houses which survive from the time when, near as it is to-day to London, the place was a kind of provincial center, with Joanna Baillie for its muse, and take the way by the Three Spaniards—I would never miss that—and look down at the smoky city or across at the Scotch firs and the red sunset. It would never do to make a tangent in that direction when I have left Kensington unsung and Bloomsbury unattempted and have said never a word about the mighty eastward region—the queer corners, the dark secrets, the rich survivals, and mementos of the City. I particularly regret having sacrificed Kensington, the once-delightful, the Thackerayan, with its literary vestiges, its quiet, pompous red palace, its square of Queen Anne, its house of Lady Castlewood, its "Greyhound" tavern, where Henry Esmond lodged.

But I can reconcile myself to this when I reflect that I have also sacrificed the season, which, doubtless, from an elegant point of view, ought to have been the central *morceau* in the panorama. I have noted that the London-

lover loves everything in the place, but I have not cut myself off from saying that his sympathy has degrees, or from remarking that that of the author of these pages has never gone all the way with the dense movement of the British carnival. That is really the word for the period from Easter to midsummer; it is a fine, decorous, expensive, Protestant carnival, in which the masks are not of velvet or silk, but of wonderful deceptive flesh and blood, the material of the most beautiful complexions in the world. Holding that the great interest of London is the sense the place gives us of multitudinous life, it is doubtless an inconsequence not to care most for the phase of greatest intensity. But there is life and life, and the rush and crush of these weeks of fashion is after all but a tolerably mechanical expression of human forces. It goes without saying that it is a more universal, brilliant, spectacular one than can be seen anywhere else; and it is not a defect that these forces often take the form of very beautiful women. I risk the declaration that the London season brings together, year by year, an unequalled collection of handsome persons. I say nothing of the ugly ones; beauty has, at the best, been allotted to a small minority, and it is never, at the most, anywhere, but a question of the number by which that minority is least insignificant.

There are moments when one can almost forgive the follies of June for the sake of the smile which the skeptical old city puts on for the time and which, as I noted in an earlier passage of this disquisition, fairly breaks into laughter where she is tickled by the vortex of Hyde Park Corner. Most perhaps does she seem to smile at the end of the summer days, when the light lingers and lingers, though the shadows lengthen and the mists redden and the belated riders, with dinners to dress for, hurry away from the trampled arena of the Park. The population, at that hour, moves mainly westward, and sees the dust of the day's long racket turned into a dull golden haze. There is something that has doubtless often, at this particular moment, touched the fancy even of the bored and the *blasés*, in such an emanation of hospitality, of waiting dinners, of the festal idea, and the whole spectacle of the West End preparing herself for an evening six parties deep. The scale on which she entertains is stupendous, and her invitations and "reminders" are as thick as the leaves of the forest.

For half an hour, in the region of 8 o'clock, every hurrying vehicle contains an obvious diner-out. To consider only the rattling hansoms, the white neckties and "dressed" heads which greet you from over the apron, in a quick, interminable succession, conveys an over-

whelming impression of a complicated world. Who are they all, and where are they all going, and whence have they come, and what smoking kitchens and gaping portals and marshaled flunkeys are prepared to receive them, from the southernmost limits of a loosely interpreted, an almost transpontine, Belgravia, to the hyperborean confines of St. John's Wood? There are broughams standing at every door, and carpets laid down for the footfall of the issuing, if not the entering, reveler. The pavements are empty now, in the fading light, in the big dusty squares and the stuccoed streets of gentility, save for the groups of small children, holding others that are smaller,—Ameliar-Ann intrusted with Sarah Jane,—who collect, wherever the strip of carpet lies, to see the fine ladies pass from the carriage or the house. The West End is dotted with these pathetic little gazing groups; it is the party of the poor—their season and way of dining out, and a happy illustration of "the sympathy that prevails between classes." The watchers, I should add, are by no means all children, but dingy elders too, and I am sure these wayside joys are one of the reasons of an inconvenience much deplored—the tendency of the country poor to flock to London. Those who dine only occasionally, or never at all, have plenty of time to contemplate those with whom the exercise is more frequent.

However, it was not my intention to conclude these remarks in a melancholy strain, and Heaven knows that the diners are a prodigious company. It is as moralistic as I shall venture to be if I drop a very soft sigh on the paper as I affirm that truth. Are they all illuminated spirits, and is their conversation the ripest in the world? This is not to be expected, nor should I ever suppose it to be desired that a society should fail to offer frequent opportunity for intellectual rest. Such a shortcoming is not one of the sins of the London world in general, nor would it be just to complain of that world, on any side, on grounds of deficiency. It is not what London fails to do that strikes the observer, but the general fact that she does everything in excess. Excess is her highest reproach, and it is her incurable misfortune that there is really too much of her. She overwhelms you by quantity and number—she ends by making human life, by making civilization, appear cheap to you. Wherever you go, to parties, exhibitions, concerts, "private views," meetings, solitudes, there are already more people than enough on the field. How it makes you understand the high walls with which so much of English life is surrounded, and the priceless blessing of a park in the country, where there is nothing animated but rabbits and pheasants and, for the worst, the

importunate nightingales! And as the monster grows and grows forever, she departs more and more—it must be acknowledged—from the ideal of a convenient society, a society in which intimacy is possible, in which the components meet often, and sound and measure and select and inspire each other, and relations and combinations have time to form themselves. The substitute for this, in London, is the momentary concussion of a million of atoms. It is the difference between seeing a great deal of a few and seeing a little of every one. "When did you come—are you 'going on'?" and it is over; there is no time even

for the answer. This may seem a treacherous arraignment, and I should not make it were I not prepared, or rather were I not eager, to add two qualifications. One of these is that, cumbrously vast as the place may be, I would not have had it smaller by a hair's-breadth or have missed one of the fine and fruitful impatiences with which it inspires you, and which are at bottom a heartier tribute, I think, than any great city receives. The other is, that, out of its richness and its inexhaustible good humor, it belies, the next hour, any generalization you may have been so simple as to make about it.

*Henry James.*

## TO A CRITIC.

YOU bid me sing of passions hot,  
That burn a fiery way  
Through social forms, enduring not  
The social sway.

You bid me sing, as Byron sang,  
The heart's untoward fire,  
Whose heats, amid the trumpet's clang,  
Unstrung the lyre,—

The lyre, that should have sounded long,  
Lay broken on the shore,  
And, with one burst of noble song,  
It rang no more.

You bid me seek a sounding note,  
Where thundering squadrons come  
And beat the march with double rote  
Of fife and drum,—

The rumbling drum with muffled roar,  
That times the martial tread,  
And, when the fiery day is o'er,  
Beats home the dead.

You bid me climb, by rugged ways,  
And oft through starless nights,  
Where sightless Milton tuned his lays,  
On lonely heights,—

On lonely heights which glorious song—  
So cold that upper air—  
But rarely seeks, nor tarries long,  
Though Fame is there.

Nay, I along the common road,  
Beside my fellow-man,  
Walk meekly, adding to my load  
What flowers I can.

And when I put my burden by,  
At noon, or close of day,  
If some cool, darksome thicket lie  
Along the way,—

If in that thicket hide a rill  
That runs a pleasant round,  
I listen, listen, listen still,  
To catch the sound.

Or if a bird, in reed or rush,  
Delight a quiet stream  
With simple lay, or, like the thrush,  
With ampler theme,

I listen, till my heart is full,  
Then haply, if I can,  
I snatch a reed, and bid it tell  
A brother man.

Perchance some rustic traveler  
At noon may pause to hear,  
Or some slow-moving wagoner  
Incline an ear;

Some village maid in threadbare plaid,  
Who shuns the gayer throng,  
Or some brown-handed, freckled lad,  
May like the song.

If not, what then? I've heard at eve  
The wood-thrush sing unknown,  
Content in singing to relieve  
His breast alone.

And I can touch a slender quill,  
With none to heed the task,  
And if my own heart feel the thrill,  
'T is all I ask.

*James Herbert Morse.*

## BEECHER AT LIVERPOOL.



THE year 1863 was an unpleasant time for a loyal American to be traveling abroad. The disloyal were in Europe in considerable numbers, and, wherever they could, they molded public sentiment. Comparatively few had anything to say in defense of the Federal Government, and the hope that the Confederacy would prevail was freely expressed in conversation. Ignorant and insulting questions were propounded to all who declared themselves in favor of suppressing the rebellion. With one or two exceptions, the newspapers exaggerated the successes of the South, spoke contemptuously of the achievements of the North—of its generals, soldiers, and spirit. The average Englishman could not comprehend the right of the President to perform any act not specified in the Constitution. His powers as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States they did not perceive or were unwilling to admit. At a dinner attended by avowed friends of the North, most of them noted ministers, only five appeared to know the ground upon which the President claimed the right to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Here and there Americans traveling on business, clergymen in poor health, and those who were compelled to go abroad for domestic and other reasons met, and their universal testimony was that, while occasionally an intelligent sympathizer with the North could be found, the majority of those whom they encountered in England were either cold or openly antagonistic.

I met Mr. Beecher at the Charing Cross Hotel in London just before he went upon the Continent, and he said, "What brings you over here?"

"Poor health," was the reply. "And what brings you? Surely you are not ill?"

"No; but so worn with work that I need to freshen up and get away from excitement."

"Will you speak any in England?"

"Not much. I am so mad at the way they talk and act over here that I don't care to see an Englishman."

On the 16th of October, four months after this conversation, I arrived in Liverpool to sail from that place for the United States the next day. Having come directly from Switzerland I knew nothing of Mr. Beecher's plans, but en-

route from London saw in the English papers that he had spoken once or twice. While riding from the station to the hotel in Liverpool I saw the following handbill:

### TO THE INDEPENDENT AND INDUSTRI- OUS CLASSES OF LIVERPOOL.

An individual of the name of Henry Ward Beecher, who, when at home, Brooklyn, N. Y., is called a Baptist minister, has come over to this country as a political emissary from Abraham Lincoln to stir up strife and ill-will among you, and for that purpose will hold a meeting at the Philharmonic Hall, Hope street, this evening. This same Henry Ward Beecher it was who recommended London to be sacked and this town destroyed; and this godly man, bear in mind, is a preacher of the Gospel and goodwill towards all men. As there will be an amendment proposed at the meeting, you must attend and show by your hearts and hands that the industrious classes in this town are opposed to the bloody war which Abraham Lincoln is now waging against his brother in the South, and the dastardly means he is resorting to in employing such tools as Henry Ward Beecher, a minister of the Gospel.

Friday, 16th October, 1863.

There were a half-dozen more, some of them much larger and more conspicuously displayed.

The expression in the bill above quoted, "As there will be an amendment proposed at the meeting," explains a peculiarity of English customs with which we are not familiar in the United States. When a public gathering of this kind is held, it is considered proper for opponents to interrupt the proceedings, and, when any motion is offered, to move an amendment, and, if possible, to carry it; in which case the meeting will be made to teach the very opposite of that which it was called to advocate. I witnessed several such occurrences, and saw in one or two places the friends of the North take a meeting out of the hands of the South; and in Manchester a desperate attempt was made to capture one called in the interest of the North which resulted in the building being cleared by the police.

I determined, if possible, to hear Mr. Beecher. On inquiry it was speedily ascertained that the bulk of the people of Liverpool were not in sympathy with either Mr. Beecher or the cause he advocated, that there would certainly be an attempt to break up the meeting, and that tickets fully equal to the capacity of the house had already been given out. I made every effort to obtain tickets, but without success. No person who had one was willing to sell it, ticket



speculators could not be found, and it seemed as if nothing could be done. But at half-past six a desperate expedient occurred to me, and was tried. Ascertaining that Mr. Beecher was the guest of Charles C. Duncan, I called at his residence and sent in my card. Mr. Beecher was at tea, and came out into the hall napkin in hand. I said, "Mr. Beecher, I am going to sail to-morrow to the United States. Your friends will wish to know all about this address; and yet I cannot get in, and have called to ask if I may accompany you when you enter. I will slip into some obscure position in the rear of the platform; and even if I have to stand the entire evening, it will be only what you will have to do."

"I would do it in a moment," said he, "but there have been three hundred applications of that sort, and every square inch of the platform is already bespoke."

"Then there is no chance?"

"None, my dear fellow, that I can see—unless I give you my place; and the Lord knows I would be glad enough to do that."

With that he laughed and went back to his supper.

Just as I was reconciling myself to defeat, Mr. Duncan came into the hall and said that a certain Baptist clergyman had received two tickets and he had just heard of a death in his family. "Would you call and ask him for those tickets? If you can get them, you shall have one, and may return the other to me."

The facts were as stated. The tickets were obtained, and the result was that I sat within six feet of Mr. Beecher on the platform during the evening. As he had said, every square inch was spoken for. The crowd was immense, consisting almost entirely of men. The few ladies to be seen here and there had an appearance of trepidation, and every person seemed to be apprehending a disturbance. The audience was comparatively quiet during the preliminary exercises, which were exceedingly brief.

When Mr. Beecher was introduced there was faint applause mingled with discordant sounds. The applause increased, and so did the noise of the opponents. Neither class, so far as demonstration was concerned, was very numerous. An English is very different from an American mob; it is much more noisy, but less vicious. It is accompanied by less bloodshed and violence, but more yelling and pushing; it also has less humor and is more persistent. Being able to see the entire building, I became aware that men had been stationed in different parts expressly to act in concert; and after a while I was able to identify two or three who were obviously leaders. It was their policy not to make much disturbance at first.

Mr. Beecher was in perfect health, but quite thin compared with his condition before leaving home; still he appeared a magnificent specimen of manhood, having just passed his fiftieth birthday. He advanced and placed a manuscript upon the table, and from it began to read a carefully prepared argument to prove that, from a commercial point of view, Liverpool should sympathize with the North rather than with the South. Slavery was a primitive institution, the South an agricultural region. Institutions built upon slavery would need comparatively little. What the slaves ate, they raised; they wore but scanty clothing, and the whole climate and mode of living favored limited outside expenditures. It was not so with the North. He made various references to Liverpool—its business interests, its dependence upon American trade, the immense development that would certainly follow if slavery were abolished.

This line of thought failed to reach the high moral tone of the abolitionists who were present, though it did for a time interest the average citizen. So long as Mr. Beecher read, the audience was obviously greatly disappointed. The disturbers found little room to object, and his friends little or nothing to applaud. Mr. Beecher was never remarkable as a reader. On this occasion, as expectation was high, and the reports of his former oratorical performances had been heard, the impression was much less than it would have been under other circumstances. After he had read for fifteen or twenty minutes a loud roar was heard, "Shut up that paper!" which was immediately responded to from the other side of the building, "He can't get along without a book!" "He don't know enough to speak!" "He is a coward!" From another place came the question in a shrill, piercing voice, "Where did you steal your sermon?"

In less than two minutes the whole audience appeared to be in motion. Men were pushing and elbowing, yelling and shrieking. One man in particular would jump up about two feet, howl, and then sink out of sight. The police began to move about with an expression of good humor upon their faces, pushing men with both hands extended. For the space of three or four minutes it was impossible for Mr. Beecher to be heard. He made several attempts to finish the manuscript, and practically did; and then began to handle questions with the incisiveness, wit, and occasional outbursts of eloquence for which he was famous. The disturbers had sense enough to see that they had aroused a lion, and that they must break him down or he would carry the great bulk of the audience with him. They resorted to every means imaginable, except actual violence, to accomplish this end.

Mr. Beecher's voice, when he was excited and spoke very loud, had a roaring sound. They would pitch their voices upon the same key, so that when he ended a paragraph in a clarion tone, taking the same pitch, they would bellow like a score of infuriated bulls, and continue sometimes five minutes at a stretch; for when some would be out of breath, others would take it up, and the first would come to their help again. Meanwhile Mr. Beecher would talk to the ministers on the platform, of whom there was a large number, and occasionally to the reporters. He would say to them, "Gentlemen, I am talking to you and, through you, to all England. If I should not be heard at all by this audience, and you should take down my words, thirty millions of people would read them." He was calm enough at one time when the roaring was going on to crack three or four jokes, as if he were conversing in a parlor; and the moment the rioters stopped, from sheer physical exhaustion, he screamed out, "I have talked to these reporters. They have got down all I have said. There is another idea out, catch it if you can!"

It has been reported that Mr. Beecher's life was in danger on that occasion. The scene indeed was at times appalling. Mr. Beecher received anonymous letters warning him not to attend; but I saw no evidence that any person intended personal violence to him. He considered the opposition which he encountered at Liverpool "worse than all the rest put together."

When he was fully loose, he paced the platform like a lion about to spring upon the assembly. The crowd would hurl remarks at him which, if it were possible to turn, he would make such use of as to raise a laugh at the expense of the questioner. If they were embarrassing he would say, "I will take that up when I come to it," and in most cases he would prepare an effective way of answering it. He seemed to proceed upon the assumption that the friends of freedom were with him, and that his wisest course was to ignore both friends and foes. In some reminiscences given in his *Life*, edited by Lyman Abbott, he says:

I took the measure of the audience and said to myself: "About one-fourth of this audience are opposed to me, and about one-fourth will be rather in sympathy; and my business now is not to appeal to that portion which is opposed to me, nor to those that are already on my side, but to bring over the middle section."

He certainly acted upon this plan at Liverpool, and in doing so he lost for a considerable period the sympathy of those who in the beginning were prepared to applaud him.

But at last he struck the highest moral elevation, and no reporter, even though he took every word, could properly represent the majesty, the sublimity, the authoritative and electrical energy with which he spoke. A remarkable fact was, that after one of these outbursts he would catch up a question on a much lower plane, dispose of it with a witty turn, and converse with the assembly as though he were relating an anecdote to some gentlemen at a casual meeting. The policy of the factious element was to bawl the loudest after his finest passages. On one of these occasions he said, "Christ understood human nature; 'Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine.' He did not say anything about bulls." These noises were like the cries of the people, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," for they "continued about the space of two hours."

There was one instant when Mr. Beecher seemed to be about to break down. His voice cracked, and the crowd imitated the cracked sound which it produced. He then turned to the platform and said, "Gentlemen, I take you to witness that I have controlled this audience until my voice is gone. I can do nothing without a voice." And it seemed as if his nervous force as well as his voice was failing. Had he stopped then, the assembly would have broken up in confusion, the mob would have prevailed, no resolutions would have been passed, and the meeting, though it would have left an ineffaceable impression upon the minds of those who heard him, would nevertheless have been considered unsuccessful.

But he gathered himself together once more, regained command of the audience, and subsequently did some of the most effective work of the evening. The hundreds of distinguished men who sat upon the platform, most of them public speakers, at first wore the aspect of men who were there to see what an American orator would do and how he would do it; but long before the conclusion their individuality was lost, and they were not only captivated, but captured. For physical power, self-control, diversified forms of public speaking, indomitable will without the loss of the power to respond to the changing moods of the audience, and affability essential to persuasion, I have never seen its equal and cannot imagine its superior. A gentleman sitting near me, who appeared to command universal respect from those upon the platform, said at the close, giving a list of the famous men whom he had heard on critical occasions: "I was prepared to criticise and ready to dislike, but I never heard anything equal to this." Every loyal American felt proud of his country, and proud of Henry Ward Beecher as its representative.

After a stormy passage of fourteen days, two weeks from the next Sabbath I had the pleasure of describing this scene to the congregation of Plymouth Church, on which occasion resolutions were passed commending the work of Mr. Beecher in England, and extending his vacation for as long a time as he felt that he could serve his country abroad.

At what exact point he could be said to have brought the audience into subjection to his imperial intellect and will it would be difficult to say. He remarks in the reminiscences already quoted, "Of all confusions and

turmoils and whirls I never saw the like. I got control of the meeting in about an hour and a half, and then I had a clear road the rest of the way. We carried the meeting, but it required a three-hours' use of my voice at its utmost strength. I sometimes felt like a ship-master attempting to preach on board of a ship through a speaking-trumpet with a tornado on the sea and a mutiny among the men."

He made the entire assembly feel the greatness of his country, the justice of its cause, and the certainty of its triumph.

*J. M. Buckley.*

## COURAGE!

### TO A SAD POET.

TOO well we know the earth is full of sorrow,  
Of loss and change,—no breeze but bears the tale.  
Night veils her tears and prayers, until the morrow,  
Wan from her bitter vigil, rises pale.

The roses breathe, low whisper all the grasses,  
The wood-thrush rings and rings the sad refrain,  
The fall, the frost, the spring-floods cry, "All passes!"  
O poet! what avails to chant the strain?

Oh for a voice as clear as Burns' or Byron's,  
And strong to shake us from our coward state!  
We are not men, but moles, if death environs,  
And blind with tears we tamely yield to fate.

Who sings that life is only pain and dying,  
And all the grace and flower of it fade,  
Sings not,—'t is but a false and feeble sighing,  
The night wind moaning through the cypress shade.

The fashion of this world, it is, doth perish,  
And all whose flower withers—dust to dust;  
The vain desires that flesh and folly cherish,  
Gold, greed, and glitter—dross to moth and rust.

Truth, love, and faith die not, nor brave endeavor:  
No simple, self-effacing constancy  
But links with deathless deeds that shine forever,—  
The widow's mite lives with Thermopyle.

To him that overcometh shrinking spirit  
And poor, weak flesh 't was promised from afar  
All things in earth and heaven he shall inherit:  
Day, night, and then, tears dried—the morning star!

*James T. McKay.*

## A WHITE UMBRELLA IN MEXICO.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



**MADAME CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA**, the Scotch wife of the first Spanish minister sent to Mexico after the achievement of her independence, in her delightful book of travels published over forty years ago says: "There is not one human being or passing object to be seen in Mexico that is not in itself a picture."

The country has not degenerated since. It is to-day, in its varied scenery, costumes, architecture, street life, the most marvelously picturesque land under the sun—a tropical Venice, a semi-barbarous Spain, a new Holy Land.

Until the opening, some five years since, of the present system of railroads, the inhabitants of much the larger part of Mexico had been for 350 years completely isolated from the world at large except through such limited channels of communication as the bridle path and the desert trail afforded. So it naturally happens that this vast population, numbering some 10,000,000, have adopted but little from America and Europe, and the Mexican is still the Mexican of a hundred years ago, *sombrero*, *zarape*, and all, and the Indian *peón* is the same patient, mild-eyed, gentle savage whom Cortés found and enslaved.

To study and enjoy a people thoroughly one must live in the streets. A chat with the old woman selling fruit near the door of the cathedral, half an hour spent with the sacristan after morning mass, and a word now and then with the donkey-boy, the water-carrier, and the padre, will give you a better idea of a town and a closer insight into the inner life of a people than days spent either at the governor's palace or at the museum.

If your companion is a white umbrella, and if beneath its shelter you sit for hours painting the picturesque scenes that charm your eye, you will not only have hosts of lookers-on attracted by idle curiosity, but many of them will prove good friends during your stay and will vie with each other in doing you many little acts of kindness that will linger in your memory long after you have shaken the white dust of their cities and villages from off your feet.

### A MORNING IN GUANAJUATO.

THIS morning I am wandering about Guanajuato. It is a grotesque, quaint old mining

town near the line of the Mexican Central Railroad, within a day's journey of the city of Mexico. I had arrived tired out the night before, and awoke so early that the sun and I appeared on the streets about the same hour.

The air was deliciously cool and fragrant, and shouldering my sketch-trap and my umbrella, I bent my steps towards the Church of La Parroquia. I had seen it the night previous as I passed by in the starlight, and its stone pillars and twisted iron railings so delighted me that I spent half the night elaborating its details in my sleep.

The tide of worshipers in the streets carried their prayer-books and rosaries and were evidently intent on early mass. As for myself, I was simply drifting about, watching the people, making notes in my sketch-book, and saturating myself with the charming novelty of my surroundings.

When I reached the small square which faces the great green door of the beautiful old church, the golden sunlight was just touching its quaint towers, and the stone urns and crosses surmounting the curious pillars below stood out in dark relief against the blue sky beyond.

I mingled with the crowd, followed it into the church, listened awhile to the service, and then returned to the Plaza and began a circuit of the square, to select some point of sight from which I could seize the noble pile as a whole, and thus express it within the square of my canvas.

The oftener I walked around it the more difficult became the problem. A dozen times I made the circuit, stopping, pondering, stepping backwards and sidewise after the manner of painters similarly perplexed, and attracting, by my unconscious performance, a curious throng, who kept their eyes upon me, very much as if they suspected I was either slightly imbecile or was about to indulge in some kind of heathen rite entirely new to them.

Finally it became plainly evident that but one point of sight could be relied upon. This centered in the archway of a private house immediately opposite La Parroquia. I determined to move in and take possession.

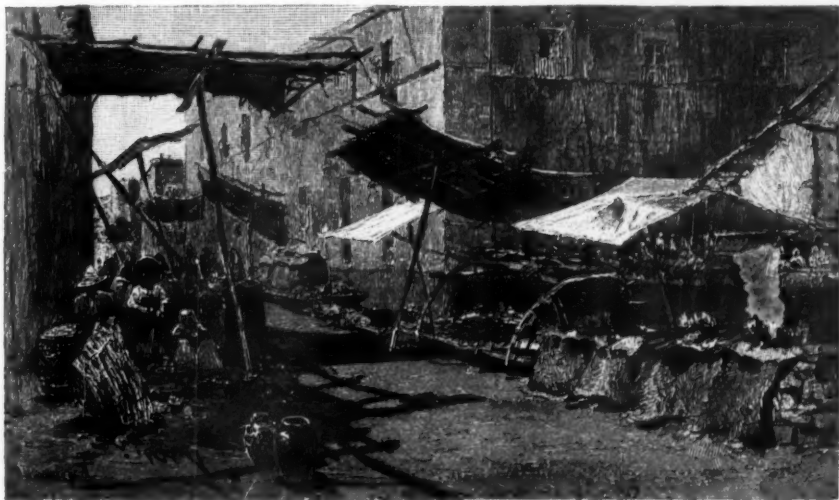
Some care, however, is necessary in the roads one makes upon a private house in a Spanish city. A watchful porter, half concealed in the garden of the patio, generally has his eye on the gateway, and overhauls you before you have taken a dozen steps, with a "*Hola*,



*Señor! ¿quién busca Usted?*" You will also find the lower windows protected by iron *rejas*, through which, if you are on good terms with the black eyes within, you may perhaps kiss the tips of tapering fingers; but the bars will be too close for much else. To the heart of

of vantage paint the most sacred cathedral across the way.

Before I had half examined the square of the patio with its Moorish columns and arches and tropical garden filled with flowers, I heard quick footsteps above and caught sight of a



THE CANAL MARKET, CITY OF MEXICO.

every Spaniard, however, there is a key that has seldom failed me. It is the use of a little politeness. This always engages his attention. Add to it a dash of ceremony, and he is your friend at once.

I have lived long enough in Spanish countries to adapt my own habits and regulate my own conduct to the requirements of these customs; and so when this morning in Guanajuato I discovered that my only hope lay within the archway of the patio of this noble house, at once the residence of a man of wealth and of rank, I forthwith succumbed to the law of the country, with a result that doubly paid me for all the precious time it took to accomplish it—precious, because the whole front of the beautiful old church with its sloping flight of semicircular stone steps was now bathed in sunlight, and in a few hours' time the hot sun, climbing to the zenith, would round the corner of the tower, leave it in shadow, and so spoil its effect.

Within this door sat a fat, oily porter rolling cigarettes. I approached him, handed him my card, and bade him convey it to his master, together with my most distinguished considerations, and inform him that I was a painter from a distant city by the sea and that I craved permission to erect my easel within the gates of his palace and from this coign

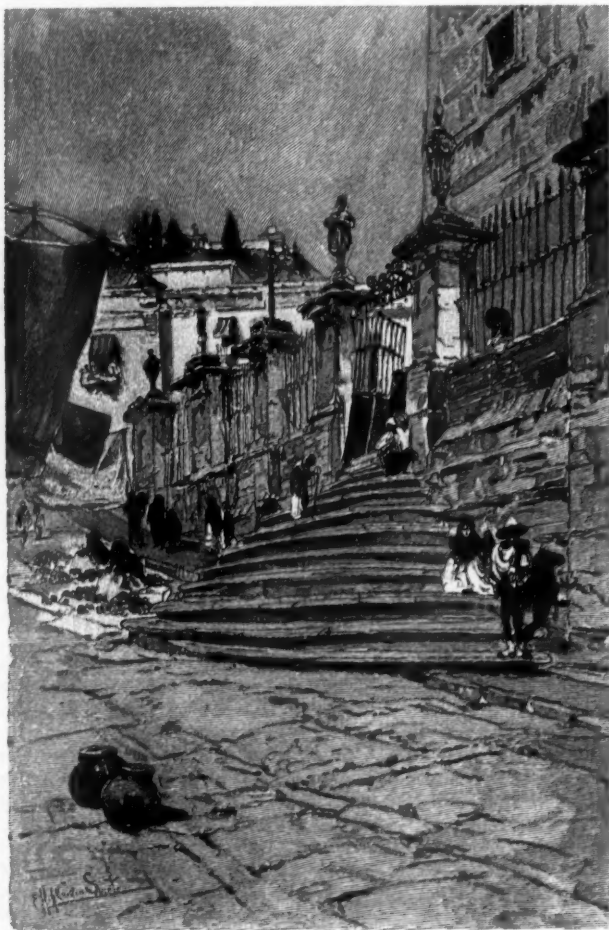
group of gentlemen, preceded by an elderly man with bristling white hair, walking rapidly along the piazza of the second or living-floor of the house. In a moment more the whole party descended the marble staircase and approached me. The elderly man with the white hair held in his hand my card.

"With the greatest pleasure, Señor," he said graciously. "You can use my doorway or any portion of my house; it is all yours. The view from the balcony above is much more extensive. Will you not ascend and see for yourself? But let me present you to my friends and insist that you first come to breakfast."

But I did not need the balcony, and it was impossible for me to eat his breakfast. The sun was moving, the day half gone, my stay in Guanajuato limited. If he would permit me to sit and paint in comfort and peace within the shadow of his gate I would ever bless his generosity, and, the sketch finished, would do myself the honor of appearing before him.

Half a dozen times during the progress of this picture the whole party ran down the staircase, napkins in hand, broke into rapturous exclamations over its development, and insisted that some sort of nourishment, either solid or fluid, was absolutely necessary for the preservation of my life. In one of these friendly

raids the populace began to take an interest, attracted by the gesticulating group within, and soon blocked up the gateway so that I could no longer follow the outlines of the church. I the porter in charge of my traps, I seized the canvas, mounted the winding staircase, and presented myself at the large door opening on the balcony. At sight of me not only



CHURCH OF LA PARROQUIA, GUANAJUATO.

remonstrated, and finally appealed to my host. He grasped the situation in a moment, gave a rapid order to the porter, who disappeared, and almost immediately reappeared with an officer, who saluted my host with marked respect, listened attentively, and was then lost in the crowd. In five minutes more a squad of soldiers cleared out the archway and the street in front, formed two files, and mounted guard patiently until my work was over. I began to wonder what manner of man was this who gave away palaces and commanded armies!

At last the sketch was finished, and leaving

my host, but all of his guests, following his example, rose to their feet and welcomed me heartily, crowding about the chair against which I propped the picture.

Then a door opened in the rear of the breakfast-room, and the señora and her two pretty daughters glided in for a peep at the work of the morning, declaring in one breath that it was wonderful that so many colors could be put together in so short a time, that I must be *muy fatigado*, and that they would serve coffee for my refreshment at once.

This to a tramp, remember, discovered on



THE "PATIO" OF MY BENEFACITOR.

a doorstep but a few hours before with designs on the hallway!

This done I must see the garden, and the parrots in the swinging cages, and the diminutive Chihuahua dogs, and lastly I must ascend the flight of brick steps leading to the roof and see the view from the top of the house. It was when leaning over the protecting iron rail of this lookout, with the city below and the range of hills above dotted with mining shafts, that I made bold to ask my host a direct question.

"Señor, it is easy for you to see what my life is and how I fill it. Tell me, what manner of man are you?"

"*Con gusto, Señor. I am un minero. The shaft you see to the right is the entrance to my silver mine. I am an agricultor. Behind yon mountain lies my hacienda, and I am a bienhechor [a benefactor]. The long white building you see to the left is the hospital which I built and gave to the poor of my town.*"

WHEN I bade good-bye to my miner, benefactor, and friend, I called a sad-faced boy who had watched me intently while at work and who waited patiently until I reappeared. To him I consigned my "trap" with the exception of my umbrella-staff, which serves me as a cane, and together we lost ourselves in the crowded thoroughfare.

"What is your name, *muchacho*?" I asked.

"Matías, Señor."

"And what do you do?"

"Nothing."

"All day?"

"All day and all night, Señor."

Here at least was a fellow-Bohemian with whom I could loaf to my heart's content. I looked him over carefully. He had large dark eyes with drooping lids, which lent an air of extreme sadness to his handsome face. His curly black hair was crowded under a straw sombrero, with a few stray locks pushed through the crown. His shirt was open at the throat, and his leathern breeches, reaching to his knees, were held above his hips by a rag of a red sash edged with frayed silk fringe. Upon his feet were the sandals of the country. Whenever he spoke he touched his hat.

"And do you know Guanajuato?" I continued.

"Every stone, Señor."

"Show it to me."

In the old days this crooked, tortuous, snake-like old city of Guanajuato was known as *Quanashuato*, which in the Tarascan tongue means the "Hill of the Frogs"—not from the prevalence of that croaking reptile, but because the Tarascan Indians, according to Janvier, "found here a huge stone in the shape of a frog which they worshiped." The city, at an elevation of 6800 feet, is crowded into a narrow, deep ravine, terraced on each side to give standing-room for its houses.

The little Moorish-looking town of Marfil stands guard at the entrance of the narrow gorge, its heavy stone houses posted quite into the road and so blocking it up that the trains of mules must needs dodge their way in and out to reach the railroad below.

As you pass up the ravine you notice that through the channel runs a sluggish, muddy



THE WATER-JARS IN THE PLAZA.

stream into which empties all the filth of the City of Frogs above, as well as all the pump-ings and waste washings of the silver mines which line its sides. Into this mire wallow droves of hogs blistering in the hot sun, the mud caking to their sides and backs. This, Matías tells me, their owners religiously wash off once a week to save the silver which it contains.

On you climb, looking over the roofs of the houses you have just passed on the street below until you round the great building of the "Alhóndiga de Granaditas," captured by the patriot priest Hidalgo in 1810 and still holding the iron spike which spitted his head the year following. Then on to the Plaza de Mejía Mora, a charming garden park in the center of the city.

This was my route, and here I sat me down on a stone bench surrounded by flowers, waving palms, green grass, and pretty señoritas and listened to the music of a very creditable band perched in a sort of Chinese pagoda in the park's center.

The transition from the hot road below with the bustle and noise of the tramway, muleteers, and street venders of the town to the cool quiet of this retreat was simply delicious. Matías was equal to the occasion. At my request he ran to the corner and brought me some oranges, a pot of coffee, and a roll, which I shared with him on the stone slab, much to the amusement of the bystanders, who could not understand why I preferred lunching with a street gamin on a park bench to dining with the élite of Guanajuato at the café opposite. The solution was easy. We were two tramps with nothing to do.

Next Matías pointed out all the celebrities as they strolled through the Plaza—the bishop coming from mass, the governor and his secretary, and the beautiful Señorita María, who had been married at the cathedral the month before with great pomp.

"And what church is that over the way where I see the people kneeling outside, Matías?"

"The Iglesia de San Diego, Señor. It is Holy Thursday. To-day no one rides; all



AROUND THE CONFESSIONALS.



the horses are stabled. The señoritas walk to church and wear black, and that is why so many are in the streets. To-day and to-morrow the mines are closed and all the miners are out in the sunlight."

While Matías rattled on, there swept by me a cloud of lace encircling a bewitching face from out which snapped two wicked black eyes. She, too, twisted her pretty head, and a light laugh bubbled out from between her red lips and perfect teeth as she caught sight of the unusual spectacle of a foreigner in knickerbockers breakfasting in the open air with a street tramp in sandals.

tents on their knees before the altar, I caught sight of my señorita snapping her eyes in the same mischievous way and talking with her fan as I have often seen the Spanish women do at the Tacón in Havana. It was not to me this time, but to a devout young fellow kneeling on the other side of the aisle. And so she prayed with her lips and talked with her heart and fan, and when it was all thus silently arranged between them, she bowed to the altar and glided from the church without one glance at poor me sketching behind the column. When I looked up again her lover had vanished!



THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

Seeing me divide an orange with Matías she touched the arm of her companion, an elderly woman carrying a great fan, pointed to me, and they both fell to laughing immoderately. I arose gravely, and, removing my hat, saluted them with all the deference and respect I could concentrate into one prolonged curve of my spinal column. At this the duenna looked grave and half frightened, but the señorita returned to me only smiles, moved her fan gracefully, and entered the door of the church across the way.

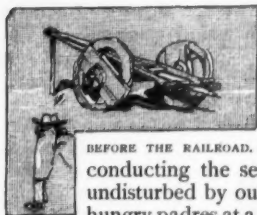
"The caballero will *now* see the church?" said the boy slowly, as if the incident settled the breakfast at once.

Later I did, and from behind a pillar where I had hidden myself away from the sacristan, who frowned at my sketch-book, and where I could sketch and watch unobserved the peni-

"SEÑOR, vespers in the cathedral at four."

So we wandered about in the sunlight and joined the throng in holiday attire, drifting with the current towards the Church of San Francisco.

The service had already begun. I could smell the burning incense and hear the tinkling of the altar bell and the bursts from the organ. The door by which we entered opened into a long passage running parallel with the church and connecting with the sacristy, which ran immediately behind the altar. The dividing wall between this and the altar side of the church was a thin partition of wood with grotesque openings near the ceiling. Through these came the sounds of the service so distinctly that every word could be understood. These openings proved to be between the backs of certain saints and other carvings



BEFORE THE RAILROAD.

overlaid with gilt and forming the reredos.

Within this sacristy and within five feet of the bishop, who was conducting the service, and entirely undisturbed by our presence, sat four hungry padres at a comfortable lunch. Each holy father had a bottle of red wine at his plate. Every few minutes a priest would come in from the church side of the partition, the sacristan would remove his vestments, lay them away in the wardrobes, and either robe him anew or hand him his shovel hat and his cane. During the process they all chatted together in the most unconcerned way possible, only lowering their voices when the pauses in the service required it. It certainly was a queer sight to see behind the altars of a great cathedral during vespers.

When I look into Matías's sad eyes and think to what a life of poverty and suffering he is doomed, and what his people have endured for ages, the ghosts of revolution, misrule, cruelty, superstition, and want rise up and confront me; and although I know that beneath this charm of atmosphere, color, and courtesy there lurks, like the deadly miasma of the ravine lulled to sleep by the sunlight, much of degradation, injustice, and crime, still I will brook none of it. So I fill Matías's hand full of silver and copper coins and his sad eyes full of joyful tears, and as I descend the rocky hill in the evening glow and look up to the great prison with its roof fringed with rows of prisoners manacled together and given but this hour of fresh air because of the sacredness of

the day, I forget their chains and the intrigue and treachery which forged many of them, and see only the purple city swimming in the golden light and the deep shadows of the hills behind it.

#### SOME PEONS AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

BLINDING sunlight; a broad road ankle-deep in dust; a double row of great trees with branches like twisted cobras; inky blue-black shadows stenciled on the gray dust, repeating the tree-forms above; a long narrow canal but a few feet wide half filled with water from which rise little whiffs of hot steam; beside it a straggling rude stone wall fringed with bushes. In the middle distance through vistas of tree-trunks glimpses of brown fields fading away into pale pink, violet, and green. In the dim blue beyond the half-round towers of a church, surmounting little spots of yellow, cream-white, and red, broken with patches of dark green, locating bits of the town, with orange groves between.

Long strings of burros crawl into the city along this highway, loaded down with great bundles of green fodder; undulating masses of yellow dust drift over it, which harden into droves of sheep as they pass by and become clouds of gray mist floating on the gentle breeze to the horizon line.

Shuffling along its edges, hugging the intermittent shadows, stroll groups of natives in twos and threes—the women with plaited hair and straw hats, their little children slung to their backs; the men in zarapes and sandals, carrying crates on their shoulders packed with live poultry and cheap pottery.

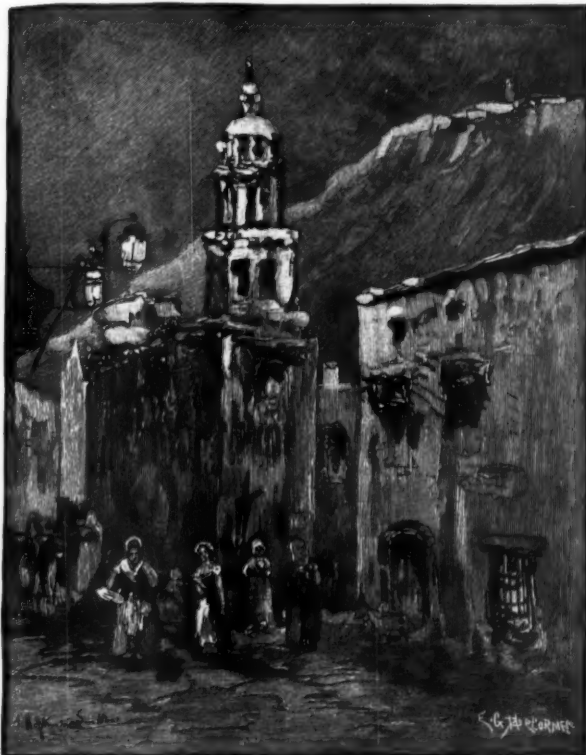
Such was my first glance at Aguas Calientes.



THE HIGHWAY AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

But there is something more. To the left, along the whole length of the canal, or sluiceway, as far as the eye can reach, are scattered hundreds of the descendants of Montezuma, of both sexes and all ages, quietly taking their baths at high noon on a public highway, with

from the overflow of the baths adjoining, which they can and do use, but the privacy is none the greater. Down the road, nearer the city, there are the "Baños Grandes," where for one *peseta* — about twenty-five cents — they can obtain a bath with all the encircling privacy of



IN THE AFTERGLOW.

only such privacy as the republic of Mexico and the blue sky of heaven afford.

Up and down the curious inland Long Branch rows of heads bob up from the sluiceway and smile good-naturedly as I draw near. They are not abashed or disturbed in the slightest degree; they are perhaps more concerned lest I crowd them out of their places, theirs by right of prior occupancy. Even the young women lying on the bank in the shade, with one end of a zarape tossed over their backs, their only other garment washed and drying in the sun, seem more interested in the sketch-trap than in him who carries it. Their great gazelle eyes express only curiosity — nothing more. It is one of the customs of the country, and they must bathe here or not at all.

It is true that near the springs above, within a mile of this spot, there is a small pond, filled

stone walls and with the additional comforts of a crash towel one foot square and a cake of soap of the size and density of a grape-shot. But then the wages of a native for a whole day's work is less than one *peseta*, and when he gets this coin every *centavo* in it is needed for the inside of his dust-covered body.

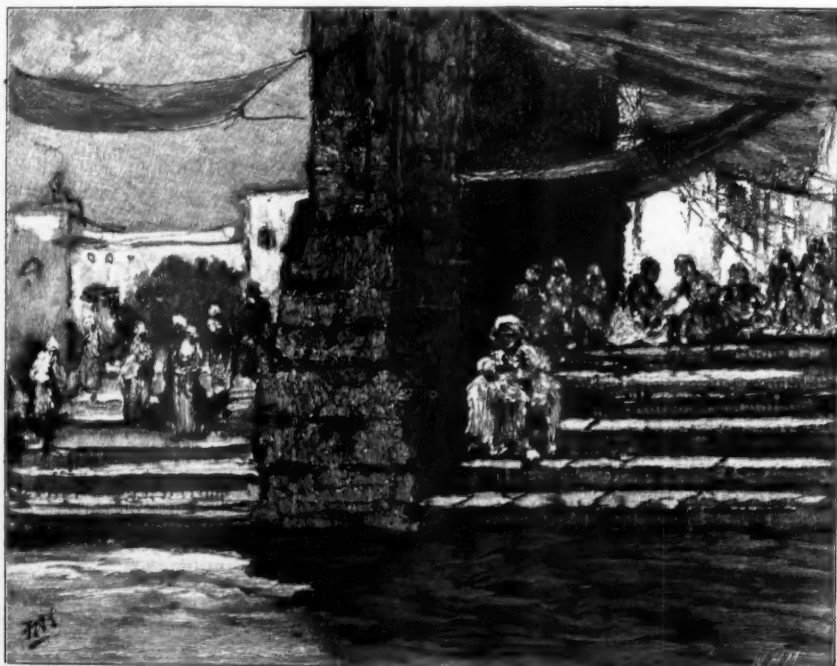
Nor can he always use his surplus clothing as a shield and cover. He has but one suit, a white shirt and a pair of cotton trousers, so he falls back upon his zarape, handling it as skillfully and effectively as the Indian women on the great steps leading to the sacred Ganges do their gorgeous colored tunics, slipping the dry one over the wet without much more than a glimpse of finger and toe.

From the days of Cortés down to the time of Díaz this people has been humiliated, degraded, and enslaved; all its patriotism,

self-reliance, and independence has long since been crushed out. It is a serving people; set apart and kept apart by a caste as defined and rigid as to-day divides society in Hindustan, infinitely more severe than ever existed in the most benighted section of our own country in

tethered outside a *ponda*, their owners drinking *pulque* within, and then crossed over to where some children were playing "bull-fight."

When the sun went down I strolled into the beautiful garden of San Marcos and sat down on one of the stone benches surrounding the



ARCADES OF AGUAS CALIENTES.

the old plantation days. It has possessed nothing in the past but poverty and suffering, and expects nothing more in the future except to sleep, to awake, to be hungry, to sleep again. Sheltered by adobe huts, sleeping upon coarse straw mats, their only utensils the rude earthen vessels they make themselves, their daily food but bruised corn pounded in a stone mortar, the natives pass their lives waiting for the inevitable, without hope and without ambition.

It is not, therefore, from lack of intelligence or ingenuity or capacity that the lot of these descendants of the Aztec warriors is so hopeless, but rather from the social isolation which they are subjected to and which cuts them off from every influence that makes the white man their superior.

I continued my rambles, following the highway into the city, idling about the street and noting queer bits of architecture and odd figures in my sketch-book. I stopped long enough to examine the high saddles of a pair of horses

fountain. Here I rested, bathing my face and hands in the cool water of the basin, and talked to the gardener. He was an Indian, quite an old man, and had spent most of his life here. The garden belonged to the city, and he was paid two pesetas a day to take care of his part of it. If I would come in the evening the benches would be full. There were many beautiful señoritas in Aguas Calientes, and on Sunday there would be music. But I must wait until April if I wanted to see the garden—in fact, the whole city—in its gala dress. Then would come the *fiesta* of San Marcos, their patron saint, and strings of lanterns would be hung and lighted, the fountains playing, music everywhere, crowds of people from all the country around, even from the great city of Mexico and as far north as Zacatecas.

When I left the gardener he tucked into the strap of my "trap" a cluster of azaleas and insisted on going with me to the corner of the cathedral so that he could show me the turn in the next street that led to the pottery market.



All the markets of Aguas Calientes are interesting, for the country round about is singularly rich and fertile, and fruits and vegetables are raised in abundance. The pottery market is held in a small open square near the general market, surrounded by high buildings. The pottery is piled in great heaps on the ground, and the Indian women, sheltered by huge square and octagon umbrellas made of coarse matting, sit all day serving their customers. At night they burn torches. The other markets are closed at noon. All the pottery is very cheap, a few centavos covering the cost of almost any single piece of moderate size, and one peseta giving you possession of the most important specimens in a collection.

Each province—in fact, almost every village—in Mexico produces a ware having more or less distinctly marked characteristics. In Guadalajara the pottery is gray, soft-baked, and unglazed, but highly polished and often decorated with stripings of silver and gold bronze: the caraffes, examples of which are common with us, are made here. In Zacatecas the glaze is as hard and brilliant as a piano top, and the small pulque pots and pitchers look like polished mahogany or highly colored meerschaum pipe-bowls. In Puebla a finer ware is made, something between good earthenware and coarse soft porcelain. It has a thick tin-glaze, and the decoration in strong color is an under-glaze. Here in Aguas Calientes they make not only most of these coarser varieties, but a better grade of gray stoneware covered with a yellow glaze, semi-transparent, with splashings of red flowers and leaves scattered over it.

The potters are these much-despised, degraded peons, who not only work in clay, embroider in feathers with exquisite results,—an industry of their ancestors,—but make the finest saddles of stamped and incised leather made in the world, besides an infinite variety of horse equipment unknown outside of Mexico. Moreover, in Uruápan they make Japanese lacquers; in Santa Fe, on Lake Patzcuaro, Moorish iridescent ware; and near Puebla, Venetian glass. In a small town in western Mexico I found a glass pitcher, made by a Tlascalan Indian, of such exquisite mold and finish that one unfamiliar with the handiwork

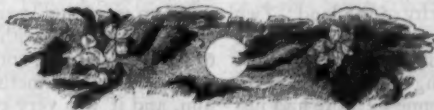
of this downtrodden race on seeing it in its place of honor in my studio collection would say, "Ah, Venetian!—Salviati, of course."

From the market I sought the Church of San Diego, with its inlaid wooden floor and quaint doorway richly carved, and as the twilight settled entered the narrow street that led to my lodgings. At the farther end, beneath an overhanging balcony, I espied a group of children and natives gathered about a band of wandering minstrels. As I drew near I heard the tinkle of a triangle and the thrum of a harp accompanying a weird chant. The quartet, both in appearance, costume, and bearing, were quite different from any of the Indians I had seen about Aguas Calientes. They were much lighter in color and were distinguished by a certain air of independence and dignity. The tallest and oldest of the band held in his left hand a short harp, quite Greek in its design; the youngest shook a tambourine, with rim and rattles complete, but without the drum-head; the third tinkled a triangle; while the fourth, a delicate-looking, large-eyed, straight young fellow, handsome as a Greek god, with teeth like rows of corn, joined in the rhythmic chant. As they stood in the darkening shadows beating time with their sandaled feet, with harp and triangle silhouetted against the evening sky, their zarapes hanging in long straight lines from their shoulders, the whole effect was so thoroughly classic that I could not but recall in the group one of the great friezes of the Parthenon.

I lit a cigarette, opened the windows of my balcony, and, placing the bits of pottery I had bought in the market in a row on my windowsill with the old gardener's azaleas in the largest jar, listened to the music, my thoughts full of the day's work and experience.

The music ceased. The old minstrel approached the balcony and held up his wide sombrero. I poured into it all my stock of copper coins. "*Muchas gracias, Señor,*" came back in humble acknowledgment. Then they disappeared up the narrow street, and the crowd dispersed. I looked after them long and musingly and surprised myself repeating a benediction of the morning, "*Con Dios vayan ustedes mis amigos.*"

F. Hopkinson Smith.



## STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA. II.

FRANÇOISE IN LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.



YEARS passed by. Our war of the Revolution was over. The Indians of Louisiana and Florida were all greedy, smiling gift-takers of his Catholic Majesty. So were some others not Indians; and the Spanish governors of Louisiana, scheming with them for the acquisition of Kentucky and the regions intervening, had allowed an interprovincial commerce to spring up. Flatboats and barges came floating down the Mississippi past the plantation home where little Suzanne and Françoise were growing up to womanhood. Many of the immigrants who now came to Louisiana were the royalist *noblesse* flying from the horrors of the French Revolution. Governor Carondelet was strengthening his fortifications around New Orleans; for Creole revolutionists had slipped away to Kentucky and were there plotting an armed descent in flatboats upon his little capital, where the rabble were singing the terrible songs of bloody Paris. Agents of the Revolution had come from France and so "contaminated," as he says, "the greater part of the province" that he kept order only "at the cost of sleepless nights, by frightening some, punishing others, and driving several out of the colony." It looks as though Suzanne had caught a touch of disrelish for *les aristocrates*, whose necks the songs of the day were promising to the lampposts. To add to all these commotions, a hideous revolution had swept over San Domingo; the slaves in Louisiana had heard of it, insurrection was feared, and at length, in 1793, when Suzanne was seventeen and Françoise fifteen, it broke out on the Mississippi no great matter over a day's ride from their own home, and twenty-three blacks were gibbeted singly at intervals all the way down by their father's plantation and on to New Orleans, and were left swinging in the weather to insure the peace and felicity of the land. Two other matters are all we need notice for the ready comprehension of Françoise's story. Immigration was knocking at every gate of the province, and citizen Étienne de Bore had just made himself forever famous in the history of

Louisiana by producing merchantable sugar; land was going to be valuable, even back on the wild prairies of Opelousas and Attakapas, where, twenty years before, the Acadians,—the cousins of Evangeline,—wandering from far Nova Scotia, had settled. Such was the region and such were the times when it began to be the year 1795.

By good fortune one of the undestroyed fragments of Françoise's own manuscript is its first page. She was already a grandmother forty-three years old when in 1822 she wrote the tale she had so often told. Part of the dedication to her only daughter and namesake—one line, possibly two—has been torn off, leaving only the words, "ma fille unique a la grasse [meaning 'grace'] de dieu [sic]," over her signature and the date, "14 Julet [sic], 1822."

### INTRODUCTION.

It is to give pleasure to my dear daughter Fannie and to her children that I write this journey. I shall be well satisfied if I can succeed in giving them this pleasure: by the grace of God, Amen.

Papa, Mr. Pierre Bossier, planter of St. James parish, had been fifteen days gone to the city (New Orleans) in his skiff with two rowers, Louis and Baptiste, when, returning, he embraced us all, gave us some caramels which he had in his pockets, and announced that he counted on leaving us again in four or five days to go to Attakapas. He had long been speaking of going there. Papa and mamma were German, and papa loved to travel. When he first came to Louisiana it was with no expectation of staying. But here he saw mamma; he loved her, married her, and bought a very fine plantation, where he cultivated indigo. You know they blue clothes with that drug, and dye cottonade and other things. There we, their eight children, were born. . . .

When my father used to go to New Orleans he went in his skiff, with a canopy over his head to keep off the sun, and two rowers, who sang as they rowed. Sometimes papa took me with him, and it was very entertaining. We would pass the nights of our voyage at the houses of

papa's friends [des zami de papa]. Sometimes mamma would come, and Suzanne always — always. She was the daughter next older than I. She barely missed being a boy. She was eighteen years of age, went hunting with our father, was skillful with a gun, and swam like a fish. Papa called her "my son." You must understand the two boys were respectively but two years and three months old, and papa, who greatly desired a son, had easily made one of Suzanne. My father had brought a few books with him to Louisiana, and among them, you may well suppose, were several volumes of travel. For myself, I rarely touched them; but they were the only books that Suzanne read. And you may well think, too, that my father had no sooner spoken of his intention than Suzanne cried :

"I am going with you, am I not, papa?"

"Naturally," replied my father; "and Françoise shall go also."

Françoise — that was I; poor child of sixteen, who had but six months before quitted the school-bench, and totally unlike my sister — blonde, where Suzanne was dark; timid, even cowardly, while she had the hardihood and courage of a young lioness; ready to cry at sight of a wounded bird, while she, gun in hand, brought down as much game as the most skillful hunter.

I exclaimed at my father's speech. I had heard there were many Indians in Attakapas; the name means man-eaters. I have a foolish terror of Indians, and a more reasonable one for man-eaters. But papa and Suzanne mocked at my fears; and as, after all, I burned with desire for the journey, it was decided that I should go with them.

Necessarily we wanted to know how we were to go — whether we should travel by skiff, and how many negroes and negresses would go with us. For you see, my daughter, young people in 1795 were exactly what they are in 1822; they could do nothing by themselves, but must have a domestic to dress and undress them. Especially in traveling, where one had to take clothes out of trunks and put them back again, assistance became an absolute necessity. Think, then, of our astonishment, of our vexation, when papa assured us that he would not take a single slave; that my sister and I would be compelled to help each other, and that the skiff would remain behind, tied up at the landing where it then lay.

"But explain yourself, Papa, I beg of you," cried Suzanne, with her habitual petulance.

"That is what I am trying to do," said he.

"If you will listen in silence, I will give you all the explanation you want."

Here, my daughter, to save time, I will borrow my father's speech and tell of the trip he

had made to New Orleans; how he had there found means to put into execution his journey to Attakapas, and the companions that were to accompany him.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### MAKING UP THE EXPEDITION.

IN 1795 New Orleans was nothing but a mere market town. The cathedral, the convent of the Ursulines, five or six cafés, and about a hundred houses were all of it.<sup>1</sup> Can you believe, there were but two dry-goods stores! And what fabulous prices we had to pay! Pins twenty dollars a paper. Poor people and children had to make shift with thorns of orange and *amourette* [honey locust?]. A needle cost fifty cents, very indifferent stockings five dollars a pair, and other things accordingly.

On the levee was a little pothouse of the lowest sort; yet from that unclean and smoky hole was destined to come one of the finest fortunes in Louisiana. They called the proprietor "Père la Chaise." He was a little old marten-faced man, always busy and smiling, who every year laid aside immense profits. Along the crazy walls extended a few rough shelves covered with bottles and decanters. Three planks placed on boards formed the counter, with Père la Chaise always behind it. There were two or three small tables, as many chairs, and one big wooden bench. Here gathered the city's working-class, and often among them one might find a goodly number of the city's élite; for the wine and the beer of the old *cabaretier* were famous, and one could be sure in entering there to hear all the news told and discussed.

By day the place was quiet, but with evening it became tumultuous. Père la Chaise, happily, did not lose his head; he found means to satisfy all, to smooth down quarrels without calling in the police, to get rid of drunkards, and to make delinquents pay up.

My father knew the place, and never failed to pay it a visit when he went to New Orleans. Poor, dear father! he loved to talk as much as to travel. Père la Chaise was acquainted with him. One evening papa entered, sat down at one of the little tables, and bade Père la Chaise bring a bottle of his best wine. The place was already full of people, drinking, talking, and singing. A young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven entered almost timidly and sat down at the table where my father was — for he saw that all the other places were occupied — and ordered a half-bottle of cider. He was a

<sup>1</sup> An extreme underestimate, easy for a girl to make of a scattered town hidden among gardens and groves.—TRANSLATOR.

Norman gardener. My father knew him by sight; he had met him here several times without speaking to him. You recognized the peasant at once; and yet his exquisite neatness, the gentleness of his face, distinguished him from his kind. Joseph Carpentier was dressed<sup>1</sup> in a very ordinary gray woolen coat; but his coarse shirt was very white, and his hair, when he took off his broad-brimmed hat, was well combed and glossy.

As Carpentier was opening his bottle a second frequenter entered the *cabaret*. This was a man of thirty or thirty-five, with strong features and the frame of a Hercules. An expression of frankness and gayety overspread his sunburnt face. Cottonade pantaloons, stuffed into a pair of dirty boots, and a *vareuse* of the same stuff made up his dress. His *vareuse*, unbuttoned, showed his breast, brown and hairy; and a horrid cap with long hair covered, without concealing, a mass of red locks that a comb had never gone through. A long whip, the stock of which he held in his hand, was coiled about his left arm. He advanced to the counter and asked for a glass of brandy. He was a drayman named John Gordon—an Irishman.

But, strange, John Gordon, glass in hand, did not drink; Carpentier, with his fingers round the neck of the bottle, failed to pour his cider; and my father himself, his eyes attracted to another part of the room, forgot his wine. Every one was looking at an individual gesticulating and haranguing in the middle of the place, to the great amusement of all. My father recognized him at first sight. He was an Italian about the age of Gordon; short, thick-set, powerful, swarthy, with the neck of a bull and hair as black as ebony. He was telling rapidly, with strong gestures, in an almost incomprehensible mixture of Spanish, English, French, and Italian, the story of a hunting party that he had made up five years before. This was Mario Carlo. A Neapolitan by birth, he had for several years worked as a blacksmith on the plantation of one of our neighbors, M. Alphonse Perret. Often papa had heard him tell of this hunt, for nothing could be more amusing than to listen to Carlo. Six young men, with Carlo as sailor and cook, had gone on a two-months' expedition into the country of the Attakapas.

"Yes," said the Italian, in conclusion, "game never failed us; deer, turkeys, ducks, snipe, two or three bears a week. But the sublimest thing was the rich land. Ah! one must see it to believe it. Plains and forests full of animals, lakes and bayous full of fish. Ah! fortune is there. For five years I have dreamed, I have worked, with but one object in view;

<sup>1</sup> In all likelihood described here as seen by the writer herself later, on the journey.

and to-day the end is reached. I am ready to go. I want only two companions to aid me in the long journey, and those I have come to look for here."

John Gordon stepped forward, laid a hand upon the speaker's shoulder, and said:

"My friend, I am your man."

Mario Carlo seized the hand and shook it with all his force.

"You will not repent the step. But"—turning again to the crowd—"we want one more."

Joseph Carpentier rose slowly and advanced to the two men. "Comrades, I will be your companion if you will accept me."

Before separating, the three drank together and appointed to meet the next day at the house of Gordon, the Irishman.

When my father saw Gordon and Carpentier leave the place, he placed his hand on Mario's shoulder and said in Italian, "My boy, I want to talk with you."

At that time, as now, parents were very scrupulous as to the society into which they introduced their children, especially their daughters; and papa knew of a certain circumstance in Carlo's life to which my mother might greatly object. But he knew the man had an honest and noble heart. He passed his arm into the Italian's and drew him to the inn where my father was stopping, and to his room. Here he learned from Mario that he had bought one of those great barges that bring down provisions from the West, and which, when unloaded, the owners count themselves lucky to sell at any reasonable price. When my father proposed to Mario to be taken as a passenger the poor devil's joy knew no bounds; but it disappeared when papa added that he should take his two daughters with him.

The trouble was this: Mario was taking with him in his flatboat his wife and his four children; and wife and four children were simply—mulattoes. However, then as now, we hardly noticed those things, and the idea never entered our minds to inquire into the conduct of our slaves. Suzanne and I had known Celeste, Mario's wife, very well before her husband bought her. She had been the maid of Marianne Perret, and on great occasions Marianne had sent her to us to dress our hair and to prepare our toilets. We were therefore enchanted to learn that she would be with us on board the flatboat, and that papa had engaged her services in place of the attendants we had to leave behind.

It was agreed that for one hundred dollars Mario Carlo would receive all three of us as passengers, that he would furnish a room simply but comfortably, that papa would share this room with us, that Mario would supply



our table, and that his wife would serve as maid and laundress. It remained to be seen now whether our other fellow-travelers were married, and, if so, what sort of creatures their wives were.

[THE next day the four intended travelers met at Gordon's house. Gordon had a wife, Maggie, and a son, Patrick, aged twelve, as unlovely in outward aspect as were his parents. Carpentier, who showed himself even more plainly than on the previous night a man of native refinement, confessed to a young wife without offspring. Mario told his story of love and alliance with one as fair of face as he, and whom only cruel law forbade him to call wife and compelled him to buy his children; and told the story so well that at its close the father of Françoise silently grasped the narrator's hand, and Carpentier, reaching across the table where they sat, gave his, saying:

"You are an honest man, Monsieur Carlo."

"Will your wife think so?" asked the Italian.

"My wife comes from a country where there are no prejudices of race."

Françoise takes the pains to say of this part of the story that it was not told her and Suzanne at this time, but years afterward, when they were themselves wives and mothers. When, on the third day, her father saw Carpentier's wife at the Norman peasant's lodgings, he was greatly surprised at her appearance and manner, and so captivated by them that he proposed that their two parties should make one at table during the projected voyage—a proposition gratefully accepted. Then he left New Orleans for his plantation home, intending to return immediately, leaving his daughters in St. James to prepare for the journey and await the arrival of the flatboat, which must pass their home on its way to the distant wilds of Attakapas.]

## CHAPTER II.

### THE EMBARKATION.

You see, my dear child, at that time one post-office served for three parishes: St. James, St. John the Baptist, and St. Charles. It was very far from us, at the extremity of St. John the Baptist, and the mail came there on the first of each month.

We had to pay—though the price was no object—fifty cents postage on a letter. My father received several journals, mostly European. There was only one paper, French and Spanish, published in New Orleans—"The Gazette."<sup>1</sup> To send to the post-office was an affair

of state. Our father, you see, had not time to write us; he was obliged to come to us himself. But such journeys were a matter of course in those days.

"And above all things, my children," said my father, "don't have too much baggage."

I should not have thought of rebelling; but Suzanne raised loud cries, saying it was an absolute necessity that we go with papa to New Orleans, so as not to find ourselves on our journey without traveling-dresses, new neckerchiefs, and a number of things. In vain did poor papa endeavor to explain that we were going into a desert worse than Arabia; Suzanne put her two hands to her ears and would hear nothing, until, weary of strife, poor papa yielded.

Our departure being decided upon, he wished to start even the very next day; and while we were instructing our sisters Elinore and Marie concerning some trunks that we should leave behind us, and which they must pack and have ready for the flatboat, papa recommended to mamma a great slaughter of fowls, etc., and especially to have ready for embarkation two of our best cows. Ah! in those times if the planter wished to live well he had to raise everything himself, and the poultry yard and the dairy were something curious to see. Dozens of slaves were kept busy in them constantly. When my mother had raised two thousand chickens, besides turkeys, ducks, geese, guinea-fowls, and pea-fowls, she said she had lost her crop.<sup>2</sup> And the quantity of butter and cheese! And all this without counting the sauces, the jellies, the preserves, the gherkins, the syrups, the brandied fruits. And not a ham, not a chicken, not a pound of butter was sold; all was served on the master's table, or, very often, given to those who stood in need of them. Where, now, can you find such profusion? Ah! commerce has destroyed industry.

The next day, after kissing mamma and the children, we got into the large skiff with papa, and three days later stepped ashore in New Orleans. We remained there a little over a week, preparing our traveling-dresses. Despite the admonitions of papa, we went to the fashionable modiste of the day, Madame Cinthelia Lefranc, and ordered for each a suit that cost one hundred and fifty dollars. The costume was composed of a petticoat of *camaye*, very short, caught up in puffs on the side by a profusion of ribbons; and a very long-pointed black velvet jacket (*casaguin*), laced in the back with gold and trimmed on the front with several rows of gilt buttons. The sleeves stopped at the elbows and were trimmed with lace.

<sup>1</sup> Another error easy to make. For "Gazette" read "Moniteur"; "The Gazette" appeared a little later.

<sup>2</sup> The translator feels constrained to say that he was not on the spot.

Now, my daughter, do you know what camayeu was? You now sometimes see an imitation of it in door and window curtains. It was a stuff of great fineness, yet resembling not a little the unbleached cotton of to-day, and over which were spread very brilliant designs of prodigious size. For example, Suzanne's petticoat showed bunches of great radishes—not the short kind—surrounded by long, green leaves and tied with a yellow cord; while on mine were roses as big as a baby's head, interlaced with leaves and buds and gathered into bouquets graced with a blue ribbon. It was ten dollars an ell; but, as the petticoats were very short, six ells was enough for each. At that time real hats were unknown. For driving or for evening they placed on top of the high, powdered hair what they called a *catogan*, a little bonnet of gauze or lace trimmed with ribbons; and during the day a sunbonnet of silk or velvet. You can guess that neither Suzanne nor I, in spite of papa's instructions, forgot these.

Our traveling-dresses were gray *cirsacas*,—theskirt all one, short, without puffs; the jacket coming up high and with long sleeves,—a sunbonnet of *cirsacas*, blue stockings, embroidered handkerchief or blue cravat about the neck, and high-heeled shoes.

As soon as Celeste heard of our arrival in New Orleans she hastened to us. She was a good creature; humble, respectful, and always ready to serve. She was an excellent cook and washer, and, what we still more prized, a lady's maid and hairdresser of the first order. My sister and I were glad to see her, and overwhelmed her with questions about Carlo, their children, their plans, and our traveling companions.

"Ah! Mamzelle Suzanne, the little Madame Carpentier seems to me a fine lady, ever so genteel; but the Irishwoman! Ah! *grand Dieu!* she puts me in mind of a soldier. I'm afraid of her. She smokes—she swears—she carries a pistol, like a man."

At last the 15th of May came, and papa took us on board the flatboat and helped us to find the way to our apartment. If my father had allowed Carlo, he would have ruined himself in furnishing our room; but papa stopped him and directed it himself. The flatboat had been divided into four chambers. These were covered by a slightly arching deck, on which the boat was managed by the moving of immense sweeps that sent her forward. The room in the stern, surrounded by a sort of balcony, which Monsieur Carpentier himself had made, belonged to him and his wife; then came ours, then that of Celeste and her family, and the one at the bow was the Irishwoman's. Carlo and Gordon had crammed the provisions, tools, carts, and plows into the corners of their respective apartments. In the room which our

father was to share with us he had had Mario make two wooden frames mounted on feet. These were our beds, but they were supplied with good bedding and very white sheets. A large cypress table, on which we saw a pile of books and our workboxes; a washstand, also of cypress, but well furnished and surmounted with a mirror; our trunks in a corner; three rocking-chairs—this was all our furniture. There was neither carpet nor curtain.

All were on board except the Carpentier couple. Suzanne was all anxiety to see the Irishwoman. Poor Suzanne! how distressed she was not to be able to speak English! So, while I was taking off my *capotte*—as the sunbonnet of that day was called—and smoothing my hair at the glass, she had already tossed her capotte upon papa's bed and sprung up the ladder that led to the deck. (Each room had one.) I followed a little later and had the satisfaction of seeing Madame Margareto Gordon, commonly called "Maggie" by her husband and "Maw" by her son Patrick. She was seated on a coil of rope, her son on the boards at her feet. An enormous dog crouched beside them, with his head against Maggie's knee. The mother and son were surprisingly clean. Maggie had on a simple brown calico dress and an apron of blue ticking. A big red kerchief was crossed on her breast and its twin brother covered her well combed and greased black hair. On her feet were blue stockings and heavy leather shoes. The blue ticking shirt and pantaloons and waistcoat of Master Pat were so clean that they shone; his black cap covered his hair—as well combed as his mother's; but he was barefooted. Gordon, Mario, and Celeste's eldest son, aged thirteen, were busy about the deck; and papa, his cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, stood looking out on the levee. I sat down on one of the rough benches that had been placed here and there, and presently my sister came and sat beside me.

"Madame Carpentier seems to be a laggard," she said. She was burning to see the arrival of her whom we had formed the habit of calling "the little French peasant."

[PRESENTLY Suzanne begins shooting bonbons at little Patrick, watching the effect out of the corners of her eyes, and by and by gives that smile, all her own,—to which, says Françoise, all flesh invariably surrendered,—and so became dumbly acquainted; while Carlo was beginning to swear "fit to raise the dead," writes the memoirist, at the tardiness of the Norman pair. But just then—]

A CARRIAGE drove up to within a few feet of our *chaland* and Joseph Carpentier alighted,

paid the driver, and lifted from it one so delicate, pretty, and small that you might take her at first glance for a child of ten years. Suzanne and I had risen quickly and came and leaned over the balustrade. To my mortification my sister had passed one arm around the waist of the little Irishman and held one of his hands in hers. Suzanne uttered a cry of astonishment. "Look, look, Françoise!" But I was looking, with eyes wide with astonishment.

The gardener's wife had alighted, and with her little gloved hand shook out and re-arranged her toilet. That toilet, very simple to the eyes of Madame Carpentier, was what petrified us with astonishment. I am going to describe it to you, my daughter.

We could not see her face, for her hood of blue silk, trimmed with a light white fur, was covered with a veil of white lace that entirely concealed her features. Her traveling-dress, like ours, was of cirsacas, but ours was cotton, while hers was silk, in broad rays of gray and blue; and as the weather was a little cool that morning, she had exchanged the unfailing casaquin for a sort of *camail* to match the dress, and trimmed, like the capotte, with a line of white fur. Her petticoat was very short, lightly puffed on the sides, and ornamented only with two very long pockets trimmed like the camail. Below the folds of the robe were two Cinderella feet in blue silk stockings and black velvet slippers. It was not only the material of this toilet that astonished us, but the way in which it was made.

"Maybe she is a modiste. Who knows?" whispered Suzanne.

Another thing: Madame Carpentier wore a veil and gloves, two things of which we had heard but which we had never seen. Madame Ferrand had mentioned them, but said that they sold for their weight in gold in Paris and she had not dared import them, for fear she could not sell them in Louisiana. And here was the wife of a laboring gardener, who avowed himself possessor of but two thousand francs, dressed like a duchess and with veil and gloves!

I could but notice with what touching care Joseph assisted his wife on board. He led her straight to her room, and quickly rejoined us on deck to put himself at the disposition of his associates. He explained to Mario his delay, caused by the difficulty of finding a carriage; at which Carlo lifted his shoulders and grimaced. Joseph added that madame — I noticed that he rarely called her Alix — was rather tired, and would keep her room until dinner time. Presently our heavy craft was under way.

Pressing against the long sweeps, which it required a herculean strength to move, were seen

on one side Carlo and his son Celestino, or Tino, and on the other Joseph and Gordon. It moved slowly; so slowly that it gave the effect of a great tortoise.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ALIX CARPENTIER.

TOWARDS noon we saw Celeste come on deck with her second son, both carrying baskets full of plates, dishes, covers, and a tablecloth. You remember I have often told you of an awning stretched at the stern of the flatboat? We found that in fine weather our dining-room was to be under this. There was no table; the cloth was simply spread on the deck, and those who ate had to sit *à la Turque* or take their plates on their knees. The Irish family ate in their room. Just as we were drawing around our repast Madame Carpentier, on her husband's arm, came up on deck.

Dear little Alix! I see you yet as I saw you then. And here, twenty-seven years after our parting, I have before me the medallion you gave me, and look tenderly on your dear features, my friend!

She had not changed her dress; only she had replaced her camail with a scarf of blue silk about her neck and shoulders and had removed her gloves and *capuche*. Her rich chestnut hair, unpowdered, was combed back *à la Chinoise*, and the long locks that descended upon her shoulders were tied by a broad blue ribbon forming a rosette on the forehead of her head. She wore no jewelry except a pearl at each ear and her wedding ring. Suzanne, who always saw everything, remarked afterward that Madame Carpentier wore two.

"As for her earrings," she added, "they are nothing great. Marianne has some as fine, that cost, I think, ten dollars."

Poor Suzanne, a judge of jewelry! Madame Carpentier's earrings were two great pearls, worth at least two hundred dollars. Never have I met another so charming, so lovely, as Alix Carpentier. Her every movement was grace. She moved, spoke, smiled, and in all things acted differently from all the women I had ever met until then. She made one think she had lived in a world all unlike ours; and withal she was simple, sweet, good, and to love her seemed the most natural thing on earth. There was nothing extraordinary in her beauty; the charm was in her intelligence and her goodness.

Maggie, the Irishwoman, was very taciturn. She never mingled with us, nor spoke to any one except Suzanne, and to her in monosyllables only when addressed. You would see her sometimes sitting alone at the bow of the boat, sewing, knitting, or saying her beads. During this last occupation her eyes never quitted

Alix. One would say it was to her she addressed her prayers; and one day, when she saw my regard fixed upon Alix, she said to me:

"It does me good to look at her; she must look like the Virgin Mary."

Her little form, so graceful and delicate, had, however, one slight defect; but this was hidden under the folds of her robe or of the scarf that she knew how to arrange with such grace. One shoulder was a trifle higher than the other.

After having greeted my father, whom she already knew, she turned to us, hesitated a moment, and then, her two little hands extended, and with the most charming smile, she advanced, first to me and then to Suzanne, and embraced us both as if we had been old acquaintances. And from that moment we were good friends.

It had been decided that the boat should not travel by night, notwithstanding the assurance of Carlo, who had a map of Attakapas. But in the Mississippi there was no danger; and as papa was pressed to reach our plantation, we traveled all that first night.

The next day Alix—she required us to call her by that name—invited us to visit her in her room. Suzanne and I could not withhold a cry of surprise as we entered the little chamber. (Remember one thing: papa took nothing from home, not knowing even by what means we should return; but the Carpentiers were going for good and taking everything.) Joseph had had the rough walls whitewashed. A cheap carpet—but high-priced in those times—of bright colors covered the floor; a very low French bed occupied one corner, and from a sort of dais escaped the folds of an embroidered bobbinet mosquito-bar. It was the first mosquito-bar of that kind we had ever seen. Alix explained that she had made it from the curtains of the same bed, and that both bed and curtains she had brought with her from England. New mystery!

Beside the bed a walnut dressing-table and mirror, opposite to it a washstand, at the bed's

foot a *priedieu*, a center-table, three chairs—these were all the furniture; but [an enumeration follows of all manner of pretty feminine belongings, in crystal, silver, gold, with a picture of the crucifixion and another of the Virgin]. On the shelves were a rich box of colors, several books, and some portfolios of music. From a small peg hung a guitar.

But Suzanne was not satisfied. Her gaze never left an object of unknown form enveloped in green serge. Alix noticed, laughed, rose, and, lifting the covering, said:

"This is my harp, Suzanne; later I will play it for you."

The second evening and those that followed, papa, despite Carlo's representation and the magnificent moonlight, opposed the continuation of the journey by night; and it was not until the morning of the fifth day that we reached St. James.

You can fancy the joy with which we were received at the plantation. We had but begun our voyage, and already my mother and sisters ran to us with extended arms as though they had not seen us for years. Needless to say, they were charmed with Alix; and when after dinner we had to say a last adieu to the loved ones left behind, we boarded the flatboat and left the plantation amid huzzas,<sup>1</sup> waving handkerchiefs, and kisses thrown from finger-tips. No one wept, but in saying good-bye to my father my mother asked:

"Pierre, how are you going to return?"

"Dear wife, by the mercy of God all things are possible to the man with his pocket full of money."

During the few days that we passed on the Mississippi each day was like the one before. We sat on the deck and watched the slow swinging of the long sweeps, or read, or embroidered, or in the chamber of Alix listened to her harp or guitar; and at the end of another week we arrived at Plaquemine.

<sup>1</sup> According to a common habit of the Southern slaves.

George W. Cable.

(To be continued.)

## ATTRACTION.

WHY should I still love thee, dear,  
When thou lov'st me not?  
Why should I remember thee,  
When thou hast forgot?

The fiery sun absorbs the dew,  
Though the dew wills it not;  
The pale stream glides to the ocean blue,  
Escaping never its lot.

Shining sun and dew are one,  
Gliding stream and sea —  
Love or love me not, my love,  
I am one with thee!

Elyot Weld.





THE VOYAGE TO MONTREAL.

## THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.<sup>1</sup>

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

VI.

### A RIVER CÔTE.

**T**HE four Huron Indians, cut off abruptly from the luxury of a Lower Town drinking-shop, sat in sulky readiness with their grasp upon the oars. Dollard was at the stern of the boat beside Claire, whom he had wrapped in bearskins, because at high noon the April air was chill upon the river.

Dollier de Casson had likewise taken to his canoe with his servant and pack of sacred utensils, and this small craft rested against the larger one to resist the current's dragging. Dollard's rope yet held to the shore. His impatient eyes watched Quebec Heights for the appearance of Jacques and Louise.

Water lapping the two boats brought them together with faint jars and grindings of the edges. Dollier de Casson, sitting thus facing the contraband bride, beheld her with increasing interest.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1888, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. All rights reserved.

Jacques and Louise, carrying the bride's caskets and impedimenta of their own, finally appeared on Quebec's slopes, descending with deliberation to the landing.

They had no breath to spend in chat, but Jacques realized with voiceless approval that Louise carried manfully her portion of the freight.

He rolled his keg into the boat, slipped the boxes aboard, and helped Louise to a bench in front of himself; then, untying the rope, he sprung in.

The Hurons bent to their oars and the boat shot out into the river, Dollier de Casson's canoe-man following. Above water murmur and rhythmic splash of oars Dollard then called his vassal to account, addressing him over the Indians' swaying shoulders.

"What have you been doing this hour by the sun, Jacques Goffinet?"

"Hour, m'sieur? I have trotted myself into a sweat since we left the cathedral, and thrown away all my bounty the king pays a bachelor on his marriage, except this keg of salt meat and eleven crowns in money. That because of your hot haste, m'sieur. I lose an ox, a cow, a pair of fine hogs, and such chickens as never crowed on St. Bernard, and yet I have been an hour, have I?—May the saints never let ruin and poverty tread on my heels so fast another hour while I live!"

Claire held out to Dollard, from her furs, a square watch having a mirror set in its back, saying:

"You see, we waited scarcely twenty-five minutes."

Dollard laughed, but called again to his vassal:

"A cow, an ox, a load of swine, and a flock of chickens! And having freighted the boat with these, where did you intend to carry the lady of St. Bernard, your seignior, your wife, yourself, and the rowers, my excellent Jacques? Were we to be turned out as guests to the bishop?"

"Saints forbid, m'sieur," Jacques called back sincerely. "The bishop and the abbess stood by while my wife brought madame's caskets from the convent, and they smiled so 't would make a man's teeth chatter. I am not skilled in the looks of holy folks, but I said to my wife as we came away, 'These Quebec Jesuits, they begrudge the light of day to Montreal.' So it would be cold cheer you got of bishop or abbess, m'sieur."

Dollard and the fur-wrapped bride looked up at Quebec promontory which they were rounding, heights of sheer rock stretching up and holding the citadel in mid-heaven. The Indians steadily flung the boat upstream.

Claire turned over in her mind that mute

contempt which Mother Mary evidently felt for what she would call a girl's fickleness. Her ungracious leave-taking of the upright and duty-loving abbess was a pain to her. As to the bishop, she could not regret that his first benediction had been final. Resentment still heated her against both those strict devotees. She was yet young enough to expect perfect happiness, for the children of man live much before they learn to absorb the few flawless joys which owe their perfection to briefness.

One such moment Claire had when her soldier leaned over her in silence.

"We are going farther from France. Are you homesick, dear?"

"No; I am simply in a rage at the bishop of New France and the abbess of the Ursulines."

"There they go behind the rock of Quebec, entirely separated from us. Have you regrets that you bore such a wedding for my sake?"

"Sieur des Ormeaux, I have but a single fault to find with you."

"What is that?" Dollard anxiously inquired.

"The edge of your hat is too narrow."

"Why, it is the usual head-cover of a French officer of my rank; but I will throw it into the river."

"O monsieur! that would be worse than ever. If you despise me for seizing on you as I did—"

"O Claire!"

"What will you think when I own my depravity now? The abbess might well smile. She doubtless knows I will say this to you. Are those yellow-feathered men watching us?"

"Not at all. They watch the St. Lawrence."

"Louise's back is turned. But your servant?"

"Can he do anything but stare at Louise?"

"I forgot the priest."

"His boat is many lengths behind."

"Sieur des Ormeaux, this is a lovely voyage. But do you remember climbing the convent wall and dropping into the garden once where your cousin and I sat with our needlework?"

"Once? Say many times. I spent much of my life on that convent wall. You saw me once."

"You fell on one knee, monsieur, and seized my work and kissed it. That silk mess; I often looked at it afterward. Men have very queer tastes, have they not? It is a shocking thing when a girl has just flown the convent and her own family, but, O Sieur des Ormeaux! I want to kiss you!"

A sail-boat, perhaps venturing down from Three Rivers, cut past them in the distance. Other craft disappeared. No stealthy canoe shot from cover of rock or headland. As Claire half closed her eyes and leaned against

the rest provided for her, she thought she saw a heron rise from shallows at the water's edge, trailing its legs in flight. Catbirds and blue jays could be seen like darting specks, describing lineless curves against the sky or shore.

Sometimes Dollier de Casson's boat lagged, or again it shot close behind Dollard's. The first stop was made on a flat rocky island where there was a spring of clear water. Louise and Jacques spread out as a bridal repast such provisions as Dollard had hurriedly bought in Quebec, with dried eels and cured fish from the St. Bernard cellar. The pause was a brief one. And no tale of this island was dropped in Claire's ear, or of another island nearer the St. Lawrence's mouth: how two hundred Micmac Indians camped there for the night, beaching their canoes and hiding their wives and children in a recess of the rocks; how the Iroquois surprised and blotted them all out. That dreaded war-cry, "Kohe—Kohe!" might well be living in the air along the river yet.

Before reëntering the boat Claire went to the spring for a last cup of water, taking Louise with her.

"And what did the bishop say?" she seized this chance to inquire.

"Mademoiselle—madame, he did nothing but look, as my husband said. We were all four surprised, the bishop, the abbess, my husband, and I."

"Did the abbess accept my purse I bade you leave for the convent?"

"Madame, I left it lying on the floor where she dropped it. She has no doubt picked it up and counted the coins out to charity by this. The whole marriage seems a miracle, with my mother helping the blessed saints."

"Were you, then, pleased, my child?"

"Mademoiselle, I was stupid with delight. For you will now be my mistress and have me to wait on you the rest of our lives. Had you no terrors at coming away with a strange man, mademoiselle?"

"Strange man, tongue of pertness! when the *Sieur des Ormeaux* has been my lover these many years."

"Was he, indeed, one of those troublesome wooers who drove you out of France? You said this morning you would never be yoked in marriage, and long before the sun goes down you are a bride! Ah, madame, the air of this country must be favorable to women!"

Again the boats pushed up-river, following the afternoon westward.

They had passed Cap Rouge, a cluster of cabins, the seignior's substantial stone hut forming one side of the fort-like palisades. The strip farms extended in long ribbons back from the shore. Their black stubble of stumps, mowed by ax and fire, crouched like the pitiful

impotence of man at the flanks of unmeasured forest.

Before nightfall the voyagers came near a low beach where sand and gravel insensibly changed to flat clearing, and a cote of three or four families huddled together.

Wild red-legged children came shouting to the water's edge before Dollier de Casson's canoe was beached, and some women equally sylvan gathered shyly among the stumps to welcome him.

As the priest stepped from his boat he waved a hand in farewell to the other voyagers, and Dollard stood up, lifting his hat.

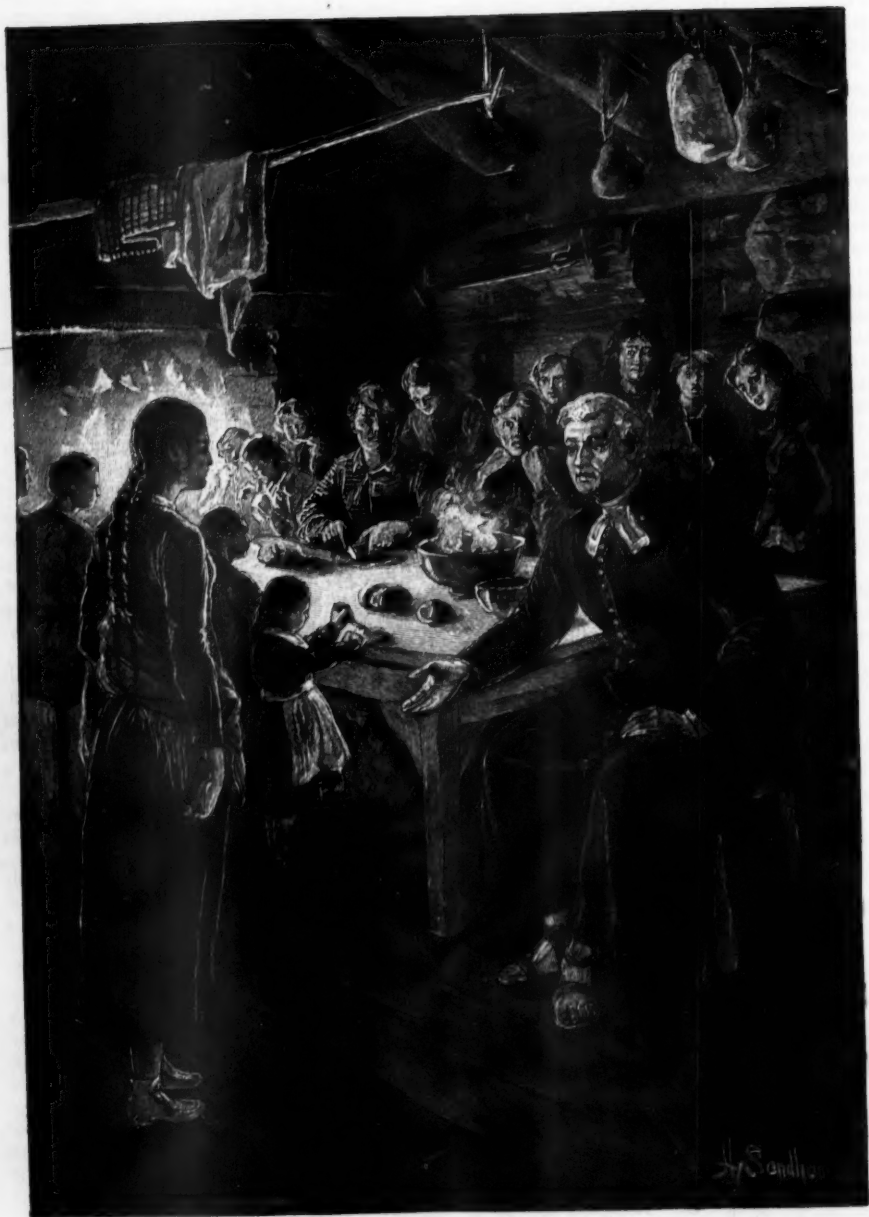
The sacrament of marriage, so easy of attainment in New France at that time, had evidently been dispensed with in the first hut this spiritual father entered. His man carried in his sacred luggage, and the temporary chapel was soon set up in a corner unoccupied. The children hovered near in delight, gazing at tall candles and gilt ornaments, for even in that age of poverty the pomps of the Roman Church were carried into settlers' cabins throughout New France. Dollier de Casson had for his confessional closet a canopy of black cloth stretched over two supports. The penitent crept under this merciful wing, and the priest, seated on a stool, could examine the soul as a modern photographer examines his camera; except that he used ear instead of eye.

The interior of a peasant censitaire's dwelling changes little from generation to generation. One may still see the crucifix over the principal bed, joints of cured meat hanging from rafters, and the artillery of the house resting there on hooks. A rough-built loom crowded inmates whom it clothed. And against the wall of the entrance side dangled a vial of holy water as a safeguard against lightning.

Dollier de Casson stood up to admonish his little flock, gathered from all the huts of the cote, into silence before him. The men took off their rough caps and put them under their arms, standing in a disordered group together. Though respectful and obedient, they did not crowd their spiritual father with such wild eagerness as the women, who, on any seat found or carried in, sat hungrily, hushing around their knees the nipped French dialect of their children.

"What is this, Antonio Brunette?" exclaimed Father de Casson after he had cast his eyes among them. "Could you not wait my coming, when you well knew I purposed marrying you this time? You intend to have the wedding and the christening together."

"Father," expostulated the swart youth, avoiding the priest to gaze sheepishly at his betrothed's cowering distress, "Pierre's daughter is past sixteen, and we would have been



"PEACE BE WITH YOU, MASSAWIPPA."



married if you had been here. You know the king lays a fine on any father who lets his daughter pass sixteen without binding her in marriage. And Pierre is a very poor man."

"Therefore, to help Pierre evade his Majesty's fine, you must break the laws of Heaven, must you, my son? Hearty penance shall ye both do before I minister to you the sacrament of marriage. My children, the evil one prowls constantly along the banks of this river, while your poor confessors can only reach you at intervals of months. Heed my admonitions. Where is Pierre's wife?"

Down went Pierre's face between his hands into his cap.

"Dead," he articulated from its hollow. "Without absolution. And the little baby on her arm, it went with her unbaptized."

"God have pity on you, my children," said Dollier de Casson. "I will say masses over her grave, and we will pray for the little unblemished soul. How many children have you, Pierre?"

"Seventeen, father."

"Twenty-six, he should say, father," a woman near the priest declared. "For the widow of Jean Ba'ti Morin has nine."

"And why should Pierre count as his own the flock of Jean Ba'ti Morin's widow?"

"Because he is to marry her, father, when Antonio Brunette marries his oldest girl."

"If I come not oftener," remarked the priest, "you will all be changed about and newly related to each other so that I shall not know how to name ye. I will read the service for the dead over your first wife, Pierre, before I marry you to your second. It is indeed better to be dwelling in love than in discord. Have you had any disagreements?"

"No, father; but Jean Ba'ti's oldest boy has taken to the woods and is off among the Indians, leaving his mother to farm alone with only six little lads to help her."

"Another *coureur de bois*," said the priest in displeasure.

"Therefore, father," opportunely put in Jean Ba'ti's widow, "I having no man at all, and Pierre having no woman at all, we thought to wed."

"Think now of your sins," said Father de Casson, "from oldest to youngest. After penance and absolution and examination in the faith ye shall have mass."

The solemn performance of these religious duties began and proceeded until dusk obliterated all faces in the dimly lighted cabin. Stump roots were piled up in the fireplace, and Pierre's daughter, between her prayers, put on the evening meal to cook.

If a child tittered at going under the confessional tent, its mother gave it a rear prod

with admonishing hand. In that humble darkness Father de Casson's ear received the whispers of all these plodding souls, and his tongue checked their evil and nourished their good. The cabin became a chapel full of kneeling figures telling beads.

This portion of his duty finished, Dollier de Casson postponed the catechizing, and made Pierre take a lighted stick of pine and show him that ridge whereunder mother and baby lay. There was always danger of surprise by the Iroquois. The men and women who followed in irregular procession through the vast dimness of northern twilight kept on their guard against moving stumps or any sudden uprising like the rush of quails from some covert. In rapid tones the priest repeated the service for the dead; then called his followers from their knees to return to the house to celebrate the weddings of Pierre and Pierre's daughter.

After this rite, supper was served in Pierre's house, the other families dispersing to their own tables—cabbage-soup, fat pork, and coarse bread made from pounded grain; for this *côte* was too poor to have a mill. These were special luxuries for Father de Casson, for the usual *censitaire* supper consisted of bread and eels. The missionary priest, accustomed with equal patience to fasting or eating, spread his hands above unsavory steam and blessed the meal. Silently, while he spoke, the door opened and a slim dark girl entered the house.

## VII.

### A HALF-BREED.

SHE stood erect and silent against the closed door until Dollier de Casson, before he had taken his first mouthful, spoke to her.

"Peace be with you, Massawippa."

"Peace be also with you, father."

Her voice was contralto without gutturals.

"You come in good time, my daughter. It is long since I examined you in the faith and absolved you."

"Think of my soul later, father; I come from the chief."

"Where is the chief?"

"Étienne Annahotaha sends for you," she replied grandly. "I am to show you the way."

Dollier de Casson did not ask why Étienne Annahotaha sent for the priest instead of coming to the priest himself. The Huron chief disdained his wife's relatives with savage frankness.

"Very good, my daughter. In the morning, then, we will set out."

"Annahotaha begs that you will come at once, father."

"Hath he such urgent need of a priest?"

"He leaves his present camp early to-morrow, and he himself will tell you his urgent business."

The girl's eyes moved slightly over this huge French family, holding them unfit to hear many words concerning her father.

"Very good, my daughter. As soon as I have finished my repast I shall be ready."

Pierre muttered objections. His first wife's grave was blessed, and his second wife was now comfortably his, but he grudged gospel privileges to that interloper Annahotaha, who had married his sister and made a white squaw of her, poor unsettled woman, paddling her from the island of Orleans to the lower Ottawa and back until she died.

All seats being occupied, Massawippa still stood by the entrance. Her uncle Pierre did point her to a place beside the table, but she shook her head.

Father de Casson was placed by himself at the table end, Pierre's mob of children and step-children thronging below, the little ones standing wedged together, some with chins barely level with the board.

Though scarcely more than fourteen years old, Massawippa looked well grown and tall. No civilized awkwardness of limb, or uncertainty of action when she moved, hampered her. Notwithstanding her cheek-bones were high and her mouth wide, she was full of vigorous young beauty. Her temples were round, and clasped as if by jet-black bird-wings in hair which divided its weight betwixt two braids and measured half the length of her body.

Scarcely tolerant was the eye she kept on these French habitants her kinsfolks. She was princess; they were merely inferior white stock from whom her mother had sprung.

In personal appointments she was exquisite compared with the French women of the cabin. Her rich and glowing cheeks, her small dark ears and throat and hands, had reached a state of polish through unusual care. Her raiment appeared to be culled from the best fashions of both races. She wore the soft Indian mocasin, stitched with feather-work, and the woolen French stocking. All beaver skins in New France nominally belonged to the government; but this half-breed girl wore a pliant slim gown, chestnut-colored and silky, of beaver skin, reaching nearly to her ankles. It was girdled around the waist and collared around the top by bands of white wampum glittering like scales. A small light blanket of wool dyed a very dull red was twisted around her and hung over one arm.

A bud of a woman though still a child, full of the gentle dignity of the Hurons, who of all the great tribes along the St. Lawrence had lent themselves most kindly to Christian

teaching, and undulled by her French peasant blood, Massawippa was comforting to eyes wearied by oily dark faces.

Dollier de Casson, gentleman and soldier before he became priest, always treated her with the deference she was inclined to exact as due her station.

Most Canadian half-breeds were the children of French fathers who had turned coureurs de bois and of Indian women briefly espoused by them. But the Huron chief had wedded Massawippa's mother by priest and Latin service. The inmates of Pierre's house regarded this girl as a misfortune that held them in awe. Her patent of nobility was dirt to them, yet by virtue of it she trod on air above their heads; and she was always so strangely clean and strangely handsome, this high young dame of the woods.

Pierre's new wife, the corners of her mouth settling, regarded Massawippa with disfavor. The families in that cote knew well at whose door Jean Ba'ti's widow laid the defection of her son.

One of Pierre's little boys, creeping sidewise towards Massawippa, leaned against the door and looked up, courting her smile. He was very dirty, his cheeks new sodden with pork-fat being the most acceptable points of his surface. She did not encourage his advances, but met his look sedately.

"Thou know'st not what I know, Massawippa," said he. "Thou know'st not who's married."

She remained silent, pride magnifying the natural indifference of her time of life to such news.

"The father Pierre is married. Dost guess he married our Angèle?" tempted the little boy, whose ideas of the extent of intermarriage surpassed even the generous views of his elders in the cote. "No! Antonio Brunette married our Angèle. Four people are married. It made me laugh. The widow of Jean Ba'ti Morin, she wedded Father Pierre, and you must tell La Mouche. Are you also married to La Mouche, Massawippa?"

Her aquiline face blazed with instant wrath, and Pierre's little boy fell back from her as if scorched. Her hiss followed him.

"I do not myself speak to La Mouche!"

La Mouche's mother was naturally the most interested witness of this falcon-like stoop of Massawippa's, and as a mother she experienced deeper sense of injury.

#### VIII.

#### THE HURON.

A LIGHT rain was blistering the river and thickening an already dark landscape when

Dollier de Casson, followed by his man carrying what might be called his religious tool-chest, crossed the clearing with Massawippa.

The child walked before them, her blanket drawn well up over her head and her moccasins taking no print afterward visible from any soft earth they trod. The laden and much-enduring servant stumbled across roots, but labored on through sleek and treacherous wet spots with the zeal of a missionary servant.

Dollier de Casson gave him breathing periods by carrying the chapel himself. Thus had these two men helped each other in winter, when the earth was banked in white, the river a glittering solid, and one's breath came to him fluid ice and went from him an eruption of steam, as they toiled to parish or distant fort on snow-shoes. Thus did Jesuit and Sulpitian priests keep their religion alive on the St. Lawrence.

Within the first pine covert three Hurons were waiting, evidently Massawippa's escort. She now walked beside Dollier de Casson and they stalked ahead, threading a silent way through the darkness.

Spruce and white birch were all the trees that stood out distinctly to the senses, others massing anonymously in the void of night and their spring nakedness. The evergreen with prickling fingers brushed the passers' faces; while the white birches in flecked shrouds crowded rank on rank like many lofty ghosts diverse of girth, and by their whiteness threw a gleam upon the eyeball.

Following the head Huron, Dollier de Casson's company trod straight over soft logs where the foot sunk in half-rotten moss, and over that rustling, elastic cushion of dead leaves, histories of uncounted summers which padded the floor of the forests. Through roofing limbs the rain found it less easy to pelt them. They wound about rocks and climbed ascents, until Annahotaha's camp-fire suddenly blinked beneath them and they could stand overlooking it.

He had pitched his bark tent in a small amphitheater sloping down to a tributary of the St. Lawrence. The camp-fire, hissing as slant lines of the shower struck it, threw light over the little river's stung surface, on low shrubs and rocks, on the oblong lodge,<sup>1</sup> and the figures of some three dozen Indians squatting blanketed beside it, or walking about throwing long shadows over the brightened area.

Étienne Annahotaha sat just within the

shelter of his lodge, and here he received the priest, standing almost as tall as Dollier de Casson, who bent his head to avoid the tent.

This shelter was indeed altogether for Massawippa; the chief preferred lying on the ground with his braves; but she was child of a mother long used to roofs, and was, besides, a being whom he would set up and guard as a sacred image. There was no woman in the camp.

When Dollier de Casson and Annahotaha sat silently down together, Massawippa crept up behind her father and rested her cheek against his back. He allowed this mute caress and gazed with stern gravity at the fire.

His soul was in labor, and the priest good-humoredly waited until it should bring forth its care. No religious instruction could be imparted to the camp while Annahotaha held his speech unspoken. Rain hissed softly through listening trees, paused to let damp boughs drip, and renewed itself with a rush. Evident vapor arose from the Indians beside the fire.

"The father's boat was seen upon the river," began Annahotaha. "I have sent for the father to tell him the thoughts which come up in my breast and give me no peace. I am a tree of rough bark, but I bear a flower branch. I go to the burning and my branch of flowers will not be cut off from me. I am an old bear, but how shall I make the Iroquois feel my claws if my cub be beside me? The lodge of her mother's people is not fit to hold her. Continually her mother comes to me in dreams saying, 'What have you done with the child?' Shall I hang my branch of flowers in the lodges of my people? Behold the remnant of the Hurons!" He leaped to his feet with energetic passion, and flung his pointed finger at the steaming braves by the fire. They gave an instant's attention to his voice, and went on toasting themselves as before. "We are trodden underfoot like leaves. The French, our white brothers, promise us protection, and our feeble ones are dragged to the stake and scalped before their eyes. We perish from the earth. Soon not a Huron will make the smoke of his lodge go up beside the great river. But before these Iroquois utterly tread our bones under the turf they shall feel the rage of Annahotaha. The last Hurons shall heap them up in destruction!"

He sat down and rested his savage face on his fists.

Massawippa resumed her attitude of satisfied tenderness; and shade by shade his wrath lifted until the father and not the chief again looked through the red of his mask-like face.

"If Annahotaha is leading a war party against the Iroquois," began Dollier de Casson —

<sup>1</sup> On a small scale the typical Iroquois-Huron dwelling. The tribal lodges, made to hold many fires and many families, were fifty or more yards in length by twelve or fifteen in width, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark.

"Speak not of that. The old bear knows his own track; but no way for the tender feet of his cub."

"—he will pass through Montreal," continued the priest. "Now, if Annahotaha wishes to keep his gift of Heaven from contaminations of the world, why should he not lay her on the sacred altar? Place her with the sisters of St. Joseph, those good nuns of the Hôtel Dieu."

The chief, expectant and acquiescent, kept yet a wily side-glance on his cassocked guide. Honest Dollier de Casson brought his fist with a gentle spat upon his palm as he proceeded.

"No Indian woman ever hath joined the pious labors of our good nuns. You Hurons clamor without ceasing for protection to white brothers who can scarcely keep their own scalps on their heads, but the burdens and self-denials of our holy religion ye shirk. I speak truth to the chief of the Hurons. You even leave your farms and civilized life on the island of Orleans, and take to the woods."

"We are dragged scalped from our farms," interjected Annahotaha's guttural voice.

"My son, the power of Heaven is over all. We gasp and bleed together; but, see you, we still live. Miracles are continually worked for us. They confound even the dark hearts of the Iroquois."

Annahotaha smiled, perhaps with some reflection of Quebec distrust in Montreal miracles.

"Hast thou not heard," insisted Father de Casson with that severe credulity which afflicted the best men of the time, "about Jean Saint-Père—slain by the Iroquois and beheaded, and his head carried off—speaking to them in warnings and upbraidings? Yea, the scalped skull ceased not threatening them with the vengeance of Heaven, in plain, well-spoken Iroquois." Annahotaha sounded some guttural which the priest could not receive as assent.

"Blessed is a country, my son, when such notable miracles are done in it. For, see you, there was Father le Maître, who had his head likewise cut off by these children of evil, but without making the stain of blood on his handkerchief which received it. And there were his features stamped on the cloth so that any one might behold them. This miracle of Father le Maître hath scarcely ceased to ring in Montreal, for it is a late thing. I counsel the chief of the Hurons to give his child to the Church. The saints will then be around her in life, and in death they will gather her to themselves."

Annahotaha sat as if turning over in his mind this proposal, which he had secretly foreseen and wished.

"The father has spoken," he finally pronounced; and silence closed this conference, as silence had preceded it.

Afterward Dollier de Casson set up his chapel beside a sheltering rock and prepared to shrive the Huron camp, beginning with Massawippa. Her he confessed apart, in the inclosure of the lodge, probing as many of her nature's youthful and tortuous avenues as the wisdom of man could penetrate. She raised no objection to that plan of life her father and her confessor both proposed for her; but the priest could not afterward distinctly recall that she accepted it.

When Father de Casson called the congregation of Indians to approach his temporary chapel, one of the restless braves who had sauntered from sputtering fire to dripping tree skulked crouching in the shadow of Massawippa's tent. He had a reason for avoiding the priest as well as one for seeking her.

When the others were taken up with their devotions he crept to the tent-flap, and firelight shone broadly on his dark side-countenance, separating him in race from the Hurons. He was a Frenchman. But his stiff black hair was close shorn except one bristling tuft; his oily skin had been touched with paint, and he wore the full war-dress of his foster tribe.

"Massawippa," whispered this proselyte, raising the lodge-flap, "I have something here for you."

The girl was telling her beads with a soft mutter in the little penances her priest had imposed upon her. He could see but her blurred figure in her dim shrine.

"Massawippa! La Mouche brings you a baked fish," he whispered in the provincial French.

Her undisturbed voice continued its muttered orisons.

"Massawippa!" repeated the youth, speaking this time in Huron, his tone entreating piteously. "La Mouche brings you a baked fish. It comes but now from the fire."

Her voice ceased with an indrawing of the breath, and she hissed at La Mouche.

"Return it then to the fire and thyself with it, thou French log!" she uttered in a screaming whisper in Huron, and hissed at him again as her humble lover dropped the lodge-flap.

The candles shone mellowly from the sheltered altar upon kneeling Indians, but La Mouche slunk off into the darkness.

## IX.

## THE LADY OF ST. BERNARD.

FIVE evenings later a boat was beached on one of the islands above Montreal lying near the south shore of the St. Lawrence. While



this island presented rocky points, it had fertile slopes basking in the glow which followed a blue and vaporous April day, and trees in that state of gray greenness which shoots into leaf at the first hot shining.

The principal object on the island was a stone house standing inclosed by strong palisades above the ascent from the beach. It appeared to be built against a mass of perpendicular rock that towered over it on the west side. This was, in fact, the strongest seigniorial mansion west of the Richelieu. There was, in addition, a small stone mill for grinding grain, apart from it on the brink of the river.

Northward, the St. Lawrence spread towards the horizon in that distension of its waters called Lake St. Louis.

Out of the palisade door came a censitaire and his wife, who, having hurried to St. Bernard for protection at an alarm of Indians, staid to guard the seigniorial house during Jacques Goffinet's absence with Dollard.

"This is St. Bernard," said Dollard, leading Claire up the slope. "Sometimes fog-covered, sometimes wind-swept, green as only islands can be, and stone-girdled as the St. Lawrence islands are. A cluster up-river belongs to the seignior, but this is your fortress."

"And yours," she added.

"It will seem very rude to you."

"After my life of convent luxury, monsieur?"

"After the old civilization of France. But I believe this can be made quite comfortable."

"It looks delicious and grim," said the bride.

"Tragic things might happen here if there be a tragic side to life, which I cannot now believe. Yet a few months ago I said there was no happiness!"

Dollard turned his uneasy glance from her to the seigniorial house.

"There is scarcely such another private stronghold in the province."

"Did you build it?"

"Not I. Poor Dollard brought little here but his sword. One of my superior officers abandoned it in my favor, and took a less exposed seigniorial near the Richelieu. I wish the inside appointments better befitted you. It was a grand château to me until I now compare it with its châtelaine."

"Nevermind, monsieur. When you demand my fortune from France, you can make your château as grand as you desire. I hope you will get some good of my fortune, for I never have done so. Seriously, monsieur, if no house were here, and there were only that great rock to shelter us, I should feel myself a queen if you brought me to it, so great is my lot."

"You can say this to poor Adam Dollard, an obscure soldier of the province?"

"In these few days," replied the girl, laugh-

ing, and she threw the light of her topaz eyes half towards him, "the way they call your name in this new country has become to me like a title."

"You shall have more than a title," burst out Dollard. "Heaven helping me, you shall yet have a name that will not die!"

They passed through the gate of the palisade, Jacques and Louise following with the loads of the expedition. To insure its safety the boat was afterward dragged within the palisade.

The censitaire in charge, with his wife at his shoulder, stood grinning at Jacques's approach.

"Thou got'st thyself a wife, hé, my pretty Jacques?"

"That did I, bonhomme Papillon. And a good wife, and a stout wife, and a handsome. Thou 'lt want to go to Quebec market thyself when the Indians carry off Joan."

"Let me see him go to the Quebec market!" cried Joan, shaking her knuckled fist under his ear.

"It would trouble thee little to lose sight of him, Joan. But his coming back with such freight — it is *that* would fire thee hotter than Iroquois torches. Alas, my children," Jacques said, letting down his load inside the gate, "I bring much, but I leave much behind. If I am to hold this seigniorial while my commandant is away, and feed ye both and my new wife, to say naught of Mademoiselle de Granville and our great lady, I need the cattle and swine and fowls which our king gave me for dower and my seignior made me throw over my shoulder."

"But I thought," said Louise, in dismay, "that thou had'st such stores of vegetables and other provisions here."

"Have no fear, my spouse. Thou shalt see how this garrison is provisioned. But what prudent man can drop without a sigh the moiety of his wife's fortune? Here are Papillon and Joan, who hold the next island under our seignior. And here, timid Joan, is thy soldierly new neighbor Louise Goffinet, who squealed not in the dangers of the river."

"Wert thou afraid?" Joan asked Louise, kindly.

"I was until I saw Madame des Ormeaux was not. And the Indians have a wonderful skill."

"Did the commandant also marry her at the wife market?" pressed Joan, walking by Louise's side behind the men. "She is surely the fairest woman in New France. I could have crawled before her when she gave me a smile."

"My mother nursed her," said Louise with pride.

"Did she so! And is our lady some great dame from the king's court, who heard of the commandant at Montreal?"

"Thou hast woman wit. It is exactly as thou sayest," bragged Jacques, turning towards the mummied face of Papillon's simple wife. "She is cousin to our holy bishop himself; and even that great man she left grinning and biting his nails, for he and the abbess they would make a nun of her. Thou dost not know the mightiness of her family. My Louise can charm thee with all that. But this lady was a princess in France, and voyaged here by the king's ship, being vilely sickened and tossed about; and all for my commandant. Is not the *Sieur des Ormeaux* known in France?" Jacques snapped his fingers high in air.

The lowest floor of the seignior's house was the rock on which it was based. Here and within the stockade were such domestic animals as belonged to the island. A sheep rubbed against Louise, passing out as she passed in.

She looked around the darkened strong walls, unpierced by even a loophole, at the stores of provender for dumb and human inmates. Jacques had underestimated his wealth in collected food. His magazine seemed still overflowing when it was spring and seedtime, and the dearth of winter nearly past.

A stone staircase twisted itself in giving ascent to the next floor. Here were sleeping-cells for the seignior's servants, and a huge kitchen having pillars of cemented rock across its center, and a fireplace like a cave. Lancelike windows gave it light, and in the walls were loopholes which had been stopped with stone to keep out the Canadian winter.

A broader stairway of tough and well-dried wood in one corner led up to the seignior's apartment above, which was divided into several rooms. The largest one, the saloon of the mansion, had also its cavern fireplace where pieces of wood were smoldering. A brass candelabrum stood on the mantel. Rugs of fawn skin beautifully spotted and of bearskin relieved the dark unpolished floor. The walls of all the rooms were finished with a coarse plaster glittering with river sand. Some slender-legged chairs, a high-backed cushioned bench, a couch covered by moth-eaten tapestry, and a round black table furnished this drawing-room. Some cast-off pieces of armor hung over the mantel, and an embroidery frame stood at one side of the hearth.

There was but one window, and it swung outward on hinges, the sash being fitted with small square panes.

When Claire appeared from the private chamber where she had been taken to refresh herself with Louise to attend on her, Dollard came down the room, took her by the hands, and led her to this window. He pushed the sash open quite out of their way, and thus set the landscape in a deep frame of stone wall.

The two young lovers still met each other with shyness and reserve. From the hour of his impetuous marriage Dollard had watched his wife with passionate solicitude. But that day when his boat approached Montreal he had it brought to the dock and went ashore by himself, spending what Claire considered the best hours of the afternoon at the fort and on the streets, coming back flushed and repressed.

She felt the energetic pulses still beating in his face as he touched her forehead.

"You see now the way we came," said Dollard, indicating the *St. Lawrence* sweeping towards the east.

"A lovely way it was," said Claire. The river's breath came to them fresh and clean, leaving a touch of dampness on the skin. Already the wooded south shore was clothing itself in purple, but northward the expanse of water still held to what it had received from sunset. "That was very different from the voyage on shipboard."

"Are you not tired?"

"I was tired only once—at Montreal," hinted Claire, gazing at the extremity of the island.

"Again I beg you to pardon that. I had been nearly ten days away from my command and there were serious matters to attend to. Put it out of your mind and let us be very happy this evening."

"And every following evening. That goes without saying."

"I must report at my fortress at daybreak to-morrow."

"You should have left my caskets at Montreal, monsieur," exclaimed Claire. "I could do without them here one night."

"You want to turn your back on poor *St. Bernard* immediately?"

"Monsieur, you do not mean to separate yourself from me?" she inquired lightly, keeping control of her trembling voice.

"I brought you here to take possession of my land," said Dollard.

"I have taken possession. The keys of the house of course I do not want. They shall in all courtesy be left with the resident *châtelaine*, your sister. Monsieur, where is your sister?"

Dollard glanced over his shoulder at the embroidery frame.

"She has been here or is coming. I have hardly prepared you for poor *Renée*. She lives in delusions of her own, and pays little regard to the courtesies of the outside world. My excellent Jacques waits on her as on a child."

"Doubtless I thought too little about her," Claire said, visibly shrinking. "She may object to me."

"She will not even see you unless I put you before her eyes."

"What ails your sister, monsieur? Is she a religious devotee?"

"Not strictly that. She is a nurser of delusions. I cannot remember when she was otherwise, though we have lived little together, for poor Renée is but my half-sister. Her father was a De Granville. You will not feel afraid of her when you have seen her; she is not unkind. She has her own chambers at the rock side of the house and lives there weeks together. I see her embroidery frame is set out, and that means we may expect her presence."

While he was speaking, Mademoiselle de Granville had opened a door at the end of the room.

Claire, with well-opened eyes, pressed backward against her husband, so moldered-looking a creature was this lady gliding on silent feet — not unlike some specter of the Des Ormeaux who had followed their last chevalier under the New World's glaring skies. She wore a brocaded gown, the remnant of a court costume of some former reign, and her face was covered with a black silk mask. Though masks were then in common use, the eyes which looked through this one were like the eyes of a sleep-walker. She sat down by the embroidery frame as if alone in the room, but instead of a web of needlework she began to fasten in the frame one end of a priest's stole much in need of mending.

Dollard led his wife to this silent figure.

"My dear Renée," he said, taking hold of the stole and thereby establishing a nerve of communication, "let me present my beautiful wife."

The figure looked up, unsurprised but attentive.

"She was Mademoiselle Laval-Montmorency."

With deference the figure rose off its slim-legged chair and made a deep courtesy, Claire acknowledging it with one equally deep.

"Mademoiselle," petitioned the bride, "I hope my sudden coming causes you no trouble, though we return to the fort soon."

The mask gazed at her but said nothing.

"Are you never lonely here upon this island?" pursued Claire.

The mask's steady gaze made her shiver.

"She does not talk," Dollard explained. He drew his wife away from the silent woman and suggested, "Let us walk up and down until some supper is served, to get rid of the boat's cramping."

Mademoiselle de Granville sat down and continued to arrange her darning.

Whenever they were quite at the room's end Claire drew a free breath, but always in pass-

ing the masked presence she shrunk bodily against Dollard, for the room was narrow. He, with tense nerves and far-looking eyes, failed to notice this. The eccentricities of any man's female relatives appeal to his blind side. Custom has used him to them, and his own blood speaks their apology.

The river air blew into the open window. There were no sounds except the footsteps of Dollard and Claire, and a stirring of the household below which was hint of sound only, so thick were the walls and floors.

In due time Jacques came up, bearing the supper. His seignior when at St. Bernard ate in the kitchen. But this was a descent unbefitting a grand bride. While Jacques was preparing the round table, Claire stole another look towards the mask which must now be removed. But by some sudden and noiseless process known to recluse women Mademoiselle de Granville had already taken herself and her embroidery frame out of the room.

## X.

### THE SEIGNIORY KITCHEN.

ABOUT 1 o'clock of the night Jacques rose from his sleeping-cell, as he was in the habit of doing, to put more wood on the kitchen fire.

The window slits let in some moonlight of a bluish quality, but the larger part of this wide space lay in shadow until Jacques sent over it the ruddiness of a revived fire. Out of uncertainty came the doors of the sleeping-cells, the rafters and dried herbs which hung from them, heavy table and benches and stools, cooking-vessels, guns, bags of stored grain, and the figures of the four Hurons, two at each side of the hearth, stretched out in their blankets with their heels to the fire — and Jacques himself, disordered from sleep and imperfectly thrust into lower garments. He lingered stupidly looking at the magician fire while it rose and crackled and cast long oblique shadows with the cemented posts.

Dollard descended the stairway from his apartment, pressing down his sword-hilt to keep the scabbard from clanking on each step. He was entirely dressed in his uniform. As he approached the fire and Jacques turned towards him, his face looked bloodless, his features standing high, the forehead well reared back.

"I am glad you are awake," he said to Jacques, half aloud. "Are the others asleep?" indicating those cells occupied by Louise and the Papillon family. There was no questioning the deep slumber which inclosed his Indians.

"Yes, m'sieur."

"Have you packed the provisions I directed you to pack?"

"Yes, m'sieur. M'sieur, you do not leave at this hour?"

"At once."

"But, m'sieur, the Lachine is hard enough to run in daytime."

"There is broad moonlight. Are you sure you understand everything?"

"M'sieur, I hope I do. Have you told madame?"

Dollard wheeled and flung his clinched hands above his head as men do on receiving gunshot wounds.

"O saints! I cannot tell her! I am a wretch, Jacques. She has been happy; I have not caused her a moment's suffering. Let her sleep till morning. Tell her then merely that I have gone to my fortress; that I would not expose her to the dangers of the route by night. It will soon be over now. Sometime she can forgive this cruelty if a deed goes after it to make her proud. She has proud blood, my boy; she loves honor. Oh, what a raving madman I was to marry her, my beloved! I thought it could do *her* no harm—that it could not shake *my* purpose! O my Claire! O my poor New France! Torn this way, I deserve shame with death—no martyr's crown—no touch of glory to lighten my darkness for ever and ever!"

"M'sieur," whimpered Jacques, crouching and wiping nose and eyes with his palms, "don't say that! My little master, my pretty, my dear boy! These women have the trick of tripping a man up when he sets his foot to any enterprise."

"Hear me," said Dollard, grasping him on each side of the collar. "She is the last of the Des Ormeaux to you. Serve her faithfully as you serve the queen of heaven. If she wants to go back to France, go with her. Before this I bequeathed you St. Bernard. Now I am leaving you a priceless charge. Your wife shall obey and follow her to the ends of the earth. To-day I altered my will in Montreal and gave her my last coin, gave her my seignior, I gave her *you*! Do you refuse to obey my last commands? Do you disallow my rights in you?"

Jacques's puckered face unflinchingly turned upward and met the stare of his master.

"M'sieur, I will follow my lady's whims and do your commands to the hour of my death."

Dollard, like a mastiff, shook him.

"Is there any treachery in you, Jacques Goffinet, free follower of the house of Des Ormeaux? If there is, out with it now, or my dead eyes will pry through you hereafter."

"M'sieur," answered Jacques, lifting his hand and making the sign of the cross, "I am true man to my core. I do love to pile good stuff

together and call land mine, but thou knowest I love a bit of cloth from one of thy old garments better than all the seigniories in New France."

Dollard let go Jacques's collar and extended his arms around the stumpy man's neck.

"My good old Jacques! My good old Jacques!"

"How proud I have always been of thee!" choked Jacques.

"I have told her to depend on you, Jacques. The will I brought home in my breast and placed among her caskets. She will provide for Louise and you, and she will provide for poor Renée, also. Kick the Indians and wake them up. There is not another moment to spare."

The Indians were roused, and stood up taciturn and ready for action, drawing their blankets around themselves. These Hurons, vagrants from Annahotaha's tribe, were hangers-on about the fortress at Montreal. Jacques gave them each a careful dram, and lighted at the fire a dipped candle. With this feeble light he penetrated the darkness of the cellar floor, leading the party down its tortuous staircase.

Dollard, who had stood with his hand on the door-latch, was the last to leave the upper room. His questions followed Jacques around the turns of the stairs.

"You are well provisioned, Jacques?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"At daybreak you will remember to have Papillon help you bring in an abundant supply of water?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"Bar the doors when you see any one approaching and keep watch on all sides every day."

"Yes, m'sieur."

Jacques jammed his candle-end into a crack of the rock floor, undid the fastenings, and with a jerk let the moonlight in on their semi-darkness.

They went out to the palisade gate, the Indians dragged the boat carefully to its launching, and Jacques stored in it Dollard's provisions.

"Good-bye, my man," said Dollard.

"M'sieur," said Jacques, "I have always obeyed you. There is but one thing in my heart against you, and I will cleanse myself of that now."

"Quickly, then." The young man had one foot in the boat.

"It is the same old hard spot. Thou wouldst rule me out of this expedition. A man that loves thee as I love thee!"

"Jacques, if I had reasons before on Renée's account, what reasons have I not now?"



"Bless thee, my master Adam Daulac!"

"Bless thee, my Jacques!"

The boat shot off, and Jacques went in and fastened the gate and the door.

# XI.

## MADemoiselle de Granville's Brother.

SOON after 1 o'clock Claire awoke and sat upright in her dim room. Her alarm at the absence of Dollard was swallowed instantly by greater alarm at the presence of some one else.

This small chamber, like the saloon, was lighted by one square window, and male housekeeping at St. Bernard, combined with the quality of glass manufactured for colonial use at that date, veiled generous moonlight which would have thrown up sharply every object in the severe place.

Claire's garments, folded and laid upon a stool, were motionless to her expanding eyes; so were her boxes where Louise had placed them. All the luggage which a young lady of rank then carried with her to the ends of the earth could be lifted upstairs in the arms of a stout maid. Unstirring was the small black velvet cap which Claire had chosen from her belongings to wear during the voyage. It was stuck against the wall like a dim blot of ink. But nothing else visible seemed quite so motionless and unstirring as the figure by the bed. It was Mademoiselle de Granville. Except that her personality was oppressive, she seemed a lifeless lump without breath or sight, until Claire's tenser pupils adapted to duskiness found eyes in the mask, eyes stiffly gazing.

The bride's voice sunk in her throat, but she forced it to husky action.

"What do you want?"

Automatically, holding its elbows to its sides, the figure lifted one forearm and pointed to Claire's garments.

"Do you require me to put them on?"

It continued to point.

"Be so kind as to withdraw, then, and I will put them on."

It continued to point, without change of attitude or sound of human breath.

The girl crept out of her couch at that corner farthest from the figure, rolled up and pinned her white curls as best she could, and assimilated the garments from the stool, keeping her eye braced repellantly against the automaton pointing at her. She finished by drawing her mantle over her dress and the velvet cap over her hair.

"Now I am ready, if you are determined I shall go somewhere with you."

The figure turned itself about and opened the door into the saloon. Claire followed, keeping far behind those silent feet, and thus

they walked through that grim room over which touches of beauty had never been thrown by a woman's keeping.

Claire followed into another chamber and was shut in darkness. It was the rock side of the house, without moonlighted windows. Mademoiselle de Granville had left her, and she stood confused, forgetting which way she should turn to the door-latch of release. The absence of Dollard now rushed back over her, and helped the dark to heap her with terrors. The sanest people have felt sparks of madness flash across the brain. One such flash created for her a trap in the floor to swallow her to the depths of the island.

Directly her surroundings were lighted by a door opening to an inner room. A priest stood there in black cassock, his face smooth and dark, his eyes dark and attentive. He was not tonsured, but with hair clustering high upon his head he looked like Dollard grown to sudden middle age, his fire burnt to ashes, his shoulders bowed by penances, his soul dried as a fern might be dried betwixt the wooden lids of his breviary. Behind him stood an altar, two tall candles burning upon it, and above the altar hung a crucifix. She took note of nothing else in the room.

"Pardon me, father; I am lost in the house. Mademoiselle de Granville brought me here and has left me."

"Yes." His voice had depth and volume, and was like Dollard's voice grown older. "She brought you at my request."

"At *your* request, father? Where is Mademoiselle de Granville?"

"In that closet," he replied, showing a door at the corner of his chapel room. "My poor lifeless sister is at her devotions."

"I see my way now. With your permission I will go back," said Claire. This unwholesome priest like a demon presentation of Dollard made her shudder.

"Stop, Mademoiselle Laval."

"I am Madame des Ormeaux; as you should know, being inmate of this house and evidently my husband's brother."

"Mademoiselle de Granville has but one brother," said the priest.

"The *Sieur des Ormeaux* is her brother."

"There is no *Sieur des Ormeaux*." He smiled in making the assertion, his lips parting indulgently.

"I mean Dollard, commandant of the fort of Montreal."

"There is no Dollard, commandant of the fort of Montreal. I am the Abbé de Granville."

Claire silently observed him, gathering her convictions. The priest leaned towards her, rubbing his hands.

"This misguided soldier, sometimes called Dollard, he is but a bad dream of mine, my poor child. So keen is your beauty that it still pierces the recollection. In my last dream my conscience tells me I worked some harm to you. Return to your family, mademoiselle, and forgive me. I have become myself again, and these holy tokens recall me to my duty and my vows."

"I know who you are," said Claire. "You are Mademoiselle de Granville."

"I am the Abbé de Granville. Look at me." He took a candle from the altar and held it near his face. So masculine was the countenance that it staggered conviction. The razor had left sleekness there. The tone of flesh was man-like. "I am Dollard," he said. "I am a priest. There can be, of course, no marriage between us. I sent for you to ask your pardon and to send you from St. Bernard."

This gross and stupid cruelty had on Claire merely the effect of steeping her in color. Her face and throat blushed.

"You are Mademoiselle de Granville," she repeated.

The priest, as if weary of enforcing his explanations, waved his fingers with a gesture of dismissal in Dollard's own manner.

"I am the Abbé de Granville. But we will discuss the subject no further. I must be at my prayers. A trustworthy witness shall confirm what I have told you."

He opened the closet door, carrying the candle with him. His tread had body and sound, though his feet were shod in sandals.

Claire moved guardedly after him. He crossed the closet and entered a long passage so narrow that two persons could scarcely walk abreast in it, nor did she covet the privilege of stepping it thus with her conductor.

As she crossed the closet her rapid eye searched it for the chrysalis of Mademoiselle de Granville. The candle was already in the passage beyond, but distinct enough lay that brocaded figure prostrate on the floor beneath a crucifix, but the mask faced Claire.

She moved on behind Abbé de Granville as with masculine tread of foot he strode the length of the passage and opened a door leading out on the stairway.

"Here, Jacques," he called in his mellow tones, "tell this demoiselle about me; and tell her the truth, or it shall be the worse for you."

Claire, standing on the upper stairs, could see Jacques with his back to the fire and his mouth opened in consternation at this unpriestly threat. His candle was yet smoking, so lately had it been divorced from its flame.

Abbé de Granville closed the passage door and bolted it.

<sup>1</sup> The legend of Mademoiselle de Granville dates from the year 1698. It seemed but a slight anachron-

ism to place this singular though unimportant figure in the year 1660.

She went down into the kitchen and Jacques brought her a seat, placed her before the middle hearth, and stationed himself at the corner in an attitude of entire dejection. The other inmates rested in unbroken sleep. The cell occupied by Papillon and his wife resounded with a low guttural duet.

"Where is Sieur des Ormeaux, Jacques?"

inquired the lady of St. Bernard.

Writhing betwixt two dilemmas, Dollard's follower cunningly seized upon the less painful one, and nodded up the stairway.

"He's been out again, has he?"

"Do you mean the priest?"

"Monsieur the abbé."

"Jacques, who is he?"

"The Abbé de Granville," replied Jacques with a shrug, first of one shoulder and then the other, as if the sides of his person took turns in rejecting this statement. "And he sends you to me for the truth, madame. Is not that the craziest part of the play when he knows what I will tell you? There is no limiting a woman, madame, when she takes to whims."

"Then it really was Mademoiselle de Granville playing priest?"

"Madame, she befools me sometimes until I know not whether to think her man or woman. So secret is this half-sister of my master's, and so jealous of her pretty abbé, it unsettles a plain soldier. A fine big robust priest he is, and you would take her for a ghost in petticoats. It goes against my conscience, so that I have come nigh to mention it in confession, all this mumming and male-attiring, and even calling for hot shaving-water! Yet she seems an excellent devoted soul when no one crosses her, and for days at a time will be Mademoiselle de Granville, as gentle and timid as a sheep. Besides, women take pleasure in putting on raiment of different kinds, and when you come to look at a priest's cassock, it is not so far from being a petticoat that I need to raise a scandal against St. Bernard and my commandant's sister on account of it. M'sieur he minds none of her pranks, and she hath had her humor since I was set to keep guard over her; and if it be a mad humor, it harms no one but herself."<sup>1</sup>

Claire's glance rested on the coarse floor where many nailed shoes had left their prints in the grain.

"Such a monomaniac cannot be a pleasant housemate."

"No, madame; the poor lady is not charming. And she will have the biggest of candles for her altar. But then she must amuse herself. I was, indeed, speechless when I saw her

turn you out on the stairway. She does not like a woman about, especially a pretty woman, and doubtless she will dismiss my Louise many times. But, madame, let me entreat you to return to sleep and have no fear. I will even lock the doors of her chambers. She will disturb you no more."

Claire listened aside to some outer sound, and then exclaimed:

"You did not tell me where the commandant is, Jacques. He has not gone back to his fortress without me?"

Jacques's face fell into creases of anguish.

"Madame, he said you were to sleep undisturbed till morning."

"He should have obtained Mademoiselle de Granville's consent to that. This is not answering a question I have already repeated to you."

"Madame, he has taken the Indians and gone in his boat. Soldiers must do all sorts of things, especially commandants. He would not expose you to the dangers of the route by night."

"Listen!" Her expression changed.

Jacques gladly listened.

"I was sure I heard some noise before! You see you are mistaken. He is not yet gone."

Mellow relief, powerful as sunshine, softened the swarthy pallor of Jacques's face. He caught his candle from the chimney shelf and jammed its charred wick against a glowing coral knot in the log.

"Madame, that's m'sieur at the gate. I know his stroke and his call. I'll bring him up."

No man can surely say, with all his ancestry at his back and his unproved nature within, what he can or cannot do in certain crises of his life.

"What is it, m'sieur?" exclaimed Jacques as he let Dollard through the gate.

"We went scarce a quarter of a league. I came back because I cannot leave her without telling her; it was a cowardly act!" exclaimed Dollard, darting into the house. "She must go with me to Montreal."

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.



## AD ASTRA.

IF thou hast drained to the lees  
The cup of inglorious ease,  
Think now on the mighty men;  
Dream thou dost hear again  
The voice of Miltiades  
And the rustle of his laurels.

See the stern purpose rise  
To Cortés' glittering eyes—  
To cut off all retreat  
See him sink every ship in his fleet,  
Then sweep to his golden prize  
With not one plank behind him.

Dost believe all is over and done,  
And no hope is under the sun?  
Then think on the mighty men;  
Dream thou canst hear again  
The great shouts of Timoleon  
That rallied the flying army.

And yet not alone for the past  
Was the mold of heroes cast:  
Let the Alps and the Andes say  
What breed there is to-day;  
And the poles, and the ocean vast,  
And the burning waste of Sahara.

Think of the soul that needs  
No background for its deeds;  
Of him who bravely bears  
A mountain of lifelong cares;  
Of the heart that aches and bleeds  
And dies, but never surrenders.

O true man, bear thy pains  
And count thy losses gains;  
Believe in the brave whom alone  
Heaven's eye hath seen and known;  
For as surely as justice reigns,  
Their reward will shine like their valor.

Henry Ames Blood.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

### FIRST PLANS FOR EMANCIPATION.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.<sup>2</sup>

#### COMPENSATED ABOLISHMENT.



HE annual message of President Lincoln at the opening of Congress in December, 1861, treated many subjects of importance—foreign relations, the condition of the finances, a reorganization of the Supreme Court, questions of military administration, the building of a military railroad through Kentucky to east Tennessee, the newly organized Territories, a review of military progress towards the suppression of rebellion. It contained also a vigorous practical discussion of the relations between capital and labor, which pointed out with singular force that "the insurrection is largely, if not exclusively, a war upon the first principle of popular government—the rights of the people." In addition to these topics, it treated another question of greater importance than all of them, but for the present in so moderate a tone, and with such tentative suggestions, that it excited less immediate comment than any other. This was the question of slavery.

It had not escaped Mr. Lincoln's notice that the relations of slavery to the war were producing rapidly increasing complications and molding public thought to new and radical changes of opinion. His revocation of Frémont's proclamation had momentarily checked the clamor of importunate agitators for military emancipation; but he saw clearly enough that a deep, though as yet undefined, public hope clung to the vague suggestion that slavery and rebellion might perish together. As a significant symptom of this undercurrent of public feeling, there came to him in November a letter from George Bancroft, the veteran Democratic politician and national historian; a man eminent not only for his writing upon the science of govern-

ment, but who as a member of President Polk's cabinet had rendered signal and lasting service in national administration. Mr. Bancroft had lately presided at a meeting in New York called to collect contributions to aid the suffering loyalists of North Carolina. As it happened on all such occasions, the inflamed popular patriotism of the hour sprang forward to bold speech and radical argument. Even the moderate words of Mr. Bancroft on taking the chair reflected this reformatory spirit:

If slavery and the Union are incompatible, listen to the words that come to you from the tomb of Andrew Jackson: "The Union must be preserved at all hazards." . . . If any one claims the compromises of the Constitution, let him begin by placing the Constitution in power by respecting it and upholding it.<sup>3</sup>

In the letter transmitting these remarks and the resolutions of the meeting to Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Bancroft made a yet more emphatic suggestion. He wrote:

Your administration has fallen upon times which will be remembered as long as human events find a record. I sincerely wish to you the glory of perfect success. Civil war is the instrument of Divine Providence to root out social slavery; posterity will not be satisfied with the result, unless the consequences of the war shall effect an increase of free States. This is the universal expectation and hope of men of all parties.<sup>4</sup>

Such a letter, from a man having the learning, talent, and political standing of its author, is of itself historic; but Mr. Lincoln's reply gives it a special significance. November 18, 1861, he wrote:

I esteem it a high honor to have received a note from Mr. Bancroft, inclosing the report of proceedings of a New York meeting taking measures for the relief of Union people of North Carolina. I thank you and all others participating for this benevolent and patriotic movement. The main thought in the closing paragraph of your letter is one which does

<sup>2</sup> It will be remembered that in announcing editorially "Abraham Lincoln: A History," November, 1886, it was stated as follows: When "the military portion of this history is reached in magazine publication, care will be taken to avoid as much as possible the repetition of details already given in THE CENTURY's war series, while fully presenting that part of the military narrative in which is explained the re-

lation of the President to these events." In order to avoid all possibility of misunderstanding, this statement is here repeated. It is expected that, with the excisions referred to, the work will extend through twelve or thirteen numbers more of the magazine.—EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

<sup>3</sup> "The New York Times," Nov. 8, 1861.

<sup>4</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.



not escape my attention, and with which I must deal in all due caution, and with the best judgment I can bring to it.<sup>1</sup>

This language gives us the exact condition of Mr. Lincoln's mind on the subject of slavery at that time. He hoped and expected to effect an "increase of free States" through emancipation; but we shall see that this emancipation was to come through the voluntary action of the States, and that he desired by this policy to render unnecessary the compulsory military enfranchisement which Frémont had attempted and which his followers advocated.

The prudent caution and good judgment which President Lincoln applied to the solution of this dangerous problem becomes manifest when we reexamine its treatment in his annual message mentioned above. Not referring directly to any general plan or hope of emancipation, he nevertheless approached the subject by discussing its immediate and practical necessities in phraseology which gave him limit for expansion into a more decisive policy. It is worth while, not merely to quote the whole passage, but to emphasize the sentences which were plainly designed to lead Congress and the country to the contemplation of new and possible contingencies.

Under and by virtue of the act of Congress entitled "An Act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes," approved August 6, 1861, the legal claims of certain persons to the labor and service of certain other persons have become forfeited; and numbers of the latter, *thus liberated, are already dependent on the United States, and must be provided for in some way.* Besides this, it is not impossible that some of the States will pass similar enactments for their own benefit respectively, and by operation of which persons of the same class will be thrown upon them for disposal. In such case I recommend that Congress provide for accepting such persons from such States, according to some mode of valuation, *in lieu, pro tanto, of direct taxes, or upon some other plan to be agreed on with such States respectively; that such persons, on such acceptance by the General Government, be at once deemed free; and that, in any event, steps be taken for colonizing both classes (or the one first mentioned, if the other shall not be brought into existence) at some place or places in a climate congenial to them.* It might be well to consider, too, whether the free colored people already in the United States could not, so far as individuals may desire, be included in such colonization. . . . The war continues. In considering the policy to be adopted for suppressing the insurrection, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict for this purpose shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle. I have, therefore, in every case, thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary

object of the contest on our part, leaving all questions which are not of vital military importance to the more deliberate action of the legislature.

In the exercise of my best discretion I have adhered to the blockade of the ports held by the insurgents, instead of putting in force, by proclamation, the law of Congress enacted at the late session for closing those ports. So, also, obeying the dictates of prudence, as well as the obligations of law, instead of transcending, I have adhered to the act of Congress to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes. If a new law upon the same subject shall be proposed, its propriety will be duly considered. The Union must be preserved; and hence, *all indispensable means must be employed.* We should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable.<sup>2</sup>

Apparently these propositions covered the simple recommendation of colonization, an old and familiar topic which had friends in both free and slave States; but the language, when closely scanned, is full of novel suggestions: that the war has already freed many slaves; that the war may free many more; that the President will impartially consider any new law of Congress increasing emancipation for rebellion; that he will not hastily adopt extreme and radical measures; but that, finally to preserve the Union, *all indispensable means must be employed.* These declarations, in fact, cover the whole of his subsequent treatment of the slavery question.

Congress was too busy with pressing practical legislation to find time for immediately elaborating by debate or enactment any of the recommendations thus made. It is not likely that the President expected early action from the national legislature, for he at once turned his own attention to certain initiatory efforts which he had probably carefully meditated. He believed that under the pressure of war necessities the border slave States might be induced to take up the idea of voluntary emancipation if the General Government would pay their citizens the full property value of the slaves they were asked to liberate; and this experiment seemed to him most feasible in the small State of Delaware, which retained only the merest fragment of a property interest in the peculiar institution.

Owing to the division of its voters between Breckinridge, Bell, Lincoln, and Douglas, the electoral vote of Delaware had been cast for Breckinridge in the presidential election of 1860; but more adroit party management had succeeded in effecting a fusion of the Bell and Lincoln vote for member of Congress, and George P. Fisher had been elected by a small majority. It is of little importance to know the exact shade of Mr. Fisher's politics during the campaign: when the rebellion broke out he was an ardent Unionist, a steadfast friend of

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>2</sup> "Congressional Globe," Appendix, Dec. 3, 1861.

Mr. Lincoln, and perhaps more liberal on the subject of slavery than any other border State representative. He entered readily into Mr. Lincoln's views and plans, which were to induce the legislature of Delaware to pass an act of gradual emancipation of the 1798 slaves which it contained by the census of 1860, on condition that the United States would pay to Delaware, to be distributed among its slave owners in proper ratio, the sum of \$400 for each slave, or a total of \$719,200.

Mr. Lincoln during the month of November had with his own hand written drafts of two separate bills embracing the principal details of the scheme. By the first, all negroes in Delaware above the age of thirty-five years should become free on the passage of the act; all born after its passage should remain free; and all others, after suitable apprenticeship for children, should become free in the year 1893; also, that the State should meanwhile prevent any of its slaves being sold into servitude elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> The provisions of the second draft were slightly different. Lincoln's manuscript explains:

On reflection I like No. 2 the better. By it the nation would pay the State \$23,200 per annum for thirty-one years. All born after the passage of the act would be born free. All slaves above the age of thirty-five years would become free on the passage of the act. All others would become free on arriving at the age of thirty-five years until January, 1893, when all remaining of all ages would become free, subject to apprenticeship for minors born of slave mothers, up to the respective ages of twenty-one and eighteen.<sup>2</sup>

Upon consultation with the President, Mr. Fisher undertook to propose and commend the scheme to his influential party friends in Delaware, and if possible to induce the legislature of that State to adopt it.

One of the drafts prepared by Mr. Lincoln was rewritten by the friends of the measure in Delaware, embodying the necessary details to give it proper force and local application to become a law of that State. In this shape it was printed and circulated among the members of the legislature, then holding a special session at Dover. The legislature of Delaware is not a large body; nine members of the Senate and twenty-one members of the House constituted the whole number. No record remains of the discussions, formal or informal, which the proposition called forth. The final action, however, indicates the sentiment which prevailed. The friends of emancipation probably ascertained that a hostile majority would

vote it down, and therefore the laboriously prepared bill was never introduced. The pro-slavery members, unwilling to lose the opportunity of airing their conservatism, immediately prepared a joint resolution reciting the bill at full length and then loading it with the strongest phrases of condemnation which their party zeal could invent. They said it would encourage the abolition element in Congress; that it evinced a design to abolish slavery in the States; that Congress had no right to appropriate a dollar for the purchase of slaves; that they were unwilling to make Delaware guarantee the public faith of the United States; that when the people of Delaware desired to abolish slavery within her borders they would do so in their own way; and intimated that the "suggestions of saving expense to the people" were a bribe, which they scornfully repelled. A majority of the twenty-one members of the House passed this joint resolution; but when it came to the Senate, on the 7th of February, four of its nine members voted "aye," four voted "no," and one was silent or absent; and so the joint resolution went back "non-concurred in."<sup>3</sup> This seems to have closed the legislative record on the subject.

Mr. Lincoln was doubtless disappointed at this failure to give his plan of compensated gradual abolishment a starting-point by the favorable action of the State of Delaware. But he did not abandon the project, and his next step was to bring it, through Congress, to the attention of the country and the States interested. On the 6th of March he sent to the Senate and the House of Representatives a special message, recommending the adoption of the following joint resolution:

*Resolved*, That the United States ought to cooperate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.<sup>3</sup>

His message explained that this was merely the proposal of practical measures which he hoped would follow. He said:

The point is not that all the States tolerating slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation; but that while the offer is equally made to all, the more northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more southern that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed confederacy. I say "initiation" because, in my judgment, gradual, and not sudden, emancipation is better for all. . . . Such a proposition on the part of the General Government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject in each case to the

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>2</sup> Delaware Senate Journal, Special Session, 1861-62.

<sup>3</sup> "Congressional Globe," March 6, 1862, p. 1102.

State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them. In the annual message last December, I thought fit to say, "The Union must be preserved; and hence, all indispensable means must be employed." I said this, not hastily, but deliberately. War has been made, and continues to be, an indispensable means to this end. A practical reacknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue; and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come.<sup>1</sup>

To this public recommendation he added some cogent reasons in private letters to influential persons. Thus, three days after his message, he wrote to the editor of "The New York Times":

I am grateful to the New York journals, and not less so to "The Times" than to others, for their kind notices of the late special message to Congress. Your paper, however, intimates that the proposition, though well intentioned, must fail on the score of expense. I do hope you will reconsider this. Have you noticed the facts that less than one-half day's cost of this war would pay for all the slaves in Delaware, at four hundred dollars per head?—that eighty-seven days' cost of this war would pay for all in Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Kentucky, and Missouri at the same price? Were those States to take the steps, do you doubt that it would shorten the war more than eighty-seven days, and thus be an actual saving of expense? Please look at these things, and consider whether there should not be another article in "The Times."<sup>2</sup>

So again, to Senator McDougall, who was opposing the scheme with considerable earnestness in the Senate, he wrote privately on March 14:

As to the expensiveness of the plan of gradual emancipation, with compensation, proposed in the late message, please allow me one or two brief suggestions. Less than one-half day's cost of the war would pay for all the slaves in Delaware at four hundred dollars per head. Thus:

All the slaves in Delaware by the census of 1860 are.....	1798
Cost of slaves.....	\$719,000
One day's cost of the war.....	\$2,000,000

Again, less than eighty-seven days' cost of this war would, at the same price, pay for all in Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Kentucky, and Missouri. Thus:

Slaves in Delaware.....	1,798
" " Maryland.....	87,188
" " District of Columbia.....	3,181
" " Kentucky.....	225,490
" " Missouri.....	114,963
	432,629
	\$400
Cost of slaves.....	\$173,048,800
Eighty-seven days' cost of the war.....	\$174,000,000

Do you doubt that taking the initiatory steps on the part of those States and this District would shorten the war more than eighty-seven days, and thus be an actual saving of expense? A word as to the *time* and *manner* of incurring the expense. Suppose, for instance, a State devises and adopts a system by which the institution absolutely ceases therein by a named day—say January 1, 1882. Then let the sum to be paid to such State by the United States be ascertained by taking from the census of 1860 the number of slaves within the State, and multiplying that number by four hundred—the United States to pay such sums to the State in twenty equal annual installments, in six per cent. bonds of the United States. The sum thus given, as to *time* and *manner*, I think would not be half as onerous as would be an equal sum raised *now* for the indefinite prosecution of the war; but of this you can judge as well as I.<sup>3</sup>

It was between the dates of these letters that President Lincoln made the most important personal effort to secure favorable action on his project of gradual abolishment. At his request such members of Congress from the border slave-States of Delaware, Maryland, [West] Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri as were present in Washington came in a body to the Executive Mansion on March 10, where a somewhat lengthy interview and discussion of this subject ensued, the substance of which was authentically reported by them. In reading the account of the interview, it must be remembered that Lincoln was addressing the representatives of such slave States as had remained loyal, and his phrases respecting his attitude and intention towards slavery were not intended by him to apply to the States whose persistent rebellion had forfeited the consideration and rights which the others could justly claim.

In explanation of his message the President recited to the assembled border State members the complications and embarrassments resulting from army operations among loyal or partly loyal communities, and the irritating conflicts of opinion produced thereby in the Northern States. Disclaiming any intention to injure or wound the loyal slave States, and recognizing that the right of emancipation was exclusively under their own control, he had proposed this offer in good faith—not as a threat, but as the shortest and easiest way to end the war by eliminating its cause and motive.

He did not ask an immediate answer, but pressed it upon their serious consideration, and hoped that after earnest conference and inquiry their views of duty and the interests of their constituents might enable them to accept it

1 "Congressional Globe," March 6, 1862, page 1102.

2 Unpublished MS.

voluntarily and in the same patriotic spirit in which it was made.<sup>1</sup>

It is not to be wondered at that his auditors were unable to give him affirmative replies, or even remote encouragement. Representing slaveholding constituencies, their natural attitude was one of unyielding conservatism. Their whole tone was one of doubt, of qualified protest, and of apprehensive inquiry. They had not failed to note that in his annual message of December 3, and his special message of March 6, he had announced his determination to use all "indispensable means" to preserve the Union, and had hinted that necessity might force him to employ extreme measures; and one of them asked pointedly "if the President looked to any policy beyond the acceptance or rejection of this scheme." His answer was frank and direct. Mr. Crisfield of Maryland writes:

The President replied that he had no designs beyond the action of the States on this particular subject. He should lament their refusal to accept it, but he had no designs beyond their refusal of it. . . . Unless he was expelled by the act of God or the Confederate armies, he should occupy that house for three years, and as long as he remained there Maryland had nothing to fear, either for her institutions or her interests, on the points referred to.<sup>2</sup>

The day on which this interview was held, Roscoe Conkling introduced into the House of Representatives the exact joint resolution which the President had recommended in his message of the 6th, and debate on the subject was begun. The discussion developed a wide

divergence of views among representatives. Moderate Republicans generally supported the resolution; even somewhat extreme antislavery men, such as Lovejoy in the House and Sumner in the Senate, indicated their willingness to join in the liberal compensation the President had proposed, if the loyal slave States would consent to relinquish their portion of the disturbing and dangerous evil. Since it was not a practical measure, but simply an announcement of policy, the opposition was not strenuous; a few border State representatives and the more obstinate Democrats from free States joined in a somewhat ill-natured dissent. The resolution was passed on the following day (yeas, 89; nays, 31). The action of the Senate was very similar, though the debate was a little more delayed. The resolution was passed in that body April 2 (yeas, 32; nays, 10), and received the President's signature on the 10th of April, 1862.

By his initiative and influence Mr. Lincoln thus committed the executive and legislative departments of the Government to the policy of compensated emancipation; and there is no doubt that, had his generous offer been accepted by the border States within a reasonable time, the pledge embodied in the joint resolution would have been promptly redeemed. Though it afterwards turned out that this action remained only sentimental and prospective, it nevertheless had no inconsiderable effect in bringing to pass a very important practical measure.

In its long contest for political supremacy,

<sup>1</sup> An extended quotation from the abstract of the President's remarks as written out by Mr. Crisfield, representative from Maryland, will be read with interest: "After the usual salutations and we were seated, the President said, in substance, that he had invited us to meet him to have some conversation with us in explanation of his message of the 6th; that since he had sent it in, several of the gentlemen then present had visited him, but had avoided any allusion to the message, and he therefore inferred that the import of the message had been misunderstood, and was regarded as inimical to the interests we represented; and he had resolved he would talk with us, and disabuse our minds of that erroneous opinion. The President then disclaimed any intent to injure the interests or wound the sensibilities of the slave States. On the contrary, his purpose was to protect the one and respect the other. That we were engaged in a terrible, wasting, and tedious war; immense armies were in the field, and must continue in the field as long as the war lasts; that these armies must, of necessity, be brought into contact with slaves in the States we represented, and in other States as they advanced; that slaves would come to the camps, and continual irritation was kept up. That he was constantly annoyed by conflicting and antagonistic complaints: on the one side, a certain class complained if the slave was not protected by the army—persons were frequently found who, participating in these views, acted in a way unfriendly to the slaveholder; on the other hand, slaveholders complained that their rights were interfered with, their slaves induced to abscond and protected within the lines. These

complaints were numerous, loud, and deep; were a serious annoyance to him, and embarrassing to the progress of the war; that it kept alive a spirit hostile to the Government in the States we represented; strengthened the hopes of the Confederates that at some day the border States would unite with them and thus tend to prolong the war; and he was of opinion, if this resolution should be adopted by Congress and accepted by our States, these causes of irritation and these hopes would be removed, and more would be accomplished towards shortening the war than could be hoped from the greatest victory achieved by Union armies. That he made this proposition in good faith, and desired it to be accepted, if at all, voluntarily, and in the same patriotic spirit in which it was made; that emancipation was a subject exclusively under the control of the States, and must be adopted or rejected by each for itself; that he did not claim, nor had this Government, any right to coerce them for that purpose; that such was no part of his purpose in making this proposition, and he wished it to be clearly understood. That he did not expect us there to be prepared to give him an answer, but he hoped we would take the subject into serious consideration, confer with one another, and then take such course as we felt our duty and the interests of our constituents required of us." There followed after this much informal discussion, also reported in brief by Mr. Crisfield, for which there is not room in this note. The whole will be found in McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 210 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 211.



slavery had clung with unyielding tenacity to its foothold in the District of Columbia, where it had been the most irritating eyesore to Northern sentiment. Whatever might be conceded to the doctrine of State sovereignty, antislavery men felt that the peculiar institution had no claim to the exclusive shelter of the Federal flag; on the other hand, proslavery men saw that to relinquish this claim would be fatal to their determination to push it to a national recognition and existence. Hence the abolition or the maintenance of slavery in the District of Columbia had become a frequent issue in party politics. The prohibition of the slave trade in the District was indeed effected in the great compromise of 1850; but this concession was more than counterbalanced by the proslavery gains of that political bargain, and since then the abolition of slavery itself in this central Federal jurisdiction seemed to have become impossible until rebellion provoked the change. Under the new conditions antislavery zeal was pushing its lance into every joint of the monster's armor, and this vulnerable point was not overlooked. The Constitution placed the District of Columbia exclusively under the legislation of Congress, and by their rebellious withdrawal from their seats in the two houses the Southern members and senators had voluntarily surrendered this citadel of their propaganda.

President Lincoln had not specifically recommended abolishment in the District in his annual message; but he had introduced a bill for such a purpose when he was a member of Congress in 1849, and it was well known that his views had undergone no change. Later on, the already recited special message of March 6 embraced the subject in its larger aspects and recommendations. Thus, with perfect knowledge that it would receive executive sanction, the House on April 11 (yeas, 92; nays, 38) and the Senate on April 3 (yeas, 29; nays, 14) passed an act of immediate emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, with compensation to the owners, to be distributed by a commission, the whole not to exceed an aggregate of \$300 per slave. The act also appropriated the sum of \$100,000 for expenses of voluntary emigration to Hayti or Liberia.

President Lincoln signed the act on the 16th of April, and in his short message of approval said:

I have never doubted the constitutional authority of Congress to abolish slavery in this District; and I have ever desired to see the National capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way. Hence there has never been in my mind any question upon the subject except the one of expediency, arising in view of all the circumstances. . . .

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am gratified that the two principles of compensation and colonization are both recognized and practically applied in the act.<sup>1</sup>

Certain omissions in the law, which the President pointed out, were remedied by supplementary enactments, which among other safeguards and provisions added to the boon of freedom the privilege of education by opening public schools to colored children.

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BEFORE enough time had elapsed to judge of the probable effect of Lincoln's offer of compensation to the border States, a new incident occurred which further complicated the President's dealings with the slavery question. About the middle of May he was surprised to learn from the newspapers that General David Hunter, whom he had recently sent to command the Department of the South, had issued an order of military emancipation. Reciting that the Department of the South was under martial law, the order declared, "Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States—Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina—heretofore held as slaves are therefore declared free."

So far as can be judged, General Hunter was moved to this step by what seemed to him the requirements of his new surroundings and the simple dictates of natural justice. He was a warm personal and political friend of President Lincoln, was entirely free from motives of selfish ambition, and was not a man who would suffer himself to be made the instrument of a political combination. Of strong antislavery convictions, his duty as a soldier in the service of the Union was as single-hearted and as sacred as that of a crusader sent to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the Infidel. In his eyes rebellion and slavery were intertwined abominations to be struck and conquered simultaneously.

When he took command of the Department of the South he found himself surrounded by new conditions. The capture of Port Royal in the preceding November had been followed by the flight of the whole white population, leaving the entire coast from North Edisto River to Warsaw Sound, a distance of sixty or seventy miles, in the hands of the captors. This was the region of the famous sea island cotton plantations, in which the slaves outnumbered the whites nearly five to one. In their sudden flight the whites were compelled to abandon their slaves as well as their homes, and a large negro population thus fell immediately to the care and protection of the Union army.

<sup>1</sup> "Congressional Globe," April 16, 1862.

The exercise of common humanity forced the military administration of the department beyond mere warlike objects. The commander, General Thomas W. Sherman, issued an address<sup>1</sup> to the white inhabitants, inviting them to return and reoccupy their lands and homes, and continue their peaceful vocations under the auspices and protection of the Government of the United States. Except in a very few instances the friendly invitation was defiantly refused. They not only preferred ruin and exile, but did such mischief as lay in their power by ordering their cotton to be burned<sup>2</sup> and circulating among the blacks the statement that the Yankees would seize them, send them away, and sell them into slavery in Cuba. Such was the distrust excited by the falsehood, that a month after the capture of Port Royal but about 320 blacks had ventured into Sherman's camps; nearly all these were decrepit, or were women and children, there being only sixty able-bodied men among them.<sup>2</sup>

For the present the slaves made most of their abrupt holiday. But their scanty clothing wore out, the small stock of provisions on the plantations was exhausted. At the time of their masters' flight much of the cotton crop was still in the fields. In the increasing demand for this product it became an object for the Government to collect and preserve what was left; and this work, begun under the joint orders of the War and Treasury departments, set on foot the first organization of the colored population for labor and government. Military orders divided the country into districts, with agents to superintend the plantations, to enroll and organize the blacks into working parties, to furnish them necessary food and clothing, and to pay them for their labor.

Private philanthropy also gave timely and valuable assistance. Relief societies, organized in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, collected funds and employed teachers, some fifty of whom reached Beaufort the 9th of March, 1862, and began a much-needed work of combined encouragement, guardianship, and instruction, thus replacing the elements of social government which the slaves had lost by the withdrawal of their masters and mistresses.

The control of the captured and abandoned cotton and other property fell to the Treasury Department, and in this connection Secretary Chase, at the President's request, gave the educational enterprise his official sanction and supervision; later on, the War Department assumed and continued the work. Compelled

from the first to rely upon "contrabands" for information and assistance, and to a large extent for military labor, it gave them in return not only wages for the actual service performed, but necessary food and shelter for the destitute, and with the return of the spring season furnished them, so far as possible, seed and implements of husbandry, and encouraged them to renew their accustomed labor in the gardens and fields of the abandoned plantations, in order to provide for, or at least contribute to, their own maintenance. Under this treatment confidence was quickly established. In two months the number of blacks within the Union lines increased from 320 to over 9000.<sup>3</sup>

When General Hunter took command of the Department of the South, this industrial and educational organization of the blacks was just beginning. Military usefulness was of the first importance in his eyes, particularly as his forces were insufficient for offensive movement. It was not unnatural that, seeing the large colored population within his lines, much of it unemployed, his thoughts should turn to the idea of organizing, arming, and training regiments of colored soldiers; and assuming that the instructions of the War Department conferred the necessary authority, he began the experiment without delay. It was amid all these conditions, which at that time did not exist elsewhere, that General Hunter issued the already recited order announcing that slavery and martial law were incompatible, and declaring free all slaves in his department. The presence of the Union army had visibly created a new order of things, and he doubtless felt it a simple duty to proclaim officially what practically had come to pass.

The mails from the Department of the South could only come by sea; hence a week elapsed after the promulgation of Hunter's order before knowledge of it came to the President through its publication in the New York newspapers. The usual acrimonious comments immediately followed: radicals approved it, Democrats and conservatives denounced it; and the President was assailed for inaction on the one hand and for treachery on the other. Lincoln's own judgment of the act was definite and prompt. "No commanding general shall do such a thing, upon my responsibility, without consulting me," he wrote in answer to a note from Chase, who wished the order to stand.

Three days later (May 19, 1862) the President published a proclamation reciting that the Government had no knowledge or part in the issuing of Hunter's order of emancipation, that neither Hunter nor any other person had been authorized to declare free the slaves of any State, and that his order in that respect was altogether void. The President continued:

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

<sup>2</sup> T. W. Sherman to Thomas, Dec. 15, 1861. War Records.

<sup>3</sup> T. W. Sherman to Adjutant-General, Feb. 9, 1862. War Records.

I further make it known that whether it be competent for me, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether at any time, in any case it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies and camps.

While the President thus drew a sharp distinction between the limited authority of commanders in the field and the full reservoir of executive powers in his own hands, for future contingencies, he utilized the occasion for a forcible admonition to the border slave-States. Reminding them that he by recommendation, and Congress by joint resolution, had made them a formal tender and pledge of payment for their slaves if they would voluntarily abolish the institution, he counseled them in words of parental wisdom and affection not to neglect this opportunity of financial security to themselves and patriotic benefit to their country. He said:

To the people of those States I now earnestly appeal. I do not argue; I beseech you to make the arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The changes it contemplates would come gently as the dews of heaven—not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all past times as, in the providence of God, it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it.<sup>1</sup>

The "signs of the times" were indeed multiplying to a degree that ought to have attracted the notice of the border States, even without the pointing finger of the President. How far the presence of the Confederate armies, embodying a compact proslavery sentiment, had up to that time interfered locally with the relations of master and slave we have no means of knowing; we do know that before the end of the rebellion the conditions of war—military necessity—brought even the rebel Government and the unconquered slave communities to the verge of emancipation and the general military employment of the blacks. But Northern armies, embodying a compact antislavery sentiment, stationed or moving in slave communities, acted on the "institution" as a disturbing, relaxing, and disintegrating force, constant in operation, which no vigilance

could shut out and no regulations could remedy. Whether in Kentucky or Virginia, Missouri or Mississippi, the slave gave the Union soldiers his sympathy and his help; while for services rendered, and still more for services expected, the soldiers returned friendship and protection, finding no end of pretexts to evade any general orders to the contrary.

From the army this feeling communicated itself sometimes directly to Congress, sometimes to the soldier's Northern home, from which it was in turn reflected upon that body. The antislavery feeling at the North, excited by the ten-years' political contention, intensified by the outbreak of rebellion, was thus fed and stimulated, and grew with every day's duration of the war. Conservative opinion could not defend a system that had wrought the convulsion and disaster through which the nation was struggling. Radical opinion lost no opportunity to denounce it and attack its vulnerable points.

Of the operations of this sentiment the debates and enactments of Congress afford an approximate measure. During the long session from December 2, 1861, to July 17, 1862, the subject seemed to touch every topic at some point, while the affirmative propositions of which slavery was the central and vital object were of themselves sufficiently numerous to absorb a large share of the discussions. Leaving out of view the many resolutions and bills which received only passing attention, or which were at once rejected, this second session<sup>2</sup> of the Thirty-seventh Congress perfected and enacted a series of antislavery measures which amounted to a complete reversal of the policy of the General Government. At the date of the President's proclamation quoted above calling attention to the "signs of the times," only a portion of these measures had reached final enactment; but the drift and portent of their coming was unmistakable. In the restricted limits of these pages it is impossible to pass them in review separately or chronologically; nor does the date of their passage and approval always indicate the relation in which they engrossed the attention of Congress. The consideration of the general subject was, we may almost say, continuous, and the reader will obtain a better idea of their cumulative force and value from a generalized abstract, showing the importance and scope of the several acts and sections as related to each other.

*First.* One of the earliest forms of the discussion arose upon the constantly recurring question of returning to slave-owners such runaways as sought the protection of the Union camps, and regarding which various command-

was the special session held in July and August, 1861, under President Lincoln's proclamation.

<sup>1</sup> Proclamation, May 19, 1862.

<sup>2</sup> The first session of the Thirty-seventh Congress

ers had issued such different and contradictory orders. It has already been stated that the President left his officers full discretion on this point, because it fell properly within the necessities of camp and police regulations. The somewhat harsh and arbitrary order No. 3, issued by General Halleck in Missouri, provoked widespread comment and indignation; and though the general insisted that the spirit of the order was purely military, and not political, it undoubtedly hastened and intensified congressional action. By an act approved March 13, 1862, a new article of war was added to the army regulations, which enjoined, under usual penalties, that "All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped," etc. Later, Section 10 of the Confiscation Act<sup>1</sup> was virtually an amendment of the fugitive-slave law; providing that the claimant might not use its authority until he had taken an oath of allegiance, and prohibiting any person in the army or navy from surrendering a fugitive slave, or presuming to decide the validity of the owner's claim.

*Second.* No less to fulfill the dictates of propriety and justice than for its salutary influence on the opinion of foreign nations, the annual message of the President had recommended a recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Hayti and Liberia, and the appointment of diplomatic representatives to those new states. This was duly authorized by an act approved June 5, 1862. Similar reasons also secured the passage of "An act to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and her Britannic Majesty for the suppression of the African slave-trade," approved July 11, 1862. That this action betokened more than mere hollow profession and sentiment is evinced by the fact that under the prosecution of the Government, the slave-trader Nathaniel P. Gordon was convicted and hanged in New York on the 21st of February, 1862, this being the first execution for this offense under the laws of the United States, after their enforcement had been neglected and their extreme penalty defied for forty years.

*Third.* The third marked feature of congressional antislavery enactment was one which, in a period of peace, would have signalized the culmination of a great party triumph and taken its place as a distinctive political landmark. Now, however, in the clash and turmoil of war it was disposed of, not so much in the light of a present party conquest, as the simple necessary registration of accomplished

facts, wrought beyond recall by passing events, recognized by public opinion, and requiring only the formality of parliamentary attestation. Its title was, "An act to secure freedom to all persons within territories of the United States," approved June 19, 1862. This was the realization of the purpose which had called the Republican party into being, namely, the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, its extension and application to all Territories of the United States, and as a logical result the rejection and condemnation of the proslavery doctrines of the Dred Scott decision, the demand for a congressional slave code, and the subversive "property theory" of Jefferson Davis. These were the issues which had caused the six-years' political contention between the North and the South; and upon its defeat at the ballot-box by the election of President Lincoln, the South had appealed to the sword.

*Fourth.* Still advancing another step in the prevalent antislavery progress, we come to the policy of compensated emancipation so strenuously urged by the President. Action on this point has already been described, namely, the joint resolution of Congress, approved April 10, 1862, virtually pledging the aid of the Government to any State which would adopt it, and the act, approved April 16, 1862, with its amendments, actually abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, with compensation to owners. The earnestness of Congress in this reform is marked by the additional step that under acts approved May 21 and July 11, 1862, certain provisions were made for the education of colored children in the cities of Washington and Georgetown, District of Columbia.

*Fifth.* By far the most important of all the antislavery laws of this period, both in scope and purpose, was a new Confiscation Act, perfected after much deliberation, passed at the close of the session, and approved by the President July 17, 1862. The act of August 6, 1861, only went to the extent of making free the slaves actually employed in rebel military service. The new law undertook to deal more generally with the subject, and indeed extended its provisions somewhat beyond the mere idea of confiscation. While other subjects were included, its spirit and object would have been better expressed by the title of "An act to destroy slavery under the powers of war." In addition to other and usual penalties for treason or rebellion, it declared that slaves of persons guilty and convicted of these crimes should be made free; that slaves of rebels escaping and taking refuge within the army lines, slaves captured from rebels or deserted by them and coming under the control of the United States Government, and slaves of rebels found in

<sup>1</sup> Approved July 17, 1862.



any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the Union army, should all be deemed captives of war and be forever free.

*Sixth.* Coupled with the foregoing sweeping provisions, intended to destroy title in slave property as a punishment for treason and rebellion, were other provisions, which, under guarded phraseology, looked to the active organized employment of slaves as a substantial military force—which military service should in its turn also, in specified cases, work enfranchisement from bondage. Thus, in certain amendments of the militia laws<sup>1</sup> it was enacted that the President might enroll and employ contrabands in such camp labor or military service as they were fitted for, and that their wives, mothers, and children, if they belonged to armed rebels, should become free by virtue of such service. Section 11 of the Confiscation Act, however, conferred a still broader authority upon the Government for this object. It provided:

That the President of the United States is authorized to employ as many persons of African descent as he may deem necessary and proper for the suppression of this rebellion, and for this purpose he may organize and use them in such manner as he may judge best for the public welfare.

This section allowed a latitude of construction which permitted the organization of a few of the earliest regiments of colored soldiers.

In tracing the antislavery policy of President Lincoln, his opinions upon some of the prominent features of these laws become of special interest. He followed the discussion and perfecting of the Confiscation Act with careful attention, and as it neared its passage prepared a veto message, pointing out several serious defects, which Congress hastily remedied in anticipation by an explanatory joint resolution. When the bill and resolution were submitted to him he signed both, as being substantially a single act, and, to place himself right upon the record, transmitted with his notice of approval a copy of the draft of his intended veto message. The constitutional objection and the imperfections of detail in the original bill do not require mention here, but his views on emancipation and military employment of slaves may not be omitted.

There is much in the bill to which I perceive no objection. It is wholly prospective; and it touches neither person nor property of any loyal citizen, in which particular it is just and proper. . . . It is also provided that the slaves of persons convicted under these sections shall be free. I think there is an unfortunate form of expression, rather than a sub-

stantial objection, in this. It is startling to say that Congress can free a slave within a State, and yet if it were said the ownership of the slave had first been transferred to the nation, and that Congress had then liberated him, the difficulty would at once vanish. And this is the real case. The traitor against the General Government forfeits his slave at least as justly as he does any other property; and he forfeits both to the Government against which he offends. The Government, so far as there can be ownership, thus owns the forfeited slaves, and the question for Congress in regard to them is, "Shall they be made free or be sold to new masters?" I perceive no objection to Congress deciding in advance that they shall be free. To the high honor of Kentucky, as I am informed, she has been the owner of some slaves by *escheat*, and has sold none, but liberated all. I hope the same is true of some other States. Indeed, I do not believe it would be physically possible for the General Government to return persons so circumstanced to actual slavery. I believe there would be physical resistance to it which could neither be turned aside by argument nor driven away by force. In this view I have no objection to this feature of the bill. . . . The eleventh section simply assumes to confer discretionary power upon the Executive. Without the law, I have no hesitation to go as far in the direction indicated as I may at any time deem expedient. And I am ready to say now, I think it is proper for our military commanders to employ, as laborers, as many persons of African descent as can be used to advantage.<sup>2</sup>

The number and variety of antislavery provisions cited above show how vulnerable was the peculiar institution in a state of war, and demonstrate again the folly and madness of the slaveholders' appeal to arms. All the penalties therein prescribed were clearly justifiable by the war powers of the nation and sustained by military necessity. So far the laws had not touched a single right of a loyal slaveholder in a slave State, either within or without the territory held by Confederate arms; but day by day it became manifest that the whole slave system was so ramified and intertwined with political and social conditions in slave States, both loyal and disloyal, that it must eventually stand or fall in mass. In short, the proof was more absolute in war than in peace that slavery was purely the creature of positive law in theory, and of universal police regulations unremittently enforced in practice.

It must not be supposed that the discussion and enactment of these measures proceeded without decided opposition. The three factions of which Congress was composed maintained the same relative position on these topics that they had occupied since the beginning of the rebellion. The bulk of the resistance was furnished by the Democratic members,

<sup>1</sup> An act to amend the act calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions, approved February 28, 1795, and

the acts amendatory thereof, and for other purposes, approved July 17, 1862, sections 12 and 13.

<sup>2</sup> Senate Journal, July 17, 1862, pp. 872, 873.

who, while as a rule they condemned the rebellion, reiterated their previous accusations that the Republican party had provoked it. Now again at every antislavery proposition, no matter how necessary or justifiable, they charged that it was a violation of express or implied political faith, and a stumbling-block to reconciliation, which, against the plainest evidences, they assumed to be still possible. In a hopeless minority, and with no chance to affect legislation affirmatively even by indirection, they yet maintained the attitude of an ill-natured opposition, yielding assent only to the most necessary war measures, while with sophistical and irritating criticism they were industriously undermining public confidence in the President and his adherents by every party and parliamentary device they could invent.

There is little doubt that this action of the Democrats in Congress, in addition to its other pernicious effects, served to render the border-State delegations more stubborn and intractable against making any concessions towards the liberal and reformatory policy which President Lincoln so strongly urged. The statesmen and politicians of the border slave-States were quick enough to perceive the danger to their whole slave system, but not resolute enough to prepare to meet and endure its removal, and accept a money equivalent in exchange. Against evidence and conviction they clung tenaciously to the idea that the war ought to be prosecuted without damage to slavery; and their representatives and senators in Congress, with a very few brave exceptions, resisted from first to last all antislavery enactments. We may admit that in this course they represented truly the majority feeling and will of their several constituencies; but such an admission is fatal to any claim on their part to political foresight or leadership. Indeed, one of the noticeable and lamentable features of the earlier stages of the rebellion was the sudden loss of power among border-State leaders, both at home and in Congress. We can now see that their weakness resulted unavoidably from their defensive position. During the secession stage they only ventured to act defensively against that initial heresy, and as a rule the offensive and unscrupulous conspirators kept the advantage of an aggressive initiative. Now in the new stage of antislavery reaction they were again merely on the defensive and under the disadvantage which that attitude always brings with it. In Congress, as a faction, they were sadly diminished in numbers and shorn of personal prestige. They could count only a single conspicuous representative — the venerable John J. Crittenden; but burdened with the weight of years, and hedged by the tangles and pitfalls of his conservative obligations, he was timid,

spiritless, despondent. The record of the border-State delegations, therefore, during this strong antislavery movement of congressional enactment is simply one of protests, excuses, appeals, and direful prophecies.

Against them the positive affirmative progress of antislavery sentiment gathered force and volume from every quarter. Whatever the momentary or individual outcry, it was easy to perceive that every antislavery speech, resolution, vote, or law received quick sustaining acceptance from public sentiment in the North and from the fighting Union armies in the South. The Republican majority in Congress noted and responded to these symptoms of approval, and the radical leaders in that body were constantly prompted by them to more advanced demands and votes. Antislavery opinion in Congress not only had the advantage of overpowering numbers, but also of conspicuous ability. A high average talent marked the Republican membership, which, as a rule, spoke and voted for the before-mentioned antislavery measures; while among those whose zeal gave them especial prominence in these debates, the names of Charles Sumner in the Senate and of Thaddeus Stevens and Owen Lovejoy in the House need only be mentioned to show what high qualities of zeal and talent pursued the peculiar institution with unrelenting warfare.

To the rebellious South, to the loyal population of the border slave-States, and to the extreme conservatism of the North, particularly that faction represented by Democratic members of Congress, President Lincoln's proposal of gradual compensated abolishment doubtless seemed a remarkable if not a dangerous innovation upon the practical politics of half a century. But this conservatism failed to comprehend the mighty sweep and power of the revolution of opinion which slavery had put in motion by its needless appeal to arms. In point of fact, the President stood sagaciously midway between headlong reform and blind reaction. His steady, cautious direction and control of the average public sentiment of the country alike held back rash experiment and spurred lagging opinion. Congress, with a strong Republican majority in both branches, was stirred by hot debate on the new issues. The indirect influence of the Executive was much greater than in times of peace; a reckless President could have done infinite damage to the delicate structure of constitutional government. As it was, antislavery resentment was restrained and confined to such changes of legislation as were plainly necessary to vindicate the Constitution, laws, and traditions which the rebellion had wantonly violated; but these were sufficiently numerous and pointed to mark a pro-

found transformation of public policy in little more than a year. Under the occasion and spur which the rebellion furnished, a twelvemonth wrought that which had not been dreamed of in a decade, or which would otherwise have been scarcely possible to achieve in a century.

Four months had now elapsed since President Lincoln proposed and Congress sanctioned the policy of compensated emancipation in the border slave-States. Except in its indirect influence upon public opinion, no definite result had as yet attended the proposal. Great fluctuations had occurred in the war and great strides had been made in legislation; but the tendency so far had been rather to complicate than simplify the political situation, to exasperate rather than appease contending factions and conflicting opinions. This condition of things, while it might have endured for a while, could not prolong itself indefinitely. Little by little the war was draining the lifeblood of the republic. However effectually the smoke and dust of the conflict might shut the view from the general eye, or however flippantly small politicians might hide the question under the heat and invective of factional quarrel, President Lincoln, looking to the future, saw that, to replenish the waste of armies and maintain a compact popular support, the North must be united in a sentiment and policy affording a plain, practical aim and solution, both political and military. The policy he decided upon was not yet ripe for announcement, but the time had arrived to prepare the way for its avowal and acceptance. As the next proper step in such a preparation, the President, on the 12th of July, 1862, again convened the border-State delegations at the Executive Mansion, and read to them the following carefully prepared second appeal to accept compensation for slaves in their respective States:

GENTLEMEN: After the adjournment of Congress, now near, I shall have no opportunity of seeing you for several months. Believing that you of the border States hold more power for good than any other equal number of members, I feel it a duty which I cannot justifiably waive to make this appeal to you. I intend no reproach or complaint when I assure you that, in my opinion, if you all had voted for the resolution in the gradual emancipation message of last March the war would now be substantially ended. And the plan therein proposed is one of the most potent and swift means of ending it. Let the States which are in rebellion see definitely and certainly that in no event will the States you represent ever join their proposed confederacy, and they cannot much longer maintain the contest. But you cannot divest them of their hope to ultimately have you with them so long as you show a determination to perpetuate the institution within your own States. Beat them at elections, as you have overwhelmingly done, and, nothing daunted, they still claim you as their own. You and I know what the lever of their

power is. Break that lever before their faces, and they can shake you no more forever. Most of you have treated me with kindness and consideration, and I trust you will not now think I improperly touch what is exclusively your own when, for the sake of the whole country, I ask, "Can you, for your States, do better than to take the course I urge?" Discarding punctilios and maxims adapted to more manageable times, and looking only to the unprecedentedly stern facts of our case, can you do better in any possible event? You prefer that the constitutional relation of the States to the nation shall be practically restored without disturbance of the institution; and if this were done, my whole duty, in this respect, under the Constitution and my oath of office, would be performed. But it is not done, and we are trying to accomplish it by war. The incidents of the war cannot be avoided. If the war continues long, as it must if the object be not sooner attained, the institution in your States will be extinguished by mere friction and abrasion—by the mere incidents of the war. It will be gone, and you will have nothing valuable in lieu of it. Much of its value is gone already. How much better for you and for your people to take the step which at once shortens the war, and secures substantial compensation for that which is sure to be wholly lost in any other event. How much better to thus save the money which else we sink forever in the war. How much better to do it while we can, lest the war ere long render us pecuniarily unable to do it. How much better for you as seller, and the nation as buyer, to sell out and buy out that without which the war could never have been, than to sink both the thing to be sold and the price of it in cutting one another's throats. I do not speak of emancipation at once, but of a decision at once to emancipate gradually. Room in South America for colonization can be obtained cheaply and in abundance, and when numbers shall be large enough to be company and encouragement for one another, the freed people will not be so reluctant to go.

I am pressed with a difficulty not yet mentioned—one which threatens division among those who, united, are not too strong. An instance of it is known to you. General Hunter is an honest man. He was, and I hope still is, my friend. I valued him none the less for his agreeing with me in the general wish that all men everywhere could be freed. He proclaimed all men free within certain States, and I repudiated the proclamation. He expected more good and less harm from the measure than I could believe would follow. Yet, in repudiating it, I gave dissatisfaction, if not offense, to many whose support the country cannot afford to lose. And this is not the end of it. The pressure in this direction is still upon me, and is increasing. By conceding what I now ask you can relieve me and, much more, can relieve the country in this important point. Upon these considerations I have again begged your attention to the message of March last. Before leaving the capital, consider and discuss it among yourselves. You are patriots and statesmen, and as such I pray you consider this proposition; and at the least commend it to the consideration of your States and people. As you would perpetuate popular government for the best people in the world, I beseech you that you do in no wise omit this. Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest

views and boldest action to bring a speedy relief. Once relieved, its form of government is saved to the world, its beloved history and cherished memories are vindicated, and its happy future fully assured and rendered inconceivably grand. To you, more than to any others, the privilege is given to assure that happiness and swell that grandeur, and to link your own names therewith forever.

It is doubtful whether the President expected any more satisfactory result from this last appeal to the border-State representatives than had attended his previous one. He had had abundant occasion to observe their course in the congressional debates; the opportunity had been long before them and they had not taken advantage of it; amid the revolutionary impulse and action which were moving the whole country their inaction on this subject was equivalent to resistance. This effort therefore, like the former one, proved barren: most of them answered with a qualified refusal; twenty of them<sup>1</sup> signed a written reply on July 14, which, while it pledged an unchangeable continuance of their loyalty, set forth a number of mixed and inconsequential reasons against adopting the President's recommendation. They thought the project too expensive. They said slavery was a right which they ought not to be asked to relinquish, that the proposition had never been offered them in a tangible shape, that a different policy had been announced at the beginning of the war, that radical doctrines had been proclaimed and subversive measures proposed in Congress. In short, it was a general plea for non-action. Seven others<sup>2</sup> of their number drew up an address dissenting from the conservative views of the majority, and promising that "We will, as far as may be in our power, ask the people of the border States calmly, deliberately, and fairly to consider your recommendations." Two others<sup>3</sup> wrote separate replies in the same spirit; but with only a minority to urge the proposition upon their people, it was plain from the first that no hope of success could be entertained.

#### EMANCIPATION PROPOSED AND POSTPONED.

MILITARY events underwent great fluctuations in the first half of the year 1862. During the first three months Union victories followed each other with a rapidity and decisiveness which inspired the most sanguine hopes for the

early and complete suppression of the rebellion. Cheering news of important successes came from all quarters—Mill Springs in Kentucky, Roanoke Island in North Carolina, Forts Henry and Donelson in Tennessee, Pea Ridge in Arkansas, Shiloh in Tennessee, Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River, the reduction of Forts Jackson and St. Philip on the lower Mississippi, the capture of New Orleans in Louisiana, and, finally, what seemed the beginning of a victorious advance by McClellan's army upon Richmond. In the month of May, however, this tide of success began to change. Stonewall Jackson's raid initiated a series of discouraging Union defeats, and McClellan's formidable advance gradually changed into disastrous retreat.

No one noted this blighting of a longed-for fruition with a keener watchfulness and more sensitive suffering than did President Lincoln. As the military interest and expectancy gradually lessened at the circumference and slowly centered itself upon the fatal circles around the rebel capital, his thoughts by day and anxiety by night fed upon the intelligence which the telegraph brought from the Union camps on the Chickahominy and the James. It is safe to say that no general in the army studied his maps and scanned his telegrams with half the industry—and, it may be added, with half the intelligence—which Mr. Lincoln gave to his. It is not surprising, therefore, that before the catastrophe finally came the President was already convinced of the substantial failure of McClellan's campaign as first projected, though he still framed his letters and telegrams in the most hopeful and encouraging language that the situation would admit. But aware of the impending danger, he took steps to secure such a reinforcement of the army, and provide for such a readjustment of the campaign, as might yet secure the final and complete victory which had lain so temptingly within McClellan's grasp. A part of this programme was the consolidation of an army under Pope. The culmination of disaster doubtless came sooner than he thought possible. McClellan himself did not seem apprehensive of sudden danger when on June 26 he telegraphed:

The case is perhaps a difficult one, but I shall resort to desperate measures, and will do my best to outmaneuver, outwit, and outfight the enemy. Do not believe reports of disaster, and do not be discour-

<sup>1</sup> From Kentucky, Senator Garrett Davis and Representatives Henry Grider, Aaron Harding, Charles A. Wickliffe, George W. Dunlap, Robert Mallory, John J. Crittenden, John W. Menzies, and James S. Jackson; from Missouri, Senator Robert Wilson and Representatives James S. Rollins, William A. Hall, Thomas L. Price, and John S. Phelps; from Maryland, Representatives John W. Crisfield, Edwin H. Webster, Cornelius L. Leary, Francis Thomas, and Charles B. Calvert; from Virginia, Senator John S. Carlile.

<sup>2</sup> From Missouri, Representative John W. Noell; from Kentucky, Representative Samuel L. Casey; from Tennessee, Representative Andrew J. Clements; from Delaware, Representative George P. Fisher; from Virginia, Senator Waiteman T. Willey and Representatives William G. Brown and Jacob B. Blair.

<sup>3</sup> Senator John B. Henderson of Missouri and Representative Horace Maynard of Tennessee.



aged if you learn that my communications are cut off, and even Yorktown in possession of the enemy. Hope for the best, and I will not deceive the hopes you formerly placed in me.<sup>1</sup>

This was the language of a man still possessing courage and faith, but the events of the two days following robbed him of both. Early on the morning of the 28th he sent the Secretary of War his memorable telegram already quoted, which was a mere blind cry of despair and insubordination:

I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat and save the material and personnel of the army. . . . If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

The kind and patient words with which President Lincoln replied to this unsoldierly and unmanly petulance, and the vigorous exertions put forth by the War Department to mitigate the danger with all available supplies and reinforcements, have been related. The incident is repeated here to show that the President and Cabinet promptly put into execution a measure which had probably been already debated during the preceding days. The needs of the hour, and Lincoln's plan to provide for them, cannot be more briefly stated than in the two letters which follow, the first of which, written on this 28th day of June, he addressed to his Secretary of State. It was evidently written in a moment of profound emotion produced by McClellan's telegram, for nowhere in all his utterances is there to be found a stronger announcement of his determination to persevere unflinchingly in the public and patriotic task before him:

My view of the present condition of the war is about as follows: The evacuation of Corinth and our delay by the flood in the Chickahominy have enabled the enemy to concentrate too much force in Richmond for McClellan to successfully attack. In fact, there soon will be no substantial rebel force anywhere else. But if we send all the force from here to McClellan, the enemy will, before we can know of it, send a force from Richmond and take Washington. Or if a large part of the Western army be brought here to McClellan, they will let us have Richmond, and retake Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, etc. What should be done is to hold what we have in the West, open the Mississippi, and take Chattanooga and east Tennessee without more. A reasonable force should, in every event, be kept about Washington for its protection. Then let the country give us a hundred thousand new troops in the shortest possible time, which, added to McClellan directly or indirectly, will take Richmond without endangering any other place which we now hold, and will substantially end the war. I expect

to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me; and I would publicly appeal to the country for this new force, were it not that I fear a general panic and stampede would follow, so hard is it to have a thing understood as it really is. I think the new force should be all, or nearly all, infantry, principally because such can be raised most cheaply and quickly.<sup>2</sup>

This letter was of course not needed for the personal information of Mr. Seward, but was placed in his hands to enable him to reassure those who might doubt the President's courage and determination. The other letter, written in advance and dated the 30th, was addressed to the governors of the loyal States. It ran as follows:

The capture of New Orleans, Norfolk, and Corinth by the National forces has enabled the insurgents to concentrate a large force at and about Richmond, which place we must take with the least possible delay; in fact, there will soon be no formidable insurgent force except at Richmond. With so large an army there the enemy can threaten us on the Potomac and elsewhere. Until we have reestablished the National authority, all these places must be held, and we must keep a respectable force in front of Washington. But this, from the diminished strength of our army by sickness and casualties, renders an addition to it necessary in order to close the struggle which has been prosecuted for the last three months with energy and success. Rather than herald the misapprehension of our military condition and of groundless alarm by a call for troops by proclamation, I have deemed it best to address you in this form. To accomplish the object stated, we require, without delay, one hundred and fifty thousand men, including those recently called for by the Secretary of War. Thus reinforced, our gallant army will be enabled to realize the hopes and expectations of the Government and the people.<sup>3</sup>

Armed with these letters, Mr. Seward proceeded hastily to New York City. The brief correspondence which ensued indicates the progressive steps and success of his mission. On this same 30th of June he telegraphed from New York to Secretary Stanton:

Am getting a foundation for an increase of one hundred and fifty thousand. Shall have an important step to communicate to-night or to-morrow morning. Governors Morgan and Curtin here, and communicate with others by telegraph. Let me have reliable information when convenient, as it steadies my operations. . . . Will you authorize me to promise an advance to recruits of \$25 of the \$100 bounty? It is thought here and in Massachusetts that without such payment recruiting will be very difficult, and with it probably entirely successful.<sup>4</sup>

To this the Secretary of War replied on the following day:

The existing law does not authorize an advance of the bounty. . . . Discreet persons here suggest that the call should be for 300,000 men,—double the number you propose,—as the waste will

<sup>1</sup> McClellan to Stanton, June 26, 1862, 12 M. War Records.

<sup>2</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. XXXVII.—40.

be large. Consider the matter. The President has not come into town yet; when he arrives you will receive his answer.

Later in the day he added to the above:

The President approves your plan, but suggests 200,000, if it can be done as well as the number you mention.<sup>1</sup>

It is probable that a further discussion, and perhaps also further information of the disaster and despondency on the Peninsula, brought more fully to the minds of President and Secretary of War the gravity of the crisis and the need of decisive action; for Mr. Stanton sent a third telegram to Mr. Seward, saying:

Your telegram received. I will take the responsibility of ordering the \$25 bounty out of the nine millions [appropriation] at all hazards, and you may go on that basis. I will make and telegraph the order in an hour. The President's answer has already gone.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Seward's answer to this was all that could be desired under the circumstances:

The Governors respond, and the Union Committee approve earnestly and unanimously. . . . Let the President make the order, and let both papers come out [in] to-morrow morning's papers, if possible. The number of troops to be called is left to the President to fix. No one proposes less than 200,000; make it 300,000 if you wish. They say it may be 500,000 if the President desires. Get the \$25 advance fixed, and let the terms be made known.<sup>1</sup>

Accordingly, on the morning of July 2 there appeared in the newspapers a formal correspondence, purporting to be the voluntary request of eighteen governors of loyal States to the President,

that you at once call upon the several States for such numbers of men as may be required to fill up all military organizations now in the field, and add to the army heretofore organized such additional numbers of men as may, in your judgment, be necessary to garrison and hold all of the numerous cities and military positions that have been captured by our armies. . . . All believe that the decisive moment is near at hand, and to that end the people of the United States are desirous to aid promptly in furnishing all reinforcements that you may deem needful to sustain our Government.

To which the President's reply announced:

GENTLEMEN: Fully concurring in the wisdom of the views expressed to me in so patriotic a manner by you in the communication of the 28th day of June, I have decided to call into the service an additional force of 300,000 men.

"It was thought safest to mark high enough,"<sup>1</sup> said Mr. Lincoln in a private telegram to Governor Morgan of New York; while in another private circular to all the governors he explained his desire a little more fully.

I should not want the half of 300,000 new troops if I could have them now. If I had 50,000 additional troops here now, I believe I could substantially close the war in two weeks. But time is everything; and if I get 50,000 new men in a month I shall have lost 20,000 old ones during the same month, having gained only 30,000, with the difference between old and new troops still against me. The quicker you send, the fewer you will have to send. Time is everything; please act in view of this. The enemy having given up Corinth, it is not wonderful that he is thereby enabled to check us for a time at Richmond.<sup>1</sup>

It was doubtless the sudden collapse of McClellan's Richmond campaign which brought President Lincoln to the determination to adopt his policy of general military emancipation much sooner than he would otherwise have done. The necessity of a comprehensive rearrangement of military affairs was upon him, and it was but natural that it should involve a revision of political policy. The immediate present was provided for in the call just issued for 300,000 volunteers; but he had learned by experience that he must count new possibilities of delays and defeats, and that his determination, so recently recorded, to "maintain this contest" to ultimate triumph, compelled him to open new sources of military strength. He recognized, and had often declared, that in a republic the talisman which wrought the wonders of statesmanship and the changes of national destiny was public opinion. We now know that in the use of this talisman he was the most consummate master whose skill history has recorded. We are justified in the inference that his foresight had perceived and estimated the great and decisive element of military strength which lay as yet untouched and unappropriated in the slave population of the South. To its use, however, there existed two great obstacles—prejudice on the part of the whites, the want of a motive on the part of the blacks. His problem was to remove the one and to supply the other. For the first of these difficulties the time was specially propitious in one respect. In the momentary check and embarrassment of all the armies of the Union, generals, soldiers, and conservative politicians would tolerate reprisal upon rebels with forbearance if not with favor; and for their consent to the full military employment of the blacks he might trust to the further change of popular sentiment, the drift of which was already so manifest. The motive which would call the slaves to the active help of the Union armies lay ready made for his use—indeed, it had been in steadily increasing action from the beginning of hostilities till now, as far and as effectively as the Government would permit.

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.

McClellan's change of base occurred about the 1st of July, 1862. Lincoln's final appeal to the border States took place shortly afterward, on July 12; and his vivid portrayal of the inevitable wreck of slavery in the stress of war doubtless gathered color and force from recent military events. Already, before the border-State delegations gave him their written replies, he knew from their words and bearing that they would in effect refuse the generous tender of compensation; and he decided in his own mind that he would at an early day give notice of his intention to emancipate the slaves of rebellious States by military proclamation. His first confidential announcement of the new departure occurred on the day following his interview with the border-State representatives, and is thus recorded in the diary of Secretary Welles:

On Sunday, the 13th of July, 1862, President Lincoln invited me to accompany him in his carriage to the funeral of an infant child of Mr. Stanton. Secretary Seward and Mrs. Frederick Seward were also in the carriage. Mr. Stanton occupied at that time, for a summer residence, the house of a naval officer, I think Hazzard, some two or three miles west or north-westerly of Georgetown. It was on this occasion and on this ride that he first mentioned to Mr. Seward and myself the subject of emancipating the slaves by proclamation in case the rebels did not cease to persist in their war on the Government and the Union, of which he saw no evidence. He dwelt earnestly on the gravity, importance, and delicacy of the movement; said he had given it much thought, and had about come to the conclusion that it was a military necessity, absolutely essential for the salvation of the nation, that we must free the slaves or be ourselves subdued, etc., etc. This was, he said, the first occasion where he had mentioned the subject to any one, and wished us to frankly state how the proposition struck us. Mr. Seward said the subject involved consequences so vast and momentous that he should wish to bestow on it mature reflection before giving a decisive answer; but his present opinion inclined to the measure as justifiable, and perhaps he might say expedient and necessary. These were also my views. Two or three times on that ride the subject, which was of course an absorbing one for each and all, was adverted to, and before separating, the President desired us to give the subject special and deliberate attention, for he was earnest in the conviction that something must be done. It was a new departure for the President, for until this time, in all our previous interviews, whenever the question of eman-

cipation or the mitigation of slavery had been in any way alluded to, he had been prompt and emphatic in denouncing any interference by the General Government with the subject. This was, I think, the sentiment of every member of the Cabinet, all of whom, including the President, considered it a local domestic question appertaining to the States respectively who had never parted with their authority over it. But the reverses before Richmond, and the formidable power and dimensions of the insurrection, which extended through all the slave States and had combined most of them in a confederacy to destroy the Union, impelled the Administration to adopt extraordinary measures to preserve the national existence. The slaves, if not armed and disciplined, were in the service of those who were, not only as field laborers and producers, but thousands of them were in attendance upon the armies in the field, employed as waiters and teamsters, and the fortifications and intrenchments were constructed by them.

Within the next four days Congress finished its business and adjourned, the Confiscation Act being an important part of its final work. The President, as we have seen, signed the bill with its amendatory resolution, and the Government was thus brought face to face with the practical duty of enforcing its provisions through military directions and orders in further detail. It has been explained how the Confiscation Act and other laws broadened and multiplied the forfeitures of title to slaves for the crimes of treason and rebellion. We have the evidence of the President's written comments that he considered these penalties just and the imposition of them constitutional. In the administration of the laws thus enacted there therefore remained to be examined only the convenience of their practical enforcement and the general effect upon public opinion of the policy they established.

We have no record of the specific reasoning of President Lincoln upon these points. We only know that within the five days following the adjournment of Congress (July 17 to July 22, 1862) his mind reached its final conclusions. The diary of Secretary Chase contains the following record of what occurred at the Cabinet meeting at the Executive Mansion on July 21:

I went at the appointed hour, and found that the President had been profoundly concerned at the present aspect of affairs, and had determined to take some definite steps in respect to military action and slavery. He had prepared several orders,<sup>1</sup> the first

1 WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, July 22, 1862.

*First.* Ordered that military commanders within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas in an orderly manner seize and use any property, real or personal, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, for supplies, or for other military purposes; and that while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness or malice.

*Second.* That military and naval commanders shall employ as laborers, within and from said States, so many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used for military or naval purposes, giving them reasonable wages for their labor.

*Third.* That as to both property and persons of African descent, accounts shall be kept sufficiently accurate and in detail to show quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such persons shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases; and the several departments of

of which contemplated authority to commanders to subside their troops in the hostile territory; the second, authority to employ negroes as laborers; the third, requiring that both in the case of property taken and of negroes employed accounts should be kept with such degree of certainty as would enable compensation to be made in proper cases. Another provided for the colonization of negroes in some tropical country. A good deal of discussion took place upon these points. The first order was universally approved. The second was approved entirely, and the third by all except myself. I doubted the expediency of attempting to keep account for the benefit of the inhabitants of rebel States. The colonization project was not much discussed. The Secretary of War presented some letters from General Hunter, in which he advised the department that the withdrawal of a large proportion of his troops to reinforce General McClellan rendered it highly important that he should be immediately authorized to enlist all loyal persons, without reference to complexion. Messrs. Stanton, Seward, and myself expressed ourselves in favor of this plan, and no one expressed himself against it. (Mr. Blair was not present.) The President was not prepared to decide the question, but expressed himself as averse to arming negroes.<sup>1</sup>

This Cabinet discussion came to no final conclusion, and we learn from the same diary that on the following day, Tuesday, July 22, 1862,—which was regular Cabinet day,—the subject was resumed. Further conference was had on organizing negro regiments, but Lincoln decided that the moment had not yet arrived when this policy could be safely entered upon. Writes Chase:

The impression left upon my mind by the whole discussion was, that while the President thought that the organization, equipment, and arming of negroes like other soldiers would be productive of more evil than good, he was not unwilling that commanders should, at their discretion, arm, for purely defensive purposes, slaves coming within their lines.

But on the kindred policy of emancipation the President had reached a decision which appears to have been in advance of the views of his entire Cabinet. Probably greatly to their surprise, he read to them the following draft of a proclamation warning the rebels of the pains and penalties of the Confiscation Act, and while renewing his tender of compensation to loyal States which would adopt gradual abolishment, adding a summary military order, as Commander-in-Chief, declaring free the slaves of all States which might be in rebellion on January 1, 1863. The text of this first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation is here printed for the first time:

this Government shall attend to and perform their appropriate parts towards the execution of these orders.

By order of the President,

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

<sup>1</sup> Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 439.

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled, "An act to suppress insurrection and to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which act and the joint resolution explanatory thereof are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion against the Government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures, as within and by said sixth section provided.

And I hereby make known that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure for tendering pecuniary aid to the free choice or rejection of any and all States, which may then be recognizing and practically sustaining the authority of the United States, and which may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, gradual abolishment of slavery within such State or States; that the object is to practically restore, thenceforward to be maintained, the constitutional relation between the General Government and each and all the States wherein that relation is now suspended or disturbed; and that for this object the war, as it has been, will be prosecuted. And as a fit and necessary military measure for effecting this object, I, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do order and declare that on the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or States wherein the constitutional authority of the United States shall not then be practically recognized, submitted to and maintained, shall then, thenceforward, and forever be free.<sup>2</sup>

Of the Cabinet proceedings which followed the reading of this momentous document we have unfortunately only very brief memoranda. Every member of the council was, we may infer, bewildered by the magnitude and boldness of the proposal. The sudden consideration of this critical question reveals to us with vividness the difference in mental reach, readiness, and decision between the President and his constitutional advisers. Only two of the number gave the measure their unreserved concurrence, even after discussion. It is strange that one of these was the cautious Attorney-General, the representative of the conservative faction of the slaveholding State of Missouri, and that the member who opposed the measure as a whole, and proposed to achieve the result indirectly through the scattered and divided action of local commanders in military departments, was the antislavery Secretary

<sup>2</sup> The indorsement on the above paper, also in Lincoln's own handwriting, is as follows: "Emancipation proclamation as first sketched and shown to the Cabinet in July, 1862." The diary of Secretary Chase shows the exact date to have been July 22, 1862.



of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, representing perhaps more nearly than any other the abolition faction of the free State of Ohio. All were astonished, except the two to whom it had been mentioned a week before. None of the others had even considered such a step. But from the mind and will of President Lincoln the determination and announcement to his Cabinet came almost as complete in form and certain in intention on that memorable Tuesday of July as when, two months later, it was given to the public, or as officially proclaimed on the succeeding New Year's Day, an irrevocable executive act.

A fragmentary memorandum in the handwriting of Secretary Stanton shows us distinctly the effect produced upon the assembled council. The manuscript is here reproduced as nearly as the types conveniently permit. The very form of the record shows the Secretary's strong emotion and interest in the discussion:

Tuesday, July 22.

The President proposes to issue an order declaring that, all Slaves in states in rebellion on the — day of — — — —

The Attorney-General and Stanton are for its immediate promulgation.

Seward against it; argues strongly in favor of cotton and foreign governments.

Chase silent.

Welles —

Seward argues — That foreign nations will intervene to prevent the abolition of slavery for sake of cotton. Argues in a long speech against its immediate promulgation. Wants to wait for troops. Wants Halleck here. Wants drum and fife and public spirit. We break up our relations with foreign nations and the production of cotton for sixty years.

Chase — Thinks it a measure of great danger, and would lead to universal emancipation — The measure goes beyond anything I have recommended.

The omissions in this bit of historical manuscript are exceedingly provoking, but some of them are supplied by President Lincoln's own narrative, recorded and published by the artist Carpenter, whose application for permission to paint his historical picture of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation called it forth:

"It had got to be," said he [Mr. Lincoln], "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game. I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy;

and without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. . . . All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered."<sup>1</sup>

At this point we interrupt the President's relation a moment to quote in its proper sequence the exact comment offered by Secretary Chase,<sup>2</sup> as recorded in his diary:

I [Chase] said that I should give to such a measure my cordial support, but I should prefer that no new expression on the subject of compensation should be made; and I thought that the measure of emancipation could be much better and more quietly accomplished by allowing generals to organize and arm the slaves (thus avoiding depredation and massacre on one hand, and support to the insurrection on the other), and by directing the commanders of departments to proclaim emancipation within their districts as soon as practicable. But I regarded this as so much better than inaction on the subject, that I should give it my entire support.<sup>3</sup>

. The President's narrative continues:

"Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not fully anticipated and settled in my own mind until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance, 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the Government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek*, on the retreat. [This was his precise expression.] 'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war.'" Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State, struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The

There was nothing in the proposed proclamation of emancipation about arming the blacks. That branch of the discussion, while it occurred at the same time, had exclusive reference to the military order quoted on page 291, also then under consideration.

<sup>3</sup> Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 440.

<sup>1</sup> Carpenter, "Six Months at the White House," pp. 20-23.

<sup>2</sup> On this point the President is reported as saying: "Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks." (Carpenter, "Six Months at the White House," p. 21.) If these were his words, his memory was slightly at fault.

result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for victory."

Instead of the proclamation thus laid away, a short one was issued three days after, simply containing the warning required by the sixth section of the Confiscation Act. The already quoted military order to make seizures under the act had been issued on the day when the

proclamation was discussed and postponed; meanwhile the Government, by its new military arrangements, sending reinforcements to McClellan, organizing a new army under Pope, and calling Halleck from the West to exercise a superior and guiding control over a combined campaign towards Richmond, seemed to have provided the needful requirements for early and substantial success.



### "MINC"—A PLOT.

By the author of "Two Runaways," "Sister Todhunter's Heart," "De Valley an' de Shadder," etc.

**T**HE trim little steamboat that plies Lake Harris, the loveliest of all Florida waters, emerged from the picturesque avenue of cypress and trailing moss called Dead River, which leads out of Eustis, and glided as a shadow betwixt sea and sky towards its harbor, fourteen miles away. It had been the perfection of a May day, and the excursionists, wearied at last of sight-seeing, were gathered upon the forward deck. The water-slopes of the highlands on the right, with their dark lines of orange-trees and their nestling cottages, lay restful in the evening shadow fast stretching out towards the boat, for the sun was dipping below the horizon with the stately pines in silhouette upon his broad red face. "Home, Sweet Home," "Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Folks at Home" had been rendered by the singers of the party with that queer mixture of pathos and bathos so inseparably connected with excursion songs, and a species of nothing-else-to-be-done silence settled over the group, broken only by the soft throb of the engine and the swish of dividing waters. Suddenly some one began a dissertation upon negro songs, and by easy stages the conversation drifted to negro stories. Among the excursionists sat a gray-haired, tall, soldierly looking gentleman whom every one called "Colonel," and whose kindly eyes beamed out from under his soft felt hat in paternal friendliness upon all.

"It is somewhat singular," he said at length, when there had come a lull in the conversation,

"that none of the story-writers have ever dealt with the negro as a resident of two continents. Why could not a good story be written, the scene laid partly in Africa and partly in the South? I am not familiar enough with the literature of this kind and the romances that have been written about our darkies to say positively that it has not been already done, but it seems to me that the opportunity to develop a character from the savage to the civilized state is very fine and would take well. Victor Hugo has a negro in one of his West India romances whose name I forget now—the story used to be familiar—"

"Bug-Jargal," suggested some one.

"So it was. But in this reference is made only to the man's ancestry; and I never thought the character true to life. Hugo did not know the negro."

"But, Colonel, is it not true that these people were the veriest savages, and would it not be too great a strain upon the realistic ideas of the day to venture into Africa for a hero, especially since Rider Haggard has idealized it?"

"I don't think so. We have no way of ascertaining just how much the imported slaves really knew, but it is a fact that a few were remarkable for some kind of skill and intelligence. They were not communicative, and soon drifted into the dialect of their new neighbors, forgetting their own. I had a negro on my plantation who undoubtedly came from Africa. I was present when my father bought him upon the streets of Savannah, becoming interested in his story soon after he was landed. His mother

was described as a sort of priestess—or, as we say, a Voodoo—in her native land, which was near the western coast of Africa, some twelve hundred miles north of Cape of Good Hope. Her influence for evil, it seems, was so remarkable that as soon as possible she was separated from the cargo and sent on to one of the Gulf ports. This fellow was then probably about thirty years old—a little, jet-black man with small, bright eyes of remarkable brilliancy. He seemed very glad to go with us, and, I may add, never at any time afterwards did he ever give trouble, but did readily what was required of him. He seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, and his love—I say love, for I believe it was genuine affection—gradually extended to all white children. For children of his own color—I won't say race, for in many respects he differed from the ordinary negro—he entertained the liveliest disgust. Now a story-writer could take that slave and with the help I might give him—his life with us, his peculiarities, powers, certain singular coincidences, and the manner of his death—weave a very interesting romance."

"O Colonel, do tell us the story!" The appeal came in the shape of a chorus from the ladies present, and was at once reinforced by the others. A pair of sweethearts who had been leaning over the bow came slowly back on hearing it, and added their solicitations. The genial old gentleman laughed and looked out upon the waters.

"I did not know I was spreading a net for my own feet," he said. "The story of this fellow would require half a night, even were I able to put it in shape, but I can give a rough outline of some features of it. 'Minc,' as he was called, though his name as near as I can imitate his pronunciation was 'Meeng'r,'—Minc was for a long time a sort of elephant on the family's hands. My mother was a little afraid of him, I think, and the negroes themselves never did entirely overcome their respect for him enough to treat him exactly as one of them, although, as I have intimated, he was perfectly harmless.

"Minc, however, one day exhibited a strange power over animals which is even now a mystery to me. He could take a drove of hogs and by a series of queer little sounds, half grunts, half groans, reduce them to submission and drive them where he would. Gradually, as the rules for feeding and taking care of them became known to him, he was given charge of the plantation hogs, of which there were five or six hundred, and no small responsibility it was. I remember he at once fashioned him a little instrument from the horn of a yearling; with this he could go into the swamp and by a few notes thereon call them up on the run.

That one horn lasted him all his life, and he was with us thirty odd years. He used to wear it hung round his neck by a string, and it was the one possession that the children could not get away from him for even a moment. I think that probably some superstition restrained him.

"Another queer power possessed by Minc was in connection with grasshoppers. I have seen him hundreds of times go into the orchard where the crab grass was tall, and standing perfectly still give forth from his chest a musical humming sound. If there were any big brown grasshoppers within hearing they would fly up, dart about and light upon him. Sometimes he would let me stand by him, and then the grasshoppers would come to me also; but Minc could catch them without any trouble, while any movement from my hand drove them off. Minc," continued the speaker, laughing softly, "used to eat the things,"—exclamations from the ladies,—“and I am told that certain tribes in Africa are very fond of them."

"Boiled in a bag and eaten with salt they are not bad," said a young gentleman with the reputation of having been everywhere. "I have eaten what was probably the same insect, though under the name of locusts." (More exclamations.) "Why not?" he added in defense. "Can anything be worse to look upon than shrimps?"

"Well," continued the Colonel, "I soon broke Minc of eating them. The grasshoppers were my favorite bait for fish, and Minc developed into a most successful angler, quite abandoning his cane spear—though, by the way, he was as certain of a victim when he struck as was a fish-hawk. I think the plantation rations also had something to do with his change of diet.

"Well, as Minc's queer powers came to be known he was not greatly sought after by the other negroes. They are slow to speak of their superstitions, but it soon developed that they regarded him as being in league with spirits. He lived in a little cabin down on the creek apart from the others, and there was my favorite haunt, for I was more than delighted with Minc's accomplishments, and Minc was rapidly learning from me the use of many words, which gave me a sort of proprietary interest in him. In time he came to speak as well as the average negro, but he had a way of running his words together when excited that made him all but unintelligible. I never did get much information from him concerning his former life. He did n't seem to be able to convert terms well enough to express himself. He had lived near great swamps, ate fish, was familiar with the hog—this much I gleaned; and from time to time he would recognize

birds and animals and excitedly give me what were evidently their names in his own country. Of course this all came to me at odd times from year to year, and did not make a great impression. I remember, though, that reference to his capture had always a depressing effect upon him, and at such times he would go off about his work. I suppose the memory of his mother was the cause of this; and I soon found that to speak to him of the matter would cost me Minc's company, and so I quit bringing up the subject.

"The things in connection with Minc that puzzled me more were his superstitions. Doubtless they were taught him by his mother, and the first intimation of them I had was when he caught a gopher, and with a bit of wire ground to an exceedingly fine point cut on its shell a number of curious signs, or hieroglyphics, different from anything I had ever seen, except that there was a pretty fair representation of the sun. He then took this gopher back to where he found it and turned him loose at the entrance of his burrow, making gestures indicating that the gopher was going far down into the earth. He did something of this kind for every gopher he caught. One day he succeeded in snaring a green-head duck, and upon its broad bill he carved more hieroglyphics. This done, to my astonishment, and probably to the duck's also, he tossed the bird high in the air and laughed as it sped away. As the years went by I saw him treat many birds after the same fashion. If there was room for only one or two figures he would put them on, and let the bird go. But as he grew older Minc ate the large majority of his captures, just as any other negro would.

"Well, many years passed away; I grew up and married. By this time Minc was long since a feature of the plantation. My children in time took my place with him, and many's the ride he gave them in his little two-wheel cart behind the oxen. I should have said before that he used to haul corn to the hogs when in distant fields, and wood for the house-fires on the way back. The negroes no longer feared him, but the negro children would run past his wagon as he plodded along and sing:

'Ole Unc' Minc  
Unner th' hill,  
His eyes stick out  
Like tater hill.  
Juba dis and Juba dat,  
Juba roun' de kitch'n fat,—  
Juba ketch er—er—'

"Oh, well, I forget how the rhyme ran; but Minc would stop every time and hurl a string of words at them which no one could ever exactly translate; and the little brats, delighted

at having provoked the outburst, would kick up their heels and scamper off. But along in the war," continued the Colonel, after yielding a moment to a quiet shake of his sides over the recollections trooping up, "Minc filled another office. It was found that by means of a notched stick, scarcely two feet in length, he could keep books, so to say, as well as anybody. I can't, and never will, I reckon, fathom the fellow's system. He often tried to explain it; but when he had finished, you would know just about what you knew at first and be a little confused as to that. But he never was known to make a mistake. Sent into the fields, he would weigh cotton for forty pickers all day and report at night just what each picked in the morning and evening and the sum of all—and all by means of his notches. I am absolutely sure he brought the system from Africa, for no one ever was able to understand it on the plantation, and Minc never lived a day off it. You will see the relation these incidents bear to my first proposition as to imported negroes being simply savages.

"The death of Minc was tragic and surrounded by some remarkable circumstances, and here again comes the story-writer's field. Two years before his death Minc had caught and tamed a little cooter<sup>1</sup> about twice the size of a silver dollar. He would hum a queer little tune for his pet, and the thing would walk around the floor for all the world as if he was trying to dance. Then he would come when called, and was particularly fond of sleeping in Minc's dark jacket-pocket, where I suspect he found crumbs. Minc would sometimes throw him into the creek just in front of his cabin, but the little thing would scramble out and get back to the hut again if Minc was in sight; if not, he staid in an eddy close by. You will understand directly why I speak so particularly of this. As the cooter grew larger, Minc amused himself by cutting hieroglyphics all over its back. Into these lines he rubbed dyes of his own manufacture, and the result was a very variegated cooter. The old man carried him almost continually in his pocket; partly, I think, because the animal's antics always amused the children, and partly because he was the cause of Minc's getting many a biscuit. He would frequently come to the house, and sitting on the back porch make 'Teeta,' as he called the cooter, go through with his tricks. These generally resulted in Minc's getting biscuit or cake for Teeta, and by his lying down and letting the animal crawl into his pocket after it, a feat that closed the performance.

"Well, one day Minc was missing. Everything about his cabin was in order, but he did

<sup>1</sup> "Cooter," the common name in the South for a species of turtle inhabiting lagoons and streams.



not return. He never did return. Search was made, of course, and he was finally given up. The negroes dragged the creek, but not with much expectation of finding him, for I am afraid that some of them believed that Old Nick had taken him bodily. But a month afterwards my oldest boy was hunting in the big swamp for the hogs, which had become badly scattered since Minc's death, when in crossing a tree that had fallen over one of the many lagoons thereabout who should he see sitting there but Teeta, watching him with his keen little black eyes, the patch of sunlight he had chosen bringing out the tattoo marks upon his shell. The next instant Teeta dived off the log and disappeared. Tom came home and told of his adventure. Taking a party of negroes, I returned with him and dragged the lagoon. Just where the cooter had dived we found the body of poor old Minc. He had fallen off the log, and becoming entangled in the sunken branches had drowned. And in the rotting pocket of his old jacket we found the cooter hid away."

The Colonel raised his hand as exclamations broke from the party.

"No; you must let me finish. The finding of the cooter was not the most singular thing connected with the death of Minc. Upon our return home one of the superstitious negroes, greatly to my distress, cut off Teeta's head. He wanted it to place it under his doorstep. This was to protect the place from old Minc, of course; but I had the shell cleaned, and the children kept it as a memento of the faithful old slave whom they had dearly loved.

"Relating this story once to an eminent traveler," continued the Colonel, "he suggested that I should send it to the British

Museum with its history written out; and going to New York soon after, I carried it with me. It lay forgotten, however, in my trunk, and I did not notice it again until one day I happened to be in New Orleans. There was then in that city an aged negress claiming to be a Voodoo, and creating considerable stir among the Northern attendants upon Mardi-Gras. I don't know what suggested it, but it occurred to me one day that I would let her look at the shell. It was a mere fancy, or impulse, if you will. I carried it to her. She was indeed an old woman, small in stature and bent nearly double. Without speaking a word, I placed the shell in her hand. She gave one long, fixed look at it, and straightened up as if casting off the weight of half a century. Her lips parted, but she could not speak. Then her form resumed its crook again, and placing her hand against the small of her back, she gasped for breath. With her bright black eyes fixed upon me she said at last, after a violent struggle, 'Meeng'ri!' It was a mere whisper. I spent an hour with the poor old creature and told her the story of her son's life, for it was undoubtedly he. I gleaned from her that the hieroglyphics upon the shell were taught him by her,—what they signified she would not say,—and that he had written them upon the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the inhabitants of the water, that they might be borne to her wherever hid. I never got my shell back: it would have been like tearing the miniature of a dead child from its mother's bosom. And the old woman, when I went to see her next day, had disappeared."

Here the old gentleman rose and went forward.

*H. S. Edwards.*

"ONCE, WHEN A CHILD."

ONCE, when a child, I passed a sunny field;  
All frank and clear the morn before me lay;  
A broad blue sky and waving grass revealed  
The open smile of Nature's face in May.  
My childish heart was like a happy bird  
That gently sways within her well-known nest.  
A sudden turn,—the cheerful landscape blurred  
Into a dream of mystery and unrest.  
The shadow of a somber rock and pine,  
The silence deep that dwells with shade alway,  
Entered my soul. There stirred a sudden breath  
Through the tree-tops. It whispered: Wings are thine.  
So the bird fluttered from her nest that day  
Up toward the mysteries of Life and Death.

*Mary Murdoch Mason.*

## THE RISE AND FALL OF "THE IRISH AIGLE."



**M**R. MARTIN DOYLE, Mr. Andrew Cumiskey, Mr. Peter O'Rourke, Mr. Frank Brady, and Mr. James Foley were seated in the private snugery behind Mr. Matthew McKeon's sample room on Washington street, San Francisco. It was late in the evening of Thanksgiving Day, 1874, and these gentlemen had met by appointment to discuss a very serious and important matter of business. The apartment was small and its atmosphere was changing into a pale blue haze. This was due to Mr. McKeon's cigars, one of which was wielded by each of the party. From the saloon outside muffled sounds of holiday revelry stole in, swelling into positive uproar when the host opened the door, which he did every ten or fifteen minutes, to put in his head to inquire if "the jintlemen wanted anything." To each of these appeals Mr. Martin Doyle made the same reply: "Nothin', Mat, nothin'; we're here for business, not for dhrink." And the door was closed again.

The truth was that all five were patriots of the most advanced type, and had met to determine upon the best means of freeing old Ireland from the bloody and tyrannical yoke of the Saxon oppressor. It is true that "oppressor" was the word used in their frequent repetition of this formula, but the meaning was the same.

In spite of the periodical refusal of McKeon's offers of refreshment the table round which they were seated was fairly furnished with drinkables: perhaps this circumstance emboldened them to decline further supplies. Messrs. Cumiskey, Brady, O'Rourke, and Foley paid attention to a portly bottle of Kinnahan's L. L., the contents of which they qualified in varying proportions with hot water, lemon, and sugar. Mr. Doyle's tastes had become so vitiated by long residence in America as to lead him to prefer simple Bourbon whisky; but, this detail apart, he was as true an Irishman still as on the day, now some twenty-five years ago, when, a lank, ungainly boy, he had entered Tapscott's office in Liverpool and engaged passage for the land of promise. Indeed, it was Mr. Doyle who had called the present meeting together.

By 10 o'clock the bottles were almost empty and the cigar smoke had grown so dense that the mild features of Robert Emmet, who stood in all the glory of green uniform and waved a

feathered hat exultantly from an engraving above Mr. Foley's head, could scarcely be distinguished. Mr. Martin Doyle's notable scheme had been thoroughly discussed in all its details, and the proud projector arose somewhat unsteadily.

"Fri'nds and fellow-countrymen," he began, "the death knell of Saxon opprission has nearly struck. Ye can come in, Mat,"—this to Mr. McKeon, whose head appeared in the doorway,—“ye can come in; we've most finished, an' we'll be havin' a dock a dorrish printly. Well, as I was sayin', the Saxon opprissor—”

"To — wid him!" broke in Foley impulsively, and the rest of the company contributed a deep voiced "Amin!"

"Misther Foley, and jintlemen," expostulated the speaker, "I have the flure. We're agreed, I belave, that the pin is mightier nor the sword. All in favor of that proposition will signify their assint by sayin' 'Aye.' Contrary minded, 'No.' The ayes have it, and it is so orthored. Therefore, jintlemen, we bein' prisint here this night do agree each to contribute the sum of wan hunthred dollars, bein' five hunthred dollars in all, to defray the immejit expinses of startin' a wakely journal, the same to be called 'The Irish Aigle.'"

Enthusiastic cheers drowned the speaker's voice. He smiled, answered a pantomimic suggestion of McKeon's with a nod, and, draining the glass which the host handed to him, proceeded.

"We five jintlemen here prisint, havin' the cause of an oppressed people at heart, do hereby resolve ourselves into a thryumvirate to solicit further contributions from local pathriots, an' such aid in the way of advertisements an' subscriptions as we may be able to secure. All in favor of this plan will signify the same by sayin' 'Aye.' Contrary minded, 'No.' The ayes have it, and it is so orthored. Mr. Foley, Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. Brady, Mr. Cumiskey and me unworthy silf, as members of the Thryumvirate, will git to work. Long life and success to 'The Irish Aigle'!"

As soon as the toast had been duly honored, Mr. Cumiskey took McKeon aside and pointed out to him the immense advantage he would reap from advertising his saloon in the new organ. The representation which appeared to have most weight with the liquor dealer lay in these words:

"Ye see, Mike, the offices of 'The Aigle' will be only three dures from you and sivin from Jerry

McManus. Now, ye know yersilf pathriotism is dhry work, and McManus knows it too."

On the strength of this argument the astute Mr. Cummiskey booked a ten-dollar "ad" on the spot, and laid the foundation of that generous rivalry between the two saloon keepers which afterwards became such an important factor in the well-being of "The Irish Eagle."

The preliminary work of engaging a suitable office and hiring type was undertaken by Mr. Doyle and was executed, as the legend in his own shoe-store set forth, "with promptness and dispatch." Two weeks afterwards the first number of the new paper was for sale on the news-stands, glorious with a rampant eagle flaunting a Celtic motto from its beak. The reading matter was largely made up of patriotic poems and clippings from other journals of the same way of thinking, but the editorial page was original — thoroughly, unquestionably original. The united wisdom of the Thryumvirate had been expended on that effort. There breathed the fiery utterances of Cummiskey, the butter-seller; there sparkled the neat epigram of O'Rourke, the truckman; there were set forth the lucid arguments of Foley, the tanner; there the reader might trace the sportive fancies of Brady, the bookbinder; and the whole bore witness to the massive genius of Martin Doyle, the shoemaker. It was a great number, and its appearance was duly celebrated at McKeon's by the Thryumvirate, resolved for the moment into a mutual admiration society.

At this meeting a new arrangement was made. The paper should be edited, not by the whole committee acting as a body, but by the individual members holding office in rotation. The five issues succeeding the first came out in this way, and lost nothing in originality even if they suffered in variety. Peter O'Rourke began the series and Frank Brady brought up the rear. Each recurrent editor was thoroughly satisfied with himself, but felt hurt to see the line of policy he had projected during his week of office ruthlessly abandoned by his successor. It became evident that something must be done in the interests of uniformity. The paper was pulling five ways at once, and, doubtless for that reason, had so far failed to deal any really fatal blow at British institutions. Every one felt this, and the eyes of the nation were upon Mr. Martin Doyle. That gentleman rose to the occasion, and called an extraordinary meeting of the Committee of Stockholders. The enterprise had been duly incorporated according to the laws of California, under the name of "The Eagle Publishing Company." The session took place in McKeon's saloon, and Mr. Doyle laid the matter before his colleagues in a neat impromptu speech.

"Ireland," he remarked, "has groaned for

six huthred years beneath the yoke of the Saxon opprissor." Mr. Doyle's oratory had the merit of taking up his subject at the very beginning. Having briefly called attention to the principal groans which had been uttered by the suffering island during the centuries referred to, the speaker proceeded.

"At a pravius meetin' of this honorable body it was determined that the best and most immejitly practical way of rightin' the wrongs of our sufferin' counthry was to dissiminate them broadly through the world; to call on all Irishmen in ivery climate under heaven to organize an' be free, an' to paint the black behavior of the Saxon tyrant in the brightest colors. Wid this object we started 'The Irish Aigle,' the first couple of numbers of which have already reached England and shtruck terror to the sowls of a bloody and sowless aristocracy. But, jintlemen, we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that no tangible result has yet been perjured, and this I attrihute to the followin' rason, namely, to wit: while we are all alike animated by the same burnin' love of freedom, we differ in matters of daytail. While wan advyates the sword, another is of opinyun that an open risin' would at prisint be primature. We all belave in organization, but no two of us has the wan notion as to the manes and maning of organization. Therefore the paper sez wan wake wan thing, and another wake another, which is confusin' to the ignorant pathriot; an' that many of our best pathriots is ignorant, it is not you, me fri'nds, nor me will deny. The ignorance of the masses is another crime on the bloody beadrill of Saxon opprission. Therefore, jintlemen, what I propose is as follows, namely, to wit: that we do ingage a jintleman of scientific attainments an' practised lithery vocations, to idit this journal an' say for us what we have to say betther nor we can say it for ourselves, an' such a jintleman I have been fortunate enough to discover an' unearth. He is an Irishman, av coorse; a native of the county Westmeath, an', what is more to our purpose, a graduate of Thrinity College, Dublin. He is young, but sure Robert Emmet was young, an' he'll come all the ch'aper on that account; an' he is recently from the ould counthry, an' therefore posted in all the latest daytails of its sufferin's. His name is Ffrench, wherefore we may assume that he is a near relative of the immortal liberathor, Daniel O'Connell. Now, jintemin, we can arrange the business part later; all I want to do now is to take the sinse of this Thryumvirate in the ingagin' of an iditor for 'The Irish Aigle.' All in favor of that proposition will signify the same by sayin' 'Aye.' Conthrary minded, 'No.' The ayes have it, an' it is so urthered."

There could be no doubt as to the approval with which this speech was received. "A great idea intirely," "Could n't be better," "A sthroke of janius," were a few of the phrases in which the Thryumvirate indorsed the proposal of its spokesman. Mr. Doyle, with a brief "Ye 'll excuse me, jintlemen," and a modest consciousness of having deserved well of his country, withdrew.

"Ye done grand work wid your issue of the paper, Andy," remarked Mr. Foley; "it was really great."

"I thought it was n't bad, Jim, till I seen yours," responded Mr. Cummiskey, "an' thin I seen what a man of native originality c'u'd do wid the subject"; and so, like hand and glove patriots as they were, each proceeded to exalt his neighbor and complacently to drink in such dews of applause as descended on himself, till Mr. Doyle returned and introduced Gerald Ffrench.

"Mr. Ffrench, jintlemen," he said; "a man of rare scientific attainments and university eddication." All rose, and one after another grasped Mr. Ffrench's hand. This operation was conducted silently, and reminded Gerald of a chorus of conspirators in opera-bouffe. As Mr. Foley, the last to advance, dropped the young man's fingers, he remarked in a husky whisper, and with a suggestion of emotion in his voice:

"This is a great day for Ireland."

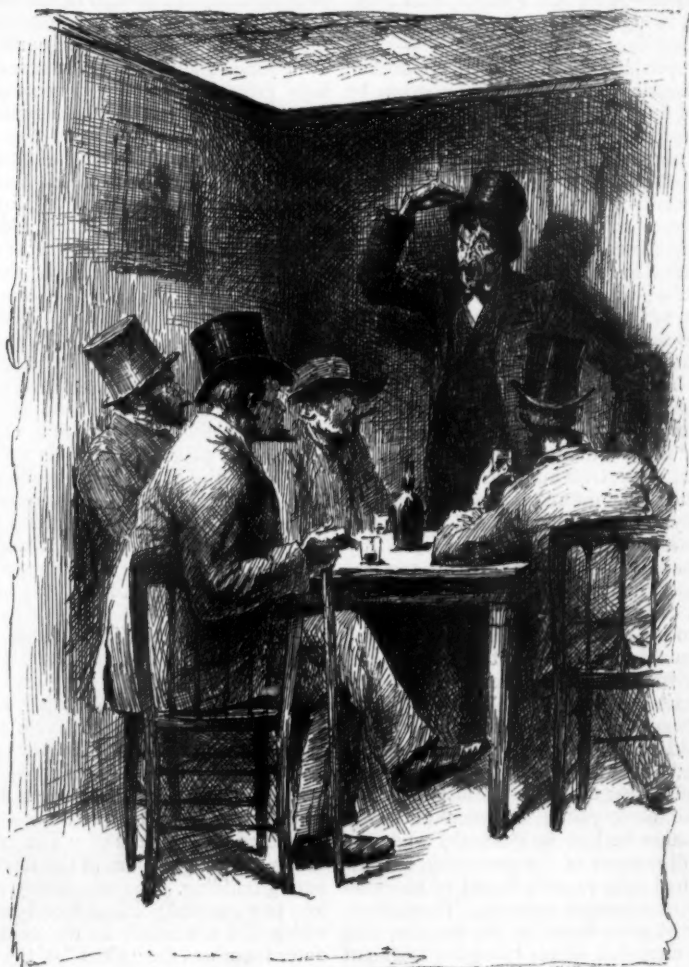
"Ye 're right, it is," said Mr. O'Rourke. Then he stepped to the door and called: "Mountain dew, Mat, and bug juice for Mr. Doyle. Ye can drink the ould stuff?" he added, turning to Gerald. Gerald admitted that he could, and then the conversation languished. All resumed their seats, and the ten eyes of the Thryumvirate were leveled at the young man. He bore the scrutiny uneasily, and his color rose. They were "taking stock" of him.

Gerald Ffrench was about twenty-three, and a fair specimen of a class of young men of which the Silent Sister turns out several hundred every year. At this time he had been in America some eight months; in San Francisco less than two. He came of a good old Irish family and had received the younger son's portion of two thousand pounds immediately after his twenty-first birthday. He had read a little for the bar and did not like it; he had thought of entering the army but did not quite fancy it; on the whole, it occurred to him that he could not do better than to try his fortune in the United States. He left Ireland for New York, but did not travel direct. He first visited London and thence passed over to Paris. He found the latter city very fascinating and remained there some time. Then, as it was so close at hand, he thought it a pity not to see

the Vienna Exhibition, and he went to Vienna and saw it. The young fellow, accustomed to deny himself nothing, and with more money in his pocket than he had ever possessed before, did not exercise a becoming frugality. When he had had enough of Europe he sailed for America, and New York was scarcely less to his taste than the Old World capitals. He lingered there for several months, but finding himself unappreciated he started for California. He selected the route by Panama, and treated the voyage over tropic seas as a veritable pleasure trip. In San Francisco he remained, possibly because he had not money enough left to go farther. It was not till he had changed his last twenty-dollar piece, however, that he realized his position. He had received all he was entitled to and had spent it. That twenty dollars, represented by a fast-diminishing pile of silver, must be replaced by his own exertions. For what was he fitted, this young man endowed with nothing but health, a good education, and a certain amount of superficial experience? He did not know. He wandered about the streets and envied the blacksmiths and the bricklayers. He would willingly have bartered his education for a good trade. Then he began to write for the papers, but speedily found that the qualifications which had won him an occasional medal for composition at Trinity College were of no value at all in the city department of a newspaper. Again and again were his contributions rejected with the curt remark, "We 've no room to print essays." He offered to write editorials, but was laughed at, though he felt he could have amended the halting English of many of those oracular utterances. His rounds of the journals entailed much wear of heart and of shoe-leather, and but little of silver solace. Still he made a few acquaintances, and it was one of these, an Irishman, and the city editor of an evening paper, who introduced him to Doyle as the very man for "The Irish Eagle." Gerald had jumped at the idea eagerly, and had succeeded in impressing Mr. Doyle with a due sense of his attainments. His eyes sank before those of the Thryumvirate, however. A single question from any one of these shrewd-looking, middle-aged Irishmen might prick the bubble and display him in his true colors—as a man who knew no more of the routine work necessary for a paper than he did of casting its type. He might have reassured himself. Not one was there who did not regard him as an incarnate battering-ram, built expressly to level the battlemented tyranny of England in the dust.

McKeon entered with the refreshments. "Will ye oblige us wid the last number of 'The Irish Eagle'?" said Mr. Doyle, solemnly. Mr. Cummiskey on the right, Mr. Foley on





THE MEETING AT MCKEON'S.

the left, Mr. O'Rourke in front, and Mr. Brady from the rear simultaneously and solemnly proffered one to their chairman.

Gerald, who had been led to study the paper by the first hint of the honor in store for him, saw this and hurriedly restored his own copy to his pocket. The action, however, had not passed unnoticed, and called forth an approving smile from the Thryumvirate. Mr. Doyle took a paper from the man nearest him and waved it in the air. He was evidently loaded and primed for a speech.

"By the unanimous vote of meself an' colleagues," he began, "you, Mr. Ffrench, are called to the iditorial chair of this journal. The stipind will be seventeen dollars and a

half a wake." He paused, to let his words have their due effect. Gerald leaned back with a sigh of relief. It would go hard but he could retain his position for one week at least, and \$17.50 looked to him like boundless wealth. The Thryumvirate was watching him. He felt that he was called on to say something.

"Very liberal, most happy," he muttered; and then, as no one spoke and the silence became embarrassing, he ventured to add, "By the bye — 'Irish Eagle,' you know. Is n't it rather an odd name?"

"Why?" asked Mr. Doyle, severely; and Mr. Brady, who had not suggested it, hastened to add: "Maybe Mr. Ffrench could think of a betther?"

Thus appealed to, Mr. Ffrench, after some hesitation, thought that a more personal name—something like the "Fenian," or the — He was interrupted by a very tempest of opposition, and sat appalled at the fury of the storm he had called forth.

"Fenian!" "The dhirty rats!" "The cowardly time-servers!" "They're the curse of Ireland!" Such were the exclamations that broke from the group; but presently Mr. Doyle's voice rose in connected statement, dominating the confusion.

"Misther Ffrench," he said, "I'd have ye to know that this organization is thorough! We are no advyates of half-measures, and we propose to free Ireland, if we have to swim in blood to do it. We are advanced Nationalists; we're far beyant the Fenians! We say, 'Burn London,' 'Burn Liverpool,' 'Import cholera germs into Dublin Castle,' 'Blow up Windsor Castle!' 'Put to the sword the Houses of Parleymint'—ay, Irish mimbbers an' all, for they're no better nor the rest, keepin' terms with the bloody Saxon opprissor. An' if an army of thim half-hearted Fenians was in it, I'd say blow thim up too; for they're no use, an' they're only palterin' wid the liberty of their country. The day of Vinegar Hill is over. It's not in the open field we'll honor thim by burnin' powdther, but undher their houses, undher their bridges, undher their public buildin's, an' that's the mission of 'The Irish Aigle.'"

Gerald's astonishment that any class of Irishmen should be, as Mr. Doyle phrased it, more "advanced" than the Fenians was swallowed up in amazement at this vigorous denunciation. Like most young Irishmen of family and education he had no sympathy whatever with the discontent of the peasantry, and indeed he had only vaguely heard of its existence before he came to America. There, however, he had soon found, to his surprise, that from the mere fact of his being an Irishman it was accepted as inevitable that he must hate England and everything English. To the brother of the Conservative member, Edward Ffrench of Ballyvore Park, all this had seemed absurd enough, but he had let it pass without comment. Now he found himself the central figure of a knot of men who talked bloodshed and savored the word as they uttered it as though it were pleasant of taste—men who condemned war and battlefields as not murderous enough, and who scouted as insufficiently villainous the most reckless organization he had ever heard of. However, brief as had been his newspaper experience, he had learned that in journalism it is not seldom necessary to support one side openly while secretly holding the opposite tenets. This he had come quite prepared to do, and this explo-

sion, murder, and sudden death horrified him for a moment, till the very extravagance of the language brought its own comfort. It was something to laugh at, not to revolt from, this little group of Irishmen proposing to wreck Great Britain from the back-room of a San Francisco saloon; and then there was the \$17.50 to think of. He could not afford the luxury of high principles. He would humor the joke and write an article on blowing up the Thames, if they wanted it. It would put money in his pocket and would not affect the Thames.

"With regard to the title of this journal," proceeded Doyle, waving the sheet, "it was solicited by me wid the approval of me colleagues here for the followin' raisons, namely, to wit: In the first place, the aigle is the emblem of America; for we are all American citizens, an' the counthry of our adoption is sicond in our affections only to that of our birth. In the nixt place, the aigle is universally regarded as the burrod of freedom: I niver seen wan free mesilf, nor any other way than in a cage at Woodward's Garden beyant, but it is so rigarded. This is 'The Irish Aigle'; high may she soar an' long may she wave, an' deep be her talents in the black heart of the Saxon opprissor!"

As soon as the wild applause which this sentiment evoked had subsided Mr. O'Rourke rose. "I propose," said he, "that we do now adjourn to the office and install Mr. Ffrench in the iditorial chair, afther havin' intrhojuiced him to our foreman. All in favor of this proposition will signify the same by—"

But as all rose at once, it was not considered necessary to press the question to a vote.

The editorial offices of "The Irish Eagle" occupied a single room at the top of a neighboring building. The apartment was divided into two unequal portions by a board partition which did not reach to the ceiling. In the outer room was the "plant" of the paper, consisting of a few cases of type, a roller for "pulling proofs," and half a dozen galleys. There was an imposing-stone in the center on which lay the forms just as they had come back from the printer. A shaky old man was distributing type at one of the cases. To him Gerald was duly presented. "Mr. Ffrench, this is our foreman, Mr. Mike Carney. Mike, this is the new iditor. Come inside now, an' take charge"; and the whole party trooped into the sanctum.

It was a small place and seemed crowded when all had entered. The furniture was scanty, consisting of a large table, a few office stools, and an arrangement of shelves against the partition for the accommodation of the unsold copies of the paper. The table was littered with exchanges, and a volume of the poems of Thomas Davis lay on the floor.

Mr. Doyle at once proceeded to business. "The paper goes to priss Fridays," he said; "so ye see, this bein' Monday, ye have no time to lose. How are ye off for copy, Mike?"

"Bad," answered the old printer. "I 've a little reprint, but no original matter at all."

"We 'll soon remedy that," said Gerald cheerfully, with all the ready complaisance of a new hand. "How many editorials do you generally have?"



MIKE CARNEY, THE FOREMAN.

"The more the merrier," said Mr. Cummiskey. "Now here 's a good subject — 'The Duty of the Day.' I started it mesilf." Gerald took a slip of manuscript from his hand. It was written in pencil and showed many corrections and interlineations. It was not easy to read, but the new editor was in no position to neglect a hint.

"Since MacMurragh flourished and died a traitor's death," so Mr. Cummiskey's contribution began, "there has been only the one duty for Irishmen, and that is vengeance." Gerald paused in thought. Who was MacMurragh, when had he flourished, and for what had he been hanged? He wished that his new employers would not deal so much with obscure history. He ventured an observation.

"Undoubtedly the judicial murder of the unfortunate MacMurragh calls for exemplary vengeance," he began. A howl of execration interrupted him. "The vilan! The thraitor! The bloody agint of Saxon opprission!" Evidently he was on the wrong track and MacMurragh was anything but popular. Gerald read the paragraph again, but it furnished no new light. "Let me see," he said tentatively; "what was the exact date of MacMurragh's — ah — ahem — death?"

"Elivin hundhred an' sivinty-sivin," shouted the Thryumvirate as one man. Evidently MacMurragh belonged to a familiar historical epoch. Gerald swallowed his surprise and merely remarked, "Ah, yes; I had a dispute with Professor Galbraith once on that very point. He maintained that it was 1188, but I knew I was right."

"Av coorse ye were," said Cummiskey, triumphantly. "Sivinty-sivin, an' I 'll maintain it agin the wurruld."

"But," ventured Gerald, "as your article is on the duty of the day, don't you think we are going back rather far for an illustration?"

"Who the devil wants an illustration? It's an apoch: since Dermot MacMurragh — bad cess to him for that same — invited the English into Ireland, the counthry has niver been quit of them. Our duty began that day, an' it has n't changed since. It's to kill ivery Englishman."

"But to do that we must organize!" broke in Foley, springing on his favorite hobby at a bound; "organize an' be free! That 's the lesson to tach Irishmen to-day. Make yer first article on organization, Mr. Ffrench."

"With pleasure," said Gerald. "Do you advocate any particular plan of organization?"

"Niver heed the plan. Jist organize. Whin Irishmen the wurruld over are wilded into a solid newclayus, thin the death knell of Saxon opprission will be flashed abroad visible as the firmymint. Thim 's the very wurruds I stated in me own iditorial on the subject."

"And a noble sintiment it is," said Mr. Doyle.

"Nobly expressed," added Gerald with a bow to Mr. Foley, thereby making that gentleman a friend for life.

"Without wishin' to dictate to ye, Mr. Ffrench," said Doyle after a brief pause, "I 'll ax if ye know anything about dynamite."

"I know it is a very powerful explosive," said Gerald, somewhat surprised, "and that it bids fair to take the place of all other preparations of nitro-glycerine; but why?"

"Why?" repeated Mr. Doyle, in a deep voice. "Because what Ireland needs is a powerful explosive; what England will get is a powerful explosive; that 's the why, an' the chief mission of 'The Irish Aigle' is to bear powerful explosives to the sufferin' children of



"MR. DOYLE CLEARED HIS THROAT AND ROSE."

Erin, whether they cower beneath the glass-ears of the North or hide their woes under the thropics. Come, jintlemin, that 's all that 's to be said. We won't waste Mr. Ffrench's time any longer. If ye want any information as to daytails, Mike Carney's the boy to give 'em ye. Good day to ye, sir." And the Thryumvirate filed out, leaving Gerald to collect such meaning as he might from the suggestions offered and to condense them into an article which should teach the Irish race that the duty of the day was to organize dynamite.

As time wore on, Gerald found himself face to face with a difficult task. Having entered upon his duties with a tacit assumption of qualification, he felt obliged to live up to the character he had brought with him. This prevented him from asking questions, at least directly, and he was constantly on the watch to pick up any unconsidered crumbs of knowledge that might fall in his way. Being engaged as an expert, he could not learn as an apprentice, and yet the trivial details of even such an office as that of "The Irish Eagle" were all new to him. Mike Carney quickly fathomed his ignorance; but the old printer was good-natured, and not only kept the young man's secret, but made an elaborate pretense of belief in him. This, of course, did not impose on Gerald, who reciprocated by always observing

the fiction of Carney's sobriety, and the two got on very well together. The editor learned something every day. He soon came to distinguish between brevier and nonpareil, and he corrected his proofs without marking errors in the middle of the line as they happened to occur. The Thryumvirate never suspected that an editor was being educated in the office, and the tangible results, as shown in the paper, were on the whole satisfactory. Gerald always wrote at least three articles—one on organization, one on the manifest duty of Irishmen, and one on the theory and practice of dynamite. These essays—for they were nothing less—abounded in long words and involved sentences, and in so far as they were incomprehensible to the patriots gave eminent satisfaction. There could be no doubt of the new editor's ability and scholarly attainments. But Doyle, who had all his life been accustomed to call a spade a spade, and an Englishman a bloody, brutalized robber, detected a certain weakness in the academic phrases of the young collegian. "Our hereditary enemies," "the despoilers of our land," etc., were to the Irishman far less direct and forcible than "spawn of the Saxon thraitor," or "red and pitiless monster," and Gerald's incapacity to realize the fact that an Englishman of moral life or good intentions is as much a creature of fancy



as the unicorn was at first rather trying to the patriot. "But he's young," Doyle would remark by way of consolation, "and he has n't been ground under the heel of the Saxon for over forty years as I have"; which, as the speaker had been a resident in the United States for a quarter of a century or thereabout, was quite likely to be the truth.

But, all in all, Gerald suited them very well. His editorial utterances took on more of the tone of his surroundings, and while still marshaling his verbal three-deckers for weekly action he contrived now and then to throw a hot shot into the enemy's stronghold which delighted Doyle himself. As for Foley, he had sworn by the young man from the first, and committed to memory long passages from the paper and recited them as opportunity offered either in the bosom of his family or in McKeon's saloon. Gerald soon began to enter with spirit into the game of vilifying the Saxon. His common sense told him that no harm could result from the frothy nonsense, and he even took a mischievous pleasure in sending his brother a copy of the paper each week. These, however, were addressed by the boy who wrote the wrappers. He would not have identified himself with the sheet for twice his weekly salary.

This same salary was the principal thorn in young Ffrench's bed of roses. It was never paid. He received money, to be sure, when his necessities urged him to press for it; but it was five dollars at one time, two at another—sometimes only fifty cents. "When the paper gets upon its legs"—that was the only answer he received when he asked for a settlement. There was no regular paymaster. A request addressed to Mr. Doyle, who seemed the moving spirit, would call forth some such answer as, "Money? Av coorse; why not? Can ye get along wid three dollars till to-morrow?" But to-morrow, in the sense that Gerald looked for it, never came, and the Eagle Publishing Company sank deeper and deeper into his debt.

Indeed, the paper was not prosperous. Subscriptions fell into arrears; advertisers did not pay up. McManus withdrew the card of his saloon altogether, on the ground that McKeon received all the office patronage. Carney was forthwith provided with a dollar and instructed to go out and invest it over McManus's bar. This he did with scrupulous exactitude, but without result, unless his incapacity for work during the remainder of the day can be regarded as such. The change of whisky did n't agree with him, he said. The following week McKeon reduced his advertisement. "As long as McManus don't put his card in the paper," argued McKeon, "there's no sinse in my carryin' such a big 'ad.'" Truly the "Eagle" had fallen on evil days.

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The fact was that, though all five of the original promoters were enthusiastic in their self-sought mission, they had not calculated upon, nor could they afford, the constant drain which the paper made upon them. The office rent had to be paid; also the paper bill, and the weekly account for presswork. Gerald and Carney were less imperative items in the expense account, and they had to wait accordingly. The latter was not exacting: as long as he had a few "bits" to spend for liquor he seemed satisfied, and Gerald was at least making a living, such as it was, which was more than he had been able to do before. His receipts may have averaged twelve dollars a week, and he paid the balance willingly as the price of experience, confessing to himself that he was only an apprentice.

An appeal to the wealthy Irishmen of the State, drawn up by Gerald and signed by the Thryumvirate, did not meet with conspicuous success. There were few responses. Mr. Patrick Byrne, the millionaire vine-grower of San Antonio County, sent a full-page advertisement of his "Golden Wine" marked for one insertion, and inclosed his check for two hundred and fifty dollars. But this was only a sop to Cerberus. The paper bill took most of it; Gerald and Carney got ten dollars apiece. Evidently things could not go on in this way. "The Irish Eagle" was falling after a brief flight of some six months; it was slowly starving to death, and the first pound of dynamite was still unbought—the lowest step of Queen Victoria's throne was still unshattered.

The end was not long deferred. Gerald had just finished a handsome obituary notice of Mr. Phelim O'Gorman, a wealthy and prominent Irish resident who had died the day before, and Mike Carney was engaged in embalming the virtues of the deceased in cold type, when the Thryumvirate filed slowly into the editorial sanctum. There was gloom on the brows of the patriots and sorrow in their tones. Mr. Martin Doyle flung a small sheaf of advertising bills on the table. "I can't collect the first cint," he said with a groan. The groan was echoed by his colleagues, and the editor looked serious and sympathetic. He felt that this was not a moment to urge the question of his arrears, though during the last few weeks the sum had rolled up with startling rapidity.

"They would n't organize," remarked Mr. Foley, despondently. "They might have been free by this time if they'd only have organized."

"They've neglected the clare duty of the day," said Mr. Cumiskey; "an' this is what it's brought us to."

Mr. Doyle cleared his throat and rose, but evidently he did not feel equal to a rhetorical flight. He only said:

"At a meetin' of the stockholders of the Aigle Publishing Company, duly called an' convaned, it has been decided to discontinue the publication of 'The Irish Aigle' for the prisint."

The announcement did not take Gerald wholly by surprise. He had been looking for something of the sort.

"And what about me?" he asked.

"This issue will be printed an' published as usual," said Mr. Doyle. "It's all med up, anyhow, an' goes to priss to-night. Afther that, Mr. Ffrench, the company will have no further call for yer services."

"You owe me, as I suppose you are aware," began Gerald, but a storm of indignant protests drowned his voice.

"Bad cess to the dhirty money!" "Is it yer arrairs ye're thinkin' of whin the last hope of Irish indipindance is shattered in the dust?" "Are n't we all losers together?" and much more to the same effect. Gerald waited till silence was restored, and then attempted to renew his appeal, but Mr. Doyle turned on him with oppressive dignity.

"Ye're an Irishman, Mr. Ffrench, I belave?"

Gerald admitted his nationality.

"Very well, thin; it's proud an' thankful ye ought to be to make a thriflin' sacrifice for the land of yer burruth." In moments of excitement or emotion Mr. Doyle's native Doric took on a richer tone. "We've all med our sacrifices for the good cause. Let this wan be yours."

It was impossible for Gerald to explain to these perfervid patriots that their cause was not his — that all his sympathies, all his habits, bound him to the class they were aiming to overthrow. Out of his own mouth, or rather out of his own editorials, they would have convicted him as something more advanced than a Fenian; weak, indeed, in details of Irish history, but sound to the core on the great question of Irish liberty. As he sat silent, vainly seeking some reply to this appeal to his patriotism, the Thryumvirate rose as one man and stalked from the room.

From the case outside Mike Carney could be heard in a flood of song:

Oh, how she swum the wathers,  
The good ship Castletown,  
The day she flung our banner forth,  
The Harp without the Crown.

The old printer was occasionally patriotic in his cups. Gerald likened "The Irish Eagle" to the dying swan, and realized that the end was near.

The following week was one of anxious inaction. Ffrench vibrated between the office and McKeon's saloon; Carney confined himself strictly to the latter. The Thryumvirate

was seldom visible; and had it not been for a lucky accident, the editor of "The Irish Eagle" would have left that paper penniless. A son of the late Mr. Phelim O'Gorman, pleased with the prominence given to his father's virtues and ignorant of the suspension of the paper, entered the office one day and found Gerald seated, like Marius, alone among the ruins. The greater part of the edition was still unsold on the shelves, and when Mr. O'Gorman, Jr., asked for a few copies of the issue containing the notice of his father's death the editor was prompt to accommodate him. How many would he have?

"How many can you spare me?"

"All you want," answered Gerald, briskly; and young O'Gorman purchased two hundred "Irish Eagles" at their regular retail price of ten cents apiece, and departed leaving Gerald with a glow of gratitude in his heart and a twenty-dollar-piece in his pocket. He gave the defunct publishing company credit for this amount in his account for arrears.

So fell "The Irish Eagle."

Gerald Ffrench turned his back on Washington street and patriotism, and took himself, his talents, and his new experience to more sordid and business-like journals. He began to meet with more success. He had learned habits of thrift and industrious routine, and he had imbibed a hearty hatred for Irish Nationalists and all their ways. This last fact, however, was long unsuspected by Foley, Cumiskey, and the others. Mr. Martin Doyle, in particular, followed the career of the dethroned editor with deep interest, and considered him the shining light of the San Francisco press. He used to point out Gerald with pride as one who "had worked hard and med his sacrifices for the cause." He even invited the young man to attend a banquet of the Red Cross Knights on St. Patrick's Day. This invitation was declined, Gerald keenly recalling that immortal anniversary the year before and his mortification when the Thryumvirate had insisted on having "The Irish Aigle" printed in green ink in honor of the day. But that was all over now. Mr. Ffrench had resumed his ancestral rôle as a "Saxon oppressor," though the scattered members of the Thryumvirate were slow to believe it.

Conviction came on them at last, and with crushing force. A certain noble earl was murdered in Ireland under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. The victim was an old man, but he was also a large land-holder, and a howl of exultation at his death and execration of his memory went up from all the Irish societies. An important election was at hand, and the city papers, willing to cater to the Irish vote, took up the cry. The murdered earl was

branded as a tyrant, tales of harrowing evictions were invented and ascribed to him, and it was broadly hinted that he had received no more than his deserts. This was more than Gerald French could stand. He had known the old gentleman in former days, had dined at his table and been "tipped" by him as a school-boy. He sat down and wrote a letter to "The Golden Fleece," a weekly paper of wide circulation. He took the earl's murder for a text, and told all he knew of the "wild justice of revenge" as executed by a blunderbuss from behind a hedge. His heart guided his pen; he rang out a withering impeachment of the methods of his countrymen, and signed it with his full name.

Mr. Martin Doyle, Mr. Andrew Cummiskey, Mr. Peter O'Rourke, Mr. Frank Brady, and Mr. James Foley met the same evening in the private snuggerly behind Mr. Matthew McKeon's sample room on Washington street. Mr. Doyle had a paper in his hand.

"Have ye read it?" he asked.

All admitted that they had.

Mr. Doyle arose. "Fri'nds an' fellow-countrymen," he said: "this letter, difindin' the memory of a black-hearted landlord; this let-

ther, callin' the noblest attribute of our common humanity, the attribute of rivinge, a crime, was written by Gerald French [groans]. Is he an Irishman? ['No, no.'] I don't care a trauneen if he was born in Westmeath; I don't value it a kippeen if he was eddycated in Thrinity College; it's nothin' to me if he did idit 'The Irish Aigle' for filthy lukker; I here and now do brand and stiggatize him as a vile spawn of the Saxon opprissor. All in favor thereof will signify the same by saying, 'Aye.' Conthrary minded, 'No.' The ayes have it, and it is so urthered."

All recorded their votes of censure against Gerald, even Mr. Foley, who acquiesced with a shake of the head, adding, "But he had grand ideas intirely about organization." Mr. Cummiskey took the suffrages of the party on the advisability of waylaying the culprit some night and giving him "the bating he had deserved," but this was overruled by Mr. Doyle. "It's no use, boys," he said; "a digenerate Irishman like that wud think nothin' of app'aling to the police for purtection. L'ave him alone. Vingeance will overtake him, along wid the rest of the accursed Saxon brood."

*George H. Jessop.*



## A LYRIC.

IF any one can tell you  
How my song is wrought  
And my melodies are caught,  
I will give, not sell you,  
The secret, if there be one  
(For I could never see one),  
How my songs are wrought.

Like the blowing of the wind,  
Or the flowing of the stream,  
Is the music in my mind,  
And the voice in my dream,—  
Where many things appear,  
The dimple, the tear,  
And the pageant of the Year,  
But nothing that is clear,  
At Even and Morn  
Where sadness is gladness  
And sorrow unforlorn,  
For there Song is born.

*R. H. Stoddard.*

## THE LAST MANUSCRIPT OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[THIS fragmentary article was the last piece of Mr. Beecher's manuscript. He was engaged upon it during the last week of his life, and the pages were found on his table after the attack which resulted in his death. It was the rough draft of the beginning of a paper on his English tour of 1863 which he had arranged to write for THE CENTURY "War Book." On the morning of the day on which he was stricken Mr. Beecher came to the office of THE CENTURY to discuss certain details of the paper. In the course of a long conversation at the time concerning this tour and its effect upon the public opinion and the diplomacy of England, he touched interestingly upon many points. He said that he had no word of blame for English prejudices on the questions involved in the war, since he knew that they were founded in ignorance which only needed to be enlightened; that on the whole when they were fully informed as to the facts the English were a just and candid people; that he knew it was only necessary to demonstrate to them that the triumph of the North meant the end of slavery. He stated (and he expected to touch upon the topic in the article) that the first overtures for the purchase of English cruisers for use in our war had come not from the Confederacy, but from the United States Navy Department through Assistant-Secretary Fox. He spoke

lightly and yet with feeling of the fact that his work in England had been pointedly ignored by Secretary Seward, specifically in a speech of the Secretary's to a New York committee in Washington, of which Mr. Beecher was one. He expressed gratification at learning in this conversation that Cobden had told an American gentleman (Mr. W. H. Osborn) that Beecher had saved the day for the North in England. (Mr. Cobden further said: "The gentlemen who preceded Mr. Beecher worked in society, in drawing-rooms, etc.; Mr. Beecher determined to reach public opinion through the press—his vigorous speeches were copied in all the journals of Great Britain. I consider him the first platform orator living. He slaps back with tremendous force, and when insulted by the mob who had collected to put him down, his instantaneous retorts were powerful; he displayed great qualities; demanded fair play, which the audience were compelled to give him. Thus the case reached the whole English people.") Mr. Beecher also dwelt especially upon the sacrifices which the championship of the North entailed upon the Lancashire operatives—emphasizing with personal expression the tribute with which this article closes, and which will be recognized as a fitting and characteristic last word in a life devoted to the cause of the poor and the oppressed.—EDITOR.]



IN June of 1863, in company with Professor John H. Raymond, I visited England. I have often seen it stated that I was sent by the United States Government, or at least with the knowledge and suggestion of President Lincoln's administration. But this is an error. I went upon my own errand, and, so far as I know, without the knowledge of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet; nor during my stay abroad did I receive any commission or communication of any kind from the American Government. I went simply for rest and re-invigoration.

Aside from the duties of my parish, I had since 1856, when Frémont was the candidate of the nascent Republican party, labored in season and out of season. During July, August, and September of 1856 I traversed the State of New York, addressing large popular audiences. For the most part the meetings were in the open air, and ranged from five to ten thousand people. My voice, by excessive speaking, had become very rough, and it required three years to restore it to its accustomed smoothness.

The country came to the election in 1860

with constantly increasing excitement. At that time I had assumed the editorship of the New York "Independent," and between preaching, lecturing, editing, and the intense solicitude for the fate of our armies, I began to flag, and determined to go to Europe for rest and recuperation.

We sailed on the *City of Richmond*, Captain Brooks. Lying on my back, I said to myself: For years I have been studying every phase of American slavery—its history, its relation to morals and religion, to political economy, to the welfare of the laboring men of the world. But, I reflected, this war will surely destroy slavery. Neither religion nor patriotism has checked or alleviated its evils. Commerce had yielded to its golden blandishments, and politics had protected it and fostered its influence upon governmental policy. Nothing but the fiery plow of war was to tear up its roots, and destroy it, branch and seed. And as I lay, half dreaming, I said to myself, All my preparation has been vain; I shall have no more use for my years of reflection and study. I knew not that just before me lay a work in which every element of preparation would be needed to the utmost!

We steamed up the Mersey in a dull, rainy morning. When the tug came off to the ship,



A more pathetic example of the  
heroism of <sup>the</sup> poor, than was never

exhibited, than in the case of the  
Lancashire Weavers. They found  
their industries wasting, the bread  
grew scarce, even their poverty  
became poorer, nor was there  
any sign upon the horizon that  
this cloud ~~was~~ would soon pass  
away, & yet, they held fast their  
integrity, and believing that the  
Cause of the North was the Cause  
of the day laborer the world over,  
they patiently bore famine, and  
dishonour, ~~the till the sun with fortitude~~  
<sup>till</sup> the day dawned. No other men  
among all English speaking people  
gave a testimony of the love of liberty,  
so heroic & so pathetic as the Weavers  
of Lancashire

it brought a committee from Manchester requesting me to speak in that city. What I thought of them, I well remember; what they thought of me, I cannot imagine. My soft hat had been white when I embarked, but was crushed on my head gray and grimed, and a huge shawl was swathed about the shoulders, dripping with rain, and the incredulous look with which they greeted me was fully justified by my appearance.

I gave them a short and sharp refusal. In my then state of mind I felt that England had played false to my country. I was thoroughly angry. I determined to pass through to the Continent, and shake off the dust of my feet against our unnatural mother. Nothing was to be hoped from her; her statesmen, her courtiers, her lords, spiritual and temporal, her clergymen, for the most part, even her abolitionists and the very Quakers, who had for years pricked our consciences with gentle spurs, laying on us the responsibility of slavery, now that we had arisen, and begun a war which should exterminate it, refused us all sympathy, were almost coquetting with the South, or were indifferent. What had I to do with these lukewarm friends or undisguised enemies? Yes; I was soundly angry, and felt as Jonah, "I do well to be angry, even unto death."

A few days' rest, a trip to the lakes and into Wales, somewhat ameliorated my disposition, and anger ultimately was changed to compassion. I consented to attend a temperance breakfast at Glasgow, and on the pledge that no report should be published made a speech, which got me into disgrace with General Hooker, who, however, at a later date, after the war, was reconciled, and remained friendly. In London, too, I attended a breakfast of ministers and clergymen, and laid open some views of the struggle going on in America. Respectful attention, but little sympathy and no enthusiasm, was shown to the Northern cause.

I left England in no amiable mood, and made a hurried tour through France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, returning to London in September. While in Paris I was comforted with news of Vicksburg and Gettysburg. I staid at the Grand Hotel. In the glass-covered court there was daily an assemblage of Southerners. They were swollen with confidence in the Southern cause, and after the old-fashioned insolence of fire-eaters they made their presence known whenever I passed through the court, not only by contemptuous demeanor, but by sending insulting messages by the servants. At length came the tidings of the surrender of Vicksburg and of Lee's defeat! There was then no ocean telegraph. The news was sent to Queenstown and reached us on a Sunday morning. Mr. Dayton was then our Minister to

France. I sat in church with his family. After the opening services, and while the notices for the week were being read, I turned to Miss Dayton and said: "Lee has been defeated." "True?" "Yes, certain." She turned to a young lady by her side, an American, too, and whispered the news. On rising to sing the hymn before the sermon, the two attempted to sing, but broke down on the first two lines, and in a flood of tears sat down. Three of us were busy at the same time. The news of the fall of Vicksburg came about noon of the same day. I learned it from George Jones, of "The New York Times," and dashed around to Mr. Dayton's mansion to tell the joyful tidings. On going down-stairs I met Mr. Jones coming up. Alas! he was too late! I did not in the wild excitement of the moment dream that I should not have snatched from him the pleasure of announcing the joyful tidings to our minister. It was a "beat." From that hour I had no reason to complain of the ungentlemanly conduct of the Southern gentlemen. They were seen no more during my stay in Paris.

I returned to London in September, meaning to embark for America. I refused to enter the field in England—refused all invitations to speak at public meetings, and was, generally, out of sorts with Great Britain. With one or two notable exceptions the leading papers of the kingdom were unfavorable to the North. The great majority of Parliament, with few exceptions, the nobility, the great body of professional men, men of education and wealth, the clergymen and dissenting ministers, Quakers and antislavery men of the old stripe, and in short, as it was said to me, "All men who can afford to ride in first-class cars, and put up at first-class hotels, are prejudiced against the North, even when not in sympathy with the South." To this must be added the discouragement of Americans in England; they seemed cowed by the sentiment about them, walked softly, and whispered like men conscious of danger.

Meantime, as the days went on, men began to say, "It is best that the nation should be divided." Indeed an eminent clergyman of London, a warm personal friend, said to me: "I tell you, Beecher, we have seen for some time that your nation was getting too strong, and was dividing with England the rule of the sea, and we felt that the time would come when we should have to step in and repress you—and so, we are glad to have the South step in and do it for us." No matter what my reply was: it was more pungent than wise or polite. The whole atmosphere was chilly, and I felt myself to be in a hostile nation. Some bright spots there were—and, singu-

larly enough, they represented the extremes of society. When the capture of the *Trent*, with Mason and Slidell, had set Great Britain into a blaze, and Lord John Russell was about to send to the British representative at Washington a dispatch couched in terms that would have inflamed our people, the Queen had employed her husband, Prince Albert, to modify the tone, and to strike out some of the most offensive passages entirely.<sup>1</sup> It was the dictate of wisdom, both on moral and political grounds, and quenched the sparks that, if suffered to take air, might have burst into dangerous flames. It is said that aside from political prudence there was a maternal inspiration. The extraordinary enthusiasm with which the then young Prince of Wales had been received by the American people of the North, which in cordiality had surpassed his reception in Canada, gave to Queen Victoria great gratification. This illustrious lady, among other excellences, has, in eminent degree, fidelity to friends and friendship.

On the other hand, the laboring classes, especially cotton workers in Lancashire, were friendly to the cause of the North. But for the non-voting hand-workers of Great Britain, Parliament would without doubt have decreed belligerent rights to the South. It was in the hearts of the legislators, but they were restrained by the knowledge of the strong sympathy of the common people for the cause of liberty. Trained in America, where universal manhood suffrage prevails, it puzzled me to understand how the Government should be affected by men without votes. It was explained to me

that Englishmen without the right of suffrage were jealous of legislation, and were in danger of great excitement and even of violence when the voting class disregarded the popular wishes. The weakness of the unvoting common people was, under certain circumstances, their strength—at any rate to the extent of making legislators cautious in pursuing a measure against the known wishes of the common people.

It would naturally be expected that the men whose livelihood depended upon the South and its cotton would be prejudiced against a war which interrupted commercial intercourse and stopped the supply of cotton. But it is to be remembered that Manchester had been educated by such men as John Bright, Richard Cobden, [and] W. E. Forster, who with others of like noble natures had fought the Corn Laws and brought in the policy of free trade.

A more pathetic example of the heroism of the poor was never exhibited than in the case of the Lancashire weavers. They saw their industries wasting, the bread grew scarce, even their poverty became poorer, nor was there any sign upon the horizon that this cloud would soon pass away, and yet they held fast their integrity; and, believing that the cause of the North was the cause of the day laborer the world over, they patiently bore famine and distress with fortitude till the day dawned. No other men among all English-speaking people gave a testimony of the love of liberty so heroic and so pathetic as the weavers of Lancashire.

Henry Ward Beecher.

<sup>1</sup> While Her Majesty was doubtless in entire accord with the Prince Consort in this matter, the authoritative account given by Sir Theodore Martin in his

"Life of the Prince Consort," Vol. V., pp. 349, 350 (D. Appleton & Co.), would indicate that the initiative came from the Prince.—EDITOR.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Christmas.

IT was old Thomas Tusser, away back in fifteen hundred and something, who sang:

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

The return of this anniversary is no longer a matter of indifference in any department of thought or life. In Tusser's day it was chiefly an occasion for mirth under the sanction of religion—and far off be the time when such an observance of Christmas shall cease. For what this age needs—and coming ages promise to need it quite as much—is mirthfulness.

The intensity of modern life and the deepening of consciousness through intelligence breed sadness. We think too much and work too hard to have time for enjoyment, and if we suddenly discover that we have need of it, we take it in inordinate quantities, rather than in simple and natural ways; we go out and buy pleasure at so much the hour instead of somehow con-

triving to live a mirthful life. Close observers of modern society, like Walter Besant, have discovered that a main lack in the lives of the poor is that of cheer, and he urges that philanthropic plans should embrace measures for daily brightening the lives of the people by some simple experience of a pleasurable sort. It would be a somber fact if the number of those who live through a day without a laugh or even a smile could be ascertained,—a strange miscarriage of Nature, since man is the only being within her dominion who is capable of that action. Christmas has rendered the world this good service, that now for many centuries it has called men to sympathetic cheerfulness. It comes, indeed, but once a year, but for some days the cloud on the brow of humanity lifts a little and the wall dies out of its voice. At times it has been too obstreperous in its mirth and called for puritanic check, but for the most it has been true to its origin and stirred the human heart to sympathetic gladness and hope. We shall soon hear the growls of the pessimistic critic over the wastefulness of

Christmas gifts and the irrationality of Christmas mirth. Heed him not: he does not know that the key-note of the universe is joy, and that Christmas laughter is only a stray echo of an eternal hymn, and nearly the only one that has reached us, and that it is well worthy of being caught if we would ever hear the whole. Therefore, fathers, give gifts to your children, even if you have to lessen the daily portion, remembering the wisdom of Mahomet, who said, that if "he had two loaves of bread he would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed his soul." And, ye children, stir up your fathers to mirth; Christmas comes but once a year, and the years left to them may not be many.

The field of Christmas widens, so to speak, from age to age. It is more than a matter of religion and mirth. As "the time draws near the birth of Christ," we are reminded again how widely and profoundly he has taken possession of human society. If another chapter of Christian evidences were needed, one could be written on the fact that Christianity has in reality taken possession of the modern world in all its leading forms of thought and action, leaving the reader to make the inference as to its origin. The author of "Robert Elsmere" sees a glorious temple of Christianity built on the fond fancies and superstitions of those who were not sufficiently developed to use their faculties in giving testimony, but it seems like an indictment of the intelligence of the civilized world to require it to believe that a fact and force so thoroughly accepted and inwrought by it, making it what it is, has not the basis of full reality. Christianity has not come into the world by some "other door," but through the accredited person and history of Jesus Christ. The impression made by the Christ on the world is the chief *apologia* for the faith. It is no longer a matter of church, but of society at large. It early took the lead of all other forces in determining history; civilization again and again has turned upon it; governments and institutions have been shaped by it; society has drawn from it its temper and tone; it has made humanity a fact; it has created democracy and made it a universal certainty in the near future. The force with which it has penetrated the higher orders of thought is equally striking. Philosophy more and more finds itself agreeing with Christian postulates and issuing in Christian ethics, not so much because the philosopher accepts Christianity as because Christianity has taken possession of the philosopher and taught him on what levels to think. Since last Christmas, Martineau, in his "Study of Religion," has united the highest philosophical thought of the last half of the century with the Christian faith in an inseparable unity.

But the Christmas idea nowhere finds so full expression as in literature. Schopenhauer says that music contains in itself all the concepts of the world. So literature may be said to contain in itself the concepts of whatever is best and truest in human experience; and just as there is nothing false or evil in music, so literature takes into itself only what is true and good. The final judgment of reality and worth in this world's history is the consensus of literary genius. The absoluteness with which literature has indorsed Christmas is so much proof of its reality. A true poet might well suspect himself and the divineness of his inspiration if he found himself out of sympathy with Him whose "blessed feet" walked "in the holy fields"

of Syria. Matthew Arnold utters cries of desolation because he can get no clearer vision of Him who lies dead—"in the lorn Syrian town."

What poet has not sung of Christmas?—from the "Ring out, ye crystal spheres," of Milton, to the "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky," of Tennyson, and always in one key of hope and gladness, yet with great contrasts. It can hardly be said that Tennyson is more earnest than Milton: certainly he is not a greater poet, and the famous stanzas in "In Memoriam" sink far below the level of Milton's "Hymn on Christ's Nativity" in point of art and melody; but we must admit that Tennyson's Christmas bells ring with a truer and more intelligent note. But this only shows that Christmas comes with fuller and clearer meaning as the centuries go by. Milton can see little but the forsaken temples of "Peor and Baälím"; he hears only "The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint"; and the Egyptian gods are buried in "profoundest hell." Tennyson comes much nearer the idea of Christmas in those eight stanzas that "ring out" the actual evils of the world, and

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

#### Progress of Ballot Reform.

THE subject of reform in our election methods is likely to attract great attention in many of our State legislatures this winter. All the States which have given it legislative consideration heretofore but have enacted no laws—New York, Michigan, Kentucky, Iowa, and Connecticut—are certain to return to it, for the popular interest in it is much greater now than at any previous time. In fact, there is scarcely a State in the Union in which there are not earnest advocates of the reform. In Rhode Island a Ballot Reform Club was formed several months ago for the express purpose of drafting a bill to submit to the legislature, and less formal but no less earnest efforts in the same direction are being made in other States.

The record of the present year has been one of great encouragement to the friends of this most important reform. In April last the Wisconsin act went into operation for the first time, in a municipal election in Milwaukee. As our readers will perhaps remember, this act is only a partial application of the English and Australian systems. It is notable as the first application of the principle of ballot distribution by the State. Under its provisions the voter receives his ballots from a sworn official of the State in a room called the "ticket-room," which only one voter is allowed to enter at a time, passes alone to the "voting-room," where he deposits his ballot, and then goes out of a door provided for that purpose. No crowd of persons is allowed to collect within one hundred feet of the polling-places, and no person is allowed to offer tickets or to solicit votes within the same distance. In brief, from the time the voter enters the polling-place he is free from espionage and intimidation of all kinds, and can deposit a free and secret ballot. The first trial of the law was a most complete and satisfactory demonstration of its practicability and wisdom. Not only was the election the most quiet and orderly that the city had seen in recent years, but ticket-peddling and the browbeating of ignorant voters were annihilated at



a blow. The press of the city was unanimous in expressing approval of the workings of the new law.

The most important legislative achievement of the year has been the enactment of a complete ballot law in Massachusetts. This measure, while modeled primarily upon the bill which the New York legislature passed, but which Governor Hill vetoed, differs from it in many respects. It contains an especially valuable provision for preventing the forgery of official ballots, and is, taken all in all, probably the most intelligent and comprehensive application of the English and Australian systems to American needs which has been made. It places the entire printing and distributing of the ballots in the hands of the State, to be paid for at the public expense. It provides, also, for independent nominations by a specified number of voters, and requires the printing of the residence, street and number, of each candidate after his name upon the ballot. The Massachusetts law ought to be carefully studied by the framers of the new bill which is to be presented to the New York legislature this winter. It is likely to become the model for bills which are to be presented in other States, as indeed it ought to be; for, aside from its great merits, it would be most desirable to have our different State laws upon this subject as nearly homogeneous as possible.

We speak with entire confidence of the possibility of the different States having such laws in the near future. This is one of the reforms which must come, for without it our system of popular government cannot be maintained. Every election, especially in our large cities, shows that until this reform is secured all other reforms are impossible of accomplishment. (The control of the election machinery, of the printing and distributing of the ballots, must be taken from the politicians and put into the hands of the State. That is, we must take the power to control our elections away from the men who have no responsibility and no interest in government save extravagance and corruption, and put it into the hands of officials who are sworn to do their duty.) Of what use is it to try to get honest men nominated for office when we leave in the hands of the political workers the power to defeat them at the polls by distributing fraudulent or defective ballots, or by making "deals" and "dickers" which cheat the people of their will? We have talked for years about reforming the primaries and the nominating conventions, but not one particle of progress has been made. Under the Massachusetts law any 400 voters, in case of a candidate for State office, and any 100 voters, in case of a candidate for a lesser office, by uniting in a petition in behalf of a candidate of their choice can have his name printed upon the official ballots and have those ballots distributed at the polls at the public expense. What more certain way of reforming the primaries could be devised than this? If there were such a law in New York City there would be an end to the astonishing spectacle which is there so often presented of a "boss" setting up a candidate of his own for office in spite of all protests, and frequently electing him in spite of all opposition. Under such a law both "bosses" and primaries would in a very short time lose their present dominance in our politics. (In fact, there is scarcely a form of iniquity known to our election methods which a good ballot law would not eradicate. We should be rid at one stroke of the assessments upon candidates, of the bribing and bull-

dozing of voters, of the nomination of notoriously unfit candidates, of "deals" and "dickers" and "trades" at the polls. All these would disappear, for the simple reason that the machinery of elections would be taken out of the hands of irresponsible and often dishonest men. Such an obvious and imperative reform as this cannot be long delayed.

#### Should there be an "Aristocracy of Criminals"?

THE prisons of the State of New York at present furnish a very impressive object-lesson in political "economy," or perhaps it may better be said, in political extravagance. In order that it may be fairly understood it must be approached from the standpoint of a few very plain and generally acknowledged propositions. They are:

1. That the prisons belong to the whole people.
2. That the prison system is maintained for the protection of society against the criminal.
3. That society is never fully protected against the criminal so long as he remains a criminal.
4. That the criminal remains a criminal until he dies or is reformed.
5. That no criminal is likely to cease to be a criminal until he has the ability and the inclination to earn his own living.
6. That the fact of a man being a criminal does not release him from the obligation of earning his own living; it gives him no right to support at the expense of the honest tax-payer.
7. That no criminal can earn his own living without working for it.
8. That no criminal can acquire the habit of industry and the ability to earn his own living without working to do it.
9. That since the prisons belong to the whole people, and not to any trade or class, all the interests and responsibilities in the prisons should be planned with reference to the whole people, and not for the benefit of any particular trade or class.
10. That the whole people demand in the penal system the maximum of protection at the minimum of cost to the tax-payer.
11. (a) That the maximum of protection can only be attained when the prisoner is taught to be self-sustaining. (b) That the criminal cannot be taught to be self-sustaining unless he be made to work.
12. (a) That the minimum of cost can only be attained by making the prisoner as nearly self-supporting as is possible. (b) That the prisoner cannot be self-supporting unless he work for his living.
13. That idleness in our prisons increases the expense of the prisons to the maximum and reduces protection to society to the minimum, thus inflicting a wrong on every honest tax-payer.
14. That all taxes come ultimately from the earnings of the laborer.
15. That the honest laborer, in demanding the idleness of the criminals in prison, simply insists upon the minimum of protection at the maximum of cost, and further insists upon paying a large part of the cost himself.

These propositions, if grouped with the statement that all the prisoners in the New York prisons are idle, hardly need comment. In many of the other States

of the Union the same conditions exist that have brought about the passage of the Yates prison bill, the law that has thrown our prisons into this frightful state of demoralization. The demand was made by the so-called labor-reform leaders for a reduction in the competition of prison labor with free labor. The Yates bill was the result. While allowing hand labor in the prisons, it prohibits the sale of all prison products, and demands that the prisoners shall only work in supplying the needs of the State institutions. This would furnish labor to not more than one-twentieth of those incarcerated in our penal institutions. The act was "to take effect immediately"; and it has taken effect. To-day in our New York State prisons, and worst of all in the Elmira Reformatory, the shops are closed, the men are locked in their cells, they have ceased to earn their own living, the idleness that has already cursed their lives has fallen upon their lives again; they have nothing to do but to brood over their criminal exploits of the past and to plan criminal acts for the future. They will go out of prison in the same hopeless and helpless condition in which they entered it. They will go out as they came in—criminals. They will continue to prey upon society, and all the more successfully because of the criminal associations that they have formed in the idle hours of their imprisonment. In the mean while honest laborers may have the satisfaction of knowing that a man has only to be caught in committing a burglary or in robbing a bank to demand support from their earnings.

Every shoemaker, and hatter, and tailor, and day laborer in this State is to-day paying his share in the support of the fifteen thousand criminals in our penal institutions; and the laborer is paying the larger part. He may not directly pay the increased taxes, but inasmuch as his employer's and his landlord's taxes are raised, inasmuch as his wages be reduced, his house rent increased. And not only so, but when the criminal that the workman has been supporting comes out of prison, he will be a greater menace to the honest laborer's safety than when he went into prison. By his futile attempt to save the small fraction of a cent on his day's wages, the workman has increased the chances of having his earnings stolen, and multiplied the dangers that encompass his life and property.

It will of course be said by the friends of the Yates bill that when it is fully in operation it will not prevent systematic labor in the prisons. But one has only to glance at the law to see that it is entirely out of harmony with the spirit of the age. It forbids the use of machinery in prisons; and even the few prisoners who under the full operation of the law may be allowed to work go out, with only some old-time handicraft by which to earn a support, into a world that lives by machinery. It forbids the sale of prison products, but it does not prohibit the purchase of supplies from the outside world. As there are no earnings, all supplies must be purchased by the public funds, which, of course, finally come out of the pockets of those whose unscrupulous leaders made this law.

This law passed through a Republican legislature as a purely political measure. It was signed by a Democratic governor. It will be remembered hereafter as the most expensive prison law the State has ever known. It opens up immeasurable opportunities for corruption and theft. When the intelligent working-man stops to

think of the inevitable results of this law, he should call to account every man who has had a part in its origin, or its passage, or its signature; he should never permit these men to pose as the friends of labor and the laborer. No man is a friend to the laborer who leads him to do an injustice, or who puts an additional burden on his already overburdened shoulders.

#### A Confusion in American Party Names.

A CONFUSION exists in America in the use of party names which arises in part from the Constitution of the American Union—from the existence of States within the state. No merely local elections in England, for instance, are so important as our State elections. The local policy and local morality of the two leading parties as differentiated by the State communities are constantly varying north, south, east, and west. In one State, as in one city, one of the great party names may be used by a trading clique or a venal majority for unworthy purposes. In another State, as in another city, the other great party name may be in like manner degraded. Meantime the two great parties of the nation enunciate and act out their respective policies in the national conventions and in the legislative and executive branches of the General Government.

This condition of affairs has often a most unfortunate effect. Men of ability and of a fair amount of civic virtue are constantly being crippled in their public usefulness by being falsely and mischievously committed, against their clear convictions and better impulses, either to the local branch of a party through their approval of the same party's national principles, or to the national policy of a party through their approval of the so-called same party's local action. The finest contempt of the professional party-manipulator is reserved for the freeman who stands up for good local government, municipal or State, under whatever party name it may be offered, and stands up with equal determination for what he conceives to be good government in the nation, under whatever party name that government may be at the time best attained, even if he finds himself consorting on a State or a municipal issue with one party and on a national issue with another.

But the "free and independent" voter is a better citizen than the voter who is dazzled or intimidated by banners, badges, and words without meaning. There is no sincerity in the partisan abuse showered upon such a voter. The abuse is meant to produce the effect of trepidation upon the man who sees clearly and votes straight to the mark every time. But year by year the trepidation is less apparent, and the partisan scolding more of a sham. The greatest scolds are notoriously partisans who have themselves scratched and bolted whenever it was their interest or pleasure to do so. The time appears to be approaching when he will be regarded as a poor creature indeed who is governed in his voting for municipal, State, or national candidates by the good or the ill opinion of some other person, rather than by his own conscientious convictions. If the "whipper-in" should permanently succeed, and voting at all elections should be a matter of precedent, habit, or domination of mere party names, it would be time to despair of the republican experiment in the New World. The caucus and the boss would have supplanted free, representative government.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### Political Corruption.

THERE is a certain feeling of satisfaction for us in finding out that politicians show the same vices in other countries that they exhibit in our own. In France the canker of political corruption has eaten its way into the innermost circle. It is true that democracies are peculiarly liable to this evil, and for this reason, that in them the highest places are open to men whose sense of honor has not been educated. Man is, zoologically speaking, a dishonest animal. St. Paul knew this when he said that "the love of money is the root of all evil," and Pope must have recognized the fact when he wrote the line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." A polite education does much towards curbing the natural tendency; but such an education cannot be given to the whole male population, and hence can have little effect in a democracy.

Must our Government then be forever honey-combed with corruption? If so, we had better admit that it is a failure, and suspend our contract-labor statute for the purpose of importing the Czar at once. But no! We can face and overcome the evil. We have suppressed slavery. We are engaged in fighting the liquor traffic, and look forward to substantial results. We must take up the question of bribery in the same spirit. Our people are capable of great enthusiasm on moral subjects. Our thanks are due to the Abolitionists and the Prohibitionists for showing the deep moral sense of the community. We need some fanatics on the question of honesty. The moral sense of the people is well developed on the side of—what shall we call it?—physical morality. Our religious teachers do a great work for sobriety and chastity and all the domestic virtues. But for some reason or other we fall short on the side of the doctrine of *meum et tuum*. We cannot allow American honesty to take its place in history beside Punic faith. We must call to life the latent virtue of our people and sweep the curse away.

It would of course be impossible, if it were desirable, to change our form of government for the purpose of attaining this end. Pope says:

For forms of government let fools contest;  
Whate'er is best administered is best.

We have outgrown such theoretical teaching. The masses prefer to govern themselves ill rather than that others should govern them well. Government nowadays must meet the wishes, rather than the wants, of the people. It must give the greatest satisfaction, not the greatest good, to the greatest number. We must take things as they are and seek a remedy compatible with universal suffrage.

Now there are three principal ways in which we can proceed. We can punish the briber and the bribe-taker, we can diminish the number of opportunities for bribery, and we can educate the people so that they will rise above it. The enforcement of the penal laws is probably our weakest refuge. The desire for money outweighs the perils of the law. While the trial of an

alderman for bribery was in progress in our courthouse, the Board of Aldermen was reveling in the same kind of corruption in the City Hall. We can in many cases take away the opportunities for bribery. We have an example of this method in the general laws under which corporations can be formed without applying to the legislature. A statute requiring all proposed acts to be filed and published before the meeting of the legislature would go far towards preventing corrupt legislation. The Australian system of voting will discourage bribery at the polls.

But it is in education that we can hope for the best results. The remedy must go to the root of the disease. We must begin in the public schools. This education should take two forms: it should show the pupil that bribery is an injury to the public and to him, so that he will oppose it by his vote; and then it should go further and raise his character, so that he would not himself give or accept a bribe. A simple text-book could cover the ground, teaching the fundamental facts of taxation, viz., that the landlord adds his taxes to the rent of his rooms, and the grocer includes them in the price of his groceries; and that in this way the poor pay the bulk of our taxes. It could show that every bribe paid to a public officer for a privilege or a franchise should have gone to the reduction of taxation, and hence to the reduction of rents and prices. What a strange state of affairs is presented by the results of our elections in the city of New York! The assemblymen and aldermen who represent the wealthiest constituents, including the directors and stockholders of corporations, are usually honest men, who will not vote for a bad measure for all the inducements which a corporation can offer. The tenement-house districts, on the other hand, are apt to select men who pose as friends of the laboring man, and yet as soon as they are elected become the tools of the moneyed institution which bids highest. Many of their constituents know this, and would consider them fools if they did not make something out of the legislative and aldermanic "business." These foolish electors are not unlike the two flunkies in Cruikshank's picture. One says to the other, "What is taxes, Thomas?" and Thomas answers, "I'm sure I don't know," and the scene is entitled, "Where ignorance is bliss." But for our voting population ignorance is not bliss. It ought to be easy to teach these voters that they are putting their worst enemies into power, and handing the government over to what Mr. Roosevelt has aptly called the "wealthy criminal classes." The press can do great good in educating the public on these subjects, and it has already given valuable assistance in its recent attacks on bribery. Our newspapers must cease, however, to treat this crime as if it were a laughing matter.

The other part of education—the moral elevation of the person—is, to be sure, the noblest method. It can be partly accomplished in the public schools, but their teaching should be supplemented by the church.

The task is by no means hopeless. The bribe-taking alderman, the bribe-giving director, will not pick your pocket. Can they not be taught to regard these acts as alike? It is largely a matter of education. We have heard a man inveigh against political dishonesty while he wore a suit of clothes which he had smuggled through the custom-house. No lesson can be more important than that which teaches us to distinguish accurately between honesty and dishonesty. A proper regard for truth and honesty is the fundamental virtue. A nation of drunkards would be Utopia itself in comparison with a nation of cheats, and the character of a nation cannot be better than that of the individuals who compose it.

But let us come to the practical suggestion to which all the above is prelude. Why should we not establish an American Society for the Promotion of Political Honesty? Such an association could have branches in all our prominent cities. It could have committees on the enforcement of penal laws, on legislation, on education. It could exert its influence through the press and through our school boards. Before long it would gain the fear, if not the respect, of our political parties, and the movement once begun would not end until political corruption had ceased to be a national sin.

Ernest H. Crosby.

#### Another Side of the Woman's Work Question.

It is a cheering sign for the great army of women who are obliged to earn their livelihood, that the "woman question" is being agitated in the light of woman's work. The question of what she is paid; of what she ought to be paid; of what she does; and, above all, "What shall she do?" is filling our papers and our councils.

But there is a side which, it seems to me, as a practical working and self-supporting woman, is very little considered. This is the question, "How does she do it, and how should it be done?"

It is my belief, strengthened by experience and observation, as well as by conversations with those who look at the question from a practical and business point of view rather than from a sentimental one, that one great drawback to woman's success in the business world — I mean equal success with man — is in her want of thoroughness, both in preparation for her work and in carrying it out. Women generally, as a mass, look upon self-support and labor as a thing to be avoided, and, only too often, to be ashamed of. It is a melancholy comment upon this assertion that, in the recent census in one of our large cities, the house-to-house census declared that the number of women who earned their living or were engaged in some daily, wage-earning avocation was only about half of that which the census of the female employees in business houses and factories declared. Can woman complain that she is not considered equal with man in the wage-earning world, if she herself takes so little interest and pride in her work that she denies it? The truth is, that woman, *en masse*, has for so short a time been supporting herself in any way which takes her out of the seclusion of the household that she is, *en masse*, ashamed of it.

Of course, there are many noble exceptions, but

the exceptions themselves will acknowledge the truth of the assertion. This being the fact, is it to be supposed that woman can claim the same regard as a wage-earning factor as if she took the pride in her work that a man does? Man has hundreds of years the advantage of us: he has the hereditary business instinct and training, the wholesome pride in honest work which comes from tradition and custom; and therefore he is that much more valuable than the woman who merely takes it up as a makeshift till she can be supported by some one else, or who has never given any thought to the subject, and so drudges on, poorly paid, but still, perhaps, paid as much as she is worth.

That there are thousands of ill-paid women, there can be no question or shadow of a doubt. But is not this rather because these thousands of women only do work which requires no skill beyond that possessed by every other woman; which requires no special training, and which, if she abandons it, any other woman can do as well?

The woman physician is as well paid as the man. I know a woman who is a dentist who makes more than most men in the profession. The woman who is an author, a painter, an actress, or a singer is as well paid as a man of equal talent and opportunity. To go lower in the scale of talent, the dressmaker, the milliner, the skilled female worker in our factories, is paid on the average as well as the male. A woman who is a good weaver is well paid; and while I am open to correction on this point, my understanding is that in all mill work, where skill and knowledge of the business is necessary, the woman operative is almost as well paid as the men engaged in the same work. She is at least recognized in labor unions and in strikes. That there is, and naturally will be, the slight difference in the pay given which comes from the man having been so long in the field is a thing which will right itself only in time.

But I would say, Let a girl feel that it is as natural and praiseworthy for her to earn her living as that her brother should; that if she would be as well paid as her brother she must be willing to give the same time, attention, effort, and endeavor to make herself a success and valuable to her employer as her brother does. She must be *thorough*. Any woman can measure a yard of muslin or can hand out books from a circulating library, any woman can work a sewing-machine; and any woman who does these things in the way that they are ordinarily done is as well paid as her brother who does the same things in the same way, and is so often contemptuously called a "counter-jumper." The men who earn good salaries as retail salesmen are men who, by years of attention to the qualities of goods and the desires of the market, combined with an amount of tact which would do credit to a successful diplomat, have made themselves a place which is open to every woman who will devote the same number of years of patient endeavor and ability. There are some such women, and they are well paid. Let a woman devote to this branch of business the amount of tact, *finesse*, patience, and taste which she doubtless possesses to a greater degree than a man, and she will almost always succeed.

I have said that the great trouble with this matter of woman's labor and woman's pay is that women do



not take up things which are in themselves valuable, nor do they give such effort to make themselves thoroughly valuable as men do. In regard to the first of these statements, it may be said that business is business. There can be no sentimentality in it. The law of supply and demand is inexorable. If there are twenty or fifty women to fill a position which any one of them can fill as well as another, no one of them will be well paid. In regard to the second, men make a study of their business, as a thing with which they wish to support themselves and their prospective or actual families—as a means to wealth. A woman, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, takes some business which will enable her to help herself till she marries. The hundredth woman is the well-paid one. Here lies the great trouble. Every woman, or nearly every woman, looks upon labor as an evil to be borne as lightly as possible till it can be shouldered upon a man. And at last, some sad day, she wakes up to a realization of the fact that there are not enough men to go around, and that she is stranded on the shore of low-waged incompetency. Some then make a noble struggle and retrieve their lost ground; and this is the reason that nearly all the well-paid women in our stores are those who by reason of their years have come to a realizing sense that probably no man will ever support them, and that they must carry the load themselves. As to that sad and weary army of sewing women, whose toil and hard lot brings tears to our eyes, it is mostly made up of those women who have never learned any real business; who have married, and, left widowed with little children to care for, and not the means to embark in that other weary business of boarding-house keeping, are obliged to take to that one thing which they as well as thousands of other women can do. They are forever handicapped.

Women do not usually—I say it with regret—put their hearts into their work as men do. They look upon it as a temporary affair, and so—as I have been told by both men and women who employ both men and women—they are not worth as much as a man, who wants to stick at the work.

There is but one remedy for this. As I have said before, let our young women and girls be taught that it is as necessary for them to know how to earn their livings with some true business as it is for their brothers.

Do not bring them up to believe that marriage is the aim of a woman's life any more than it is of a man's, or that it is more honorable and dignified than work. Let them learn one of the hundred real trades or employments which women can learn; let them feel that the better they can do their work the more account they will be in the world and the more respected; that they should put their whole hearts into their employment and make themselves valuable as working factors, leaving marriage to come or not as they and fate will; and then, and not till then, they will become as valuable working factors as men, who already do all this. There is always room and good pay at the top. Value will command value, and a dollar's worth will generally bring a dollar.

(I must make one parenthesis and one exception here, and that is with regard to the respective pay of men and women teachers. That the discrepancy in this is as great as it is unjust I do not pretend to deny; and the only reason I can give for it, according to my

view, is, that there are too many women who wish to be teachers. It is the great refuge for every woman who has a fair education and wishes to earn her living in a "genteel" manner. The market is glutted with women teachers.)

As I have said before, man has the advantage of possession; life is the survival of the fittest; and since man has the vantage ground, only those women who are armed with the same weapons, have the same determination to succeed and the same stake to lose, will gain the same footing. I do not mean to accuse man of any more injustice than comes of this struggle for life; as I have said, business is business. No man pays for anything more than he is compelled to pay. Let our girls become really thorough saleswomen, both wholesale and retail, even if it comes to traveling; let them practically learn printing, engraving, designing, light cabinet-work, stenography, book-keeping, watch-making, goldsmithing, dressmaking (at which the practical woman sometimes makes a fortune)—any of the hundreds of things for which their nimble and delicate fingers, native wit and taste, quick perceptions and faithful perseverance, fit them, and let them learn it as a business, thoroughly, honorably, with the determination to be first-class workwomen, and soon they will share the pay as well as the work of men. And believe me, our girl will be no less fitted to be a good, loving wife and mother, if she sees fit to marry; and she will not be driven into a thoughtless marriage to escape the drudgery of earning the pittance which will not support her, nor of making a sacrifice which is generally considered to be even more disgraceful than that. Think of this, you who bemoan the thousands of unhappy marriages and the frequency of divorce. And if she is left, as so many women are left, with children depending on her for support, she is in no worse condition than the widower who is left with them to care for. Think of this, you who may be widows.

I will say here that men have objected to this idea, saying that if women are self-supporting they will not care to marry. Surely, I reply, if a man depends upon his money alone to attract and keep, the time has arrived when woman should compel him to make himself worthy of her love and her possession.

There are many bright instances where women have met and understood this condition of affairs, and have gone to work like men and made themselves valuable. They have something which they can do better than other women and as well as a man. And I am glad to say that my experience has been that such women are admired, appreciated, and valued. As one old business man said to me, "If you want a faithful, trustworthy employee, have a woman who understands her business." Woman has every element of success in her; teach her to bring it to bear on the situation.

L. E. Holman.

#### Home Rule and Culture.

SHOULD the hoped-for "Reorganization of the British Empire" include "Home Rule" for Ireland, with representation in the Imperial Parliament, not the least interesting of the phenomena following it in Ireland will be the revival of national culture, especially in fine and industrial art. Travelers in Switzerland, in

Germany, in Italy, in France, and in Belgium are perplexed in the museums by Gaelic manuscripts, many of them delicately illuminated, concerning which the custodians or catalogues make scant explanation. At Oxford and in the British Museum, in various public and private collections in Dublin, are beautiful evidences that the arts of design were early associated with the classical and sacred volumes which the Irish scholars, driven from their native haunts, carried away with them. In decorative art, in architecture, in sculpture, and in the manipulation of metals, Ireland has an obscured history that makes more pathetic her long intellectual death. While Western Europe sank into darkness a twilight of learning and of art activity prevailed in Ireland; but when the glory of the Renaissance gradually spread over the Continent and extended its mild radiance to England, war and penal statutes had destroyed the vestiges of culture in Ireland.

Her churches, ark-shaped, with plain or twisted pillars and round-headed windows in incised moldings; with interiors in which simple dignity is warmed by modest ornament; her bells and bell shrines, her chalices and crosiers, her book-covers and book-cases, showing that her artists were expert in filigree and in damasking, in *repoussé* and enamel, both *cloisonné* and *champlevé*; her belfries, towers, and duns; her clasps and mosaics, glass engraving and gem mounting, of which authentic examples are cherished illustrating the skill of the country from the fifth century to the fourteenth—all serve only to make more deplorable the decadence of a people whom penal laws so depressed that when the present monarch reached the throne three-fourths of the natives could neither read nor write. The sturdy commercial industry of Ireland which appeared during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been as ruthlessly destroyed by statutes scientifically contrived in the interest of English rivals. To-day the shops of the Irish cities are filled with the manufactures of English towns. There is no considerable native production, except linen. All the arts of design have long been dead.

The happiest as well as the most trustworthy symptom in the Home Rule movement is that its growth has been parallel with the resuscitation of intelligence. The penal laws expired in 1829. The national schools were officially opened in 1832. With a population of 7,000,000 the enrollment was only 100,000, so long were the masses of the people accustomed to the conviction that education was felonious. Each succeeding decade has found the enrollment increased; and when it now reaches its maximum of more than 1,000,000 in a population of less than 5,000,000,—the highest in proportion to population of all countries, not even excepting our own,—the demand for Home Rule is found also at its maximum. More than three-fourths of the representatives chosen to speak for Ireland in Westminster have cast for three years a solid vote for the restoration of the national legislature. That this demand will be acceded to, no student of the English mode of dealing with modern political problems can doubt. The feud, political, religious, ethnical, that has raged for centuries, will cease. Good-will will become a habit of the English and Irish people towards each other. With the fixity of that habit we may look with confidence for a revival of culture in Ireland which will be found especially attractive in fine and industrial art.

Since the abolition of the Irish Parliament in 1800 there has been no native authority for the appropriation of revenue. During the same period England has become thoroughly aroused to the necessity of encouraging science and art. Availing herself of the fifty thousand volumes and the hundreds of cases of natural history left by Hans Sloane, a native of Ireland, she founded the British Museum. Later in the century she spent half a million dollars on the National Gallery, and has annually bestowed upon it a liberal allowance. The South Kensington Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, and the India Museum are all of comparatively recent origin, and have cost the treasury millions for their foundation and support. Museums of art have been opened in the provincial towns, supported in part by corporate, in part by private, and in part, indirectly, by Parliamentary aid. The effect of Kensington and other training schools upon the industry of England has been such that last year a leading French authority cried out that if France did not bestir herself England would take from her the markets of the world, which the superior technic and taste of the French designers have monopolized for a century, or since the establishment of art schools throughout France. Parliament expended last year upon the science and art of England nearly \$5,000,000, and upon science and art in Ireland less than \$300,000, one-half of this being only for buildings. Would not an Irish Parliament deal more wisely with Irish art and Irish manufactures?

England has used Irish talent for her own profit with sagacity and success. Her art owes much to James Barry and Sir Martin Shee—neither a first-class painter, but both admirable instructors and critics. When the Queen makes her progress to open or to prorogue Parliament, she passes through a national gallery the sides of which are frescoed by MacIac. In music Ireland claims Balfe and Wallace. In philosophy Boyle and Berkeley, Thompson and Tyndall, are hers. Moore obtained no attention until he tuned his dulcet lyre to praise a Prince of Wales; and Lecky is popularly classified as English with as little hesitation as a Burke, a Sheridan, a Goldsmith, a Philip Francis. There is a spurious and a lofty patriotism. There is a true and a false nationalism. It ought to be possible for the genius of the Irish people to express its individuality, as it was possible for that of Greece, for that of Venice; and that individuality is as genuine and characteristic as we believe American nationality to be. Under the beneficent operation of home rule and the permanent adjustment of the relations of England and Ireland on a political basis of justice and mutual friendship, we shall see the arts and industries of Ireland flourishing, encouraged by her own legislature; and her men and women of genius, no longer expatriated, working with love and confidence upon the noblest problems of her destiny.

Margaret F. Sullivan.

#### The Holt Method of Teaching Music.

BY A TEACHER.

THE Holt system, so rapidly growing in favor throughout the United States, differs very widely from most others in that it presents the "music end" first.

This mistake has been made in teaching music—the names of the characters representing music have

been taught first, instead of music itself. To little children, and even to children of a larger growth, it is dry and uninteresting; but if we reverse the process and teach *music* first and the names of characters incidentally, the work will be a constant delight and much valuable time will be saved.

Mr. Holt does not claim to have invented anything, but simply to have discovered that the educational principles which underlie the *true* teaching of any other subject can be applied to music. He has discovered a method of presentation according to such principles so that any one having teaching ability can successfully lead even the little child of five years to a surprising knowledge of music, provided only that the teacher has at the outset the musical ability to sing the scale.

In order to become a musical nation we must have music taught in the public schools, and the daily work must be done by the regular teachers with special supervision at certain intervals. The *only* rote lesson in the whole course is the first—the teaching of the scale which is taken as the unit of thought in tune. Aside from this there is no imitation. It is a system of much thinking. Tune and time are taught separately, the whole measure being taken as the unit in time.

Mr. Holt has studied what *not* to teach, and has stripped music of the technicalities and enigmas which have been a bugbear to so many.

He has shown—and we have proved it in our own schools—that it is as easy for children to read in one key as in another. There are no difficulties in the *representation* of music. One strong point is that we teach practically but one scale in different positions.

The syllables are used simply as a means to an end, and are dropped as soon as we can do without them. They are valuable in elementary work if used within certain limits; otherwise, they become a hinderance. It can only be said that their use is better than none, since they bring up quickly the characteristic quality of the intervals. In that all music is written upon the basis of tone relation and the syllables used help the mind to grasp the idea of this relation of sounds, the “movable *do*-ists” seem to have a little the stronger side of the argument. Try



It is easier to sing the 3, 2, 1 as “mi, re, do” than in any other way. The change of syllable gives the impression connected with the syllable. Until you think of the *g* as “3,” you are still in the other key.

Mary L. Lewis.

M. H.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

Noblesse Oblige. A. D. 760.

SAID Short Pepin, aloud  
Before the awe-struck crowd:  
“Rebel! betrayer of trust!  
Whom word of mine can bring to the dust,  
O Count that you are, O Magnifico!  
Who made you so?”

Said the Count of Périgord,  
With fingers tapping his sword,  
Eyeballs merry as wine,  
And proud as hid jewels in the mine:  
“Come, Sire, don’t quibble with the thing!  
Who made you King?”

Louise Imogen Guiney.

Herbert Spencer.

THE August CENTURY contained a powerful article from the pen of Dr. Lyman Abbott on “The Pulpit for To-day.” Its lesson—a much needed one—was given with the force of poetic beauty; but in it the learned preacher says, “The materialism that threatens the American Church is not the materialism of Herbert Spencer”—implying, of course, that Herbert Spencer is a materialist. The truth is that Mr. Spencer has furnished the most complete demonstration of the utter fallaciousness of materialism in its proper sense. The only materialism chargeable against Herbert Spencer is that of urging as the first duty of all to provide for their sustenance; and that is a materialism from which there is no escape, as even Dr. Abbott himself observes.

Every truth proclaimed by Dr. Abbott has been stated, and all its consequences have been developed, by Herbert Spencer with scientific exactness and with a logical power which has not, and never had, a parallel. He also has given to the preacher an unanswerable, philosophic basis for his labor. Dr. Abbott says, “It cannot be expected in such a paper as this that I should attempt to unfold a Christian sociology.” Herbert Spencer has attempted a *scientific* sociology, and the scientific world generally concedes that he has succeeded. And this sociology is so far *Christian* that Dr. Abbott might have enforced all his good lessons by reference to it. Again, in his quotation from De Tocqueville, Dr. Abbott, leaving “that question” “to the reflection of the reader,” might have added that Mr. Spencer had reflected on it to considerable consequence, as he has also on the questions of education and labor, to which Dr. Abbott also refers with much pertinence.

It will be noticed that I write merely to correct the misleading reference of Dr. Abbott’s article, not to take any issue with it. Indeed, as I have said above, I admire the great beauty and I commend the great usefulness of the lesson it conveys. What it offers under each of its heads I believe to be valuable truths.

Dr. Abbott says very beautifully that “Whether a people diverse in race, religion, and industry can live happily and prosperously together, with no other law than the invisible law of right and wrong, and no other authority than the unarmed authority of conscience, is the question which America has to solve for the world.” America is not yet practically engaged in solving that problem; but that she will solve it, and that the world will benefit by the fullness of the solution, is the faith of Herbert Spencer and his followers.

## Joy Doubled.

I SING as sings the bird  
On yonder branchlet swinging;  
It is not that the song be heard,  
But for the joy of singing.  
And yet, if there chance by,  
Or hap to linger nigh,  
Who listens to my lay,  
Then with a heart less troubled  
Goes bravely forth to meet the day,  
The joy of song is doubled.

*Julia Anna Wolcott.*

## The Song of Songs.

I'M a man thet 's fond o' music,  
An' w'en folks are not around,  
I kin make our old accorjun  
Squeak a mighty takin' sound;  
An' thet banjer hangin' yander,  
With its gentle plink, plink, plink,  
'Pyears to git plumb at the bottom  
Of the deepes' thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays  
'For the pray'r at church is said,  
Jes to stand an' hyear "Old Hunderd"  
Soarin' fur up overhead!  
An' I 'most kin spy the angels  
Leanin' 'crost the gate up thar,  
When old Abram Blackburn's darter  
Leads us in "Sweet Your o' Pray'r."

But ef you sh'ud want to see me  
W'en I hev my broades' smile,  
You must ketch me in the kitchen,  
W'en the kittle 's on the bile!  
Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin'  
Ever riz on red-birds' wings  
Thet kin holt a taller candle  
To the song the kittle sings.

Seems ez ef my soul gits meller  
In the kittle's first sweet note,  
Till I fancy weddin' music  
Screakin' 'fom the iron th'ot.  
Sech times, ef I squent my eyes up,  
I kin fahly 'pyear to see  
Old man Abram Blackburn's darter  
Smilin' thoo the steam at me!

*Eva Wilder McGlasson.*

## Anti-Climax.

BREATHLESS the audience sat;  
Dozens of women were crying;  
The cruel Moor had done his worst,  
And Desdemona was dying.

How beautifully she died!  
One last fond look at her lover,  
Then the blue eyes closed on his swarthy face,  
As he wrathfully stood above her.

A silence that could be felt  
Followed — it really was freezing!  
Then — a ripple of laughter stirred the house,  
For Desdemona was sneezing!

The Moor was in earnest now;  
His face made a darkness round it;  
But no one but Desdemona heard  
His low, intense "Confound it!"

*Margaret Vandegrift.*

## To J. W. R.

## ON ATTAINING POPULARITY.

SINGING and whistling on his woodland way,  
We thought we heard a happy, careless boy  
Filling the forest with a sound of joy  
As leafy aisles prolonged each early lay.  
The rustling of the silken ranks of corn,  
The cry of swimmers in the shady pool,  
Sweet, moonlight trysts in evenings calm and cool,  
And orchard fragrance on his songs were borne.

Now, in the open glade, take your own place  
That waits beneath the greenwood tree of song!  
Welcome from those who did not judge you wrong,  
But said, "A singer," ere they saw his face.  
Take up your reed and charm us once again!  
Happy the land where minstrel notes repeat  
In newer measures, wild and fresh and sweet,  
The simple themes whose beauty cannot wane.

The scenes of toil, the restful hours of peace,  
The cabin idyls, prairie gloom and glow,  
Make lilt and sing till all the folk shall know  
And tell them to the children at their knees!  
Aye, pipe and sing each new surprising lay,  
And plaudits new if with a greater joy  
You fill the ears you pleased when, like a boy,  
You sang and whistled on your woodland way!

*C. H. Crandall.*

## Aphorisms from the Study.

SOME one should preach a sermon on the bad taste of pursuing good taste too exclusively.

The philosopher's trouble is that while he can give fifty years to evaluating life impartially, life has spent several thousand years in shaping his prejudices.

In moments of decision there is danger of mistaking the exhaustion of long spiritual struggle for resignation to fate.

We talk of immortality, but we even do not know yet what time is. Perhaps time has possibilities that dwarf immortality, and we are fooling ourselves with the poorer choice. Let us have the very best.

If Heaven should grant one more gift to this country, the mistake would not be great were it a more sacred observance of parentage.

Faith, like any virtue, must have its test, and probably the reason for inexplicable evil.

An optimist is an unreflective individual with nerves at concert pitch.

*Xenos Clark.*

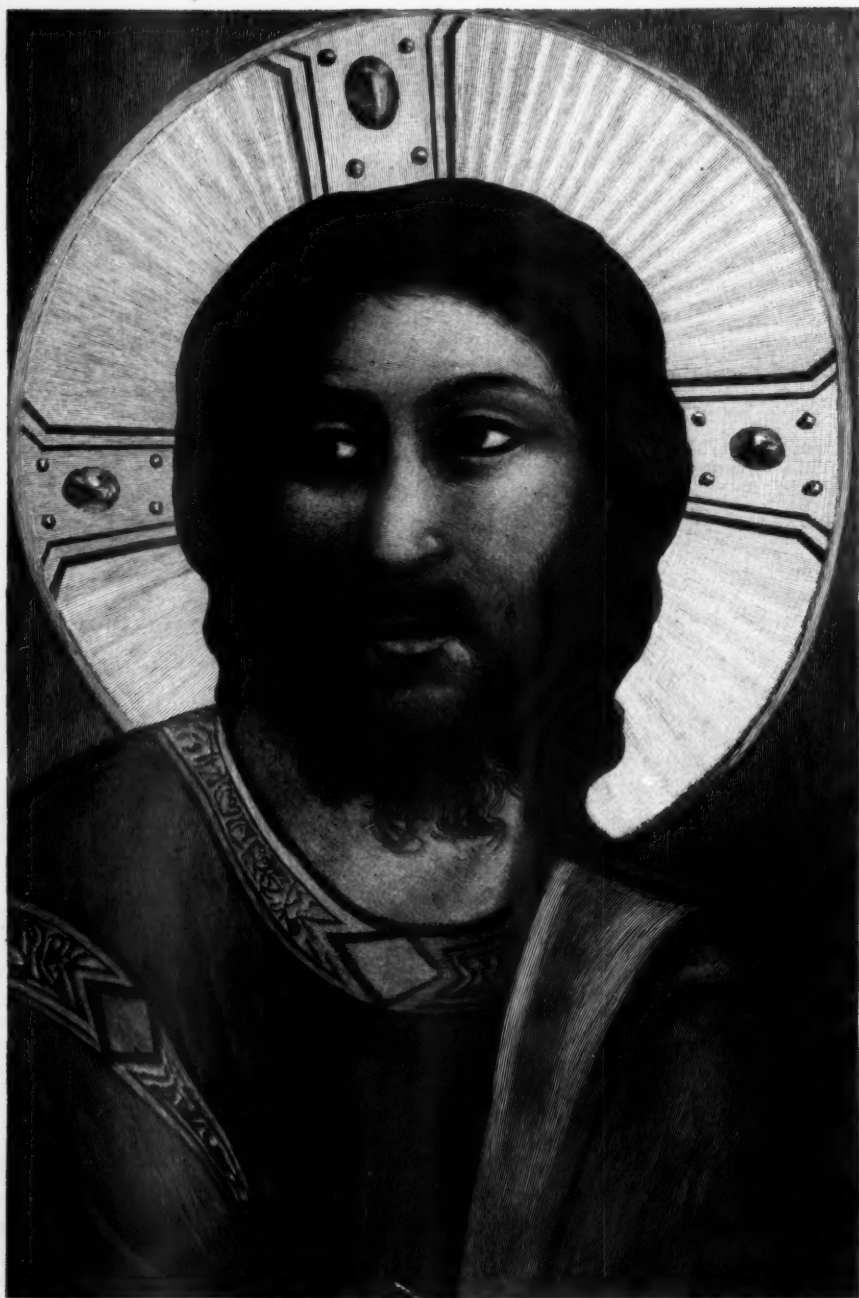
## A Baker's Duzzen uv Wise Saws.

THEM ez wants, must choose.  
Them ez hez, must lose.  
Them ez knows, won't blab.  
Them ez guesses, will gab.  
Them ez borrows, sorrows.  
Them ez lends, spends.  
Them ez gives, lives.  
Them ez keeps dark, is deep.  
Them ez kin earn, kin keep.  
Them ez aims, hits.  
Them ez hez, gits.  
Them ez waits, win.  
Them ez will, kin.

*E. R. Sill.*







HEAD OF CHRIST, BY GIOTTO.

(DETAIL FROM "CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS" FRESCO IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ARENA, PADUA.)